





The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never, I nothing lack if I am His And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He leadeth, And where the verdant pastures grow, With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight; Thy unction grace bestoweth; And O what transport of delight From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never; Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house forever.

Henry W. Baker

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