The King of Love My Shepherd Is

8. 7. 8. 7. Iambic

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose 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.

2. Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He leadeth,
   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.

3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
   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.

4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
   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.

5. Thou spread'st a table in my sight; Thy unction grace bestoweth;
   Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise With in Thy house forever. Amen.
   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.

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

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