The King of Love My Shepherd Is

8. 7. 8. 7. Iambic

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never;
2. Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He leadeth,
3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill WithThe, dear Lord, beside me;
5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight; Thy unction grace bestoweth;
6. And so thru all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never;

I nothing lack if I am His And He is mine forever.
And where the verdant pastures grow, With food celestial feedeth.
And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross before to guide me.
And O what transport of delight From Thy pure chalice floweth.
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

Words: Sir Henry Williams Baker
Music: Ich dank' dir schon, Michael Praetorius (1610)