

H.W. Baker  
1821-1877

# The King of love

J.B. Dykes  
1823-1876

*mf* 1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth ne - ver;  
*mp* 2 Where streams of li - ving wa - ter flow My ran - somed soul he lea - deth,  
3. Per - verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love he sought me,  
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With thee, dear Lord, be - side me;  
*mf* 5. Thou spread'st a tab - le in my sight; Thy unc - tion, grace be - stow - eth:

I no - thing lack if I am his And he is mine for e - ver.  
And where the ver - dant pas - tures grow With food ce - le - stial feed - eth.  
And on his shoul - der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.  
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.  
And O what trans - port of de - light From thy pure cha - lice flow - eth!

Unison

*mf* 6. And so through all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth ne - ver;

*cresc.*  
Good shep-herd, may I sing thy praise With - in thy house for e - ver.