

The King of Love

gently and unhurried

First verse Tenors and basses only

Trad. Irish Melody

E A E A B6 F#m C#m A

The King of love my Shep-herd is, whose

E A E F#m B E B C#m A

good-ness fai-leth nev-er. I no-thing

E C#m B C#m E A

lack if I am his, and he is

B6 A E

mine for ev-er.

2. Where
3. And

E A E A B6 F#m C#m A

streams of li-ving wa-ter flow my
so-thru' all the length of days thy

E A E F#m B E B

ran-somed soul he lead-eth, (and) and
good-ness fai-leth nev-ver, (good) Good

C#m A E A B6 B7 C#m

where the ver-dant pas-tures grow with-
shep-herd may I sing thy praise with-

E A B6 B7 A E

food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
in thy house for ev-er.