

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
 2. Where streams of liv-ing wa - ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
 3. Per - verse and fool-ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
 4. And so through all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er;

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I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
 And, where the ver - dant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed-eth.
 And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic-ing, brought me.
 Good Shep-herd! I would sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.