

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 645

The King of love my shepherd is

ST. COLUMBIA



1 The King of love my shep-herd is, whose good-ness
 2 Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow, my ran-somed
 * 3 Per-verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, but yet in
 * 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill with thee, dear
 5 Thou spread'st a ta-ble in my sight; thy unc-tion
 6 And so through all the length of days thy good-ness



1 fail-eth nev-er; I noth-ing lack if
 2 soul he lead-eth, and where the ver-dant
 3 love he sought me, and on his shoul-der
 4 Lord, be-side me; thy rod and staff my
 5 grace be-stow-eth; and oh, what trans-port
 6 fail-eth nev-er: Good Shep-herd, may I



1 I am his, and he is mine for ev-er.
 2 pas-tures grow, with food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
 3 gent-ly laid, and home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
 4 com-fort still, thy cross be-fore to guide me.
 5 of de-light from thy pure chal-ice flow-eth!
 6 sing thy praise with-in thy house for ev-er.

Words: Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877); para. Psalm 23. Music: *St. Columba*, Irish melody, harm. *Hymnal 1982*.



1 My Shep - herd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah
 2 When I walk through the shades of death, thy pres - ence
 3 The sure pro - vi - sions of my God at - tend me



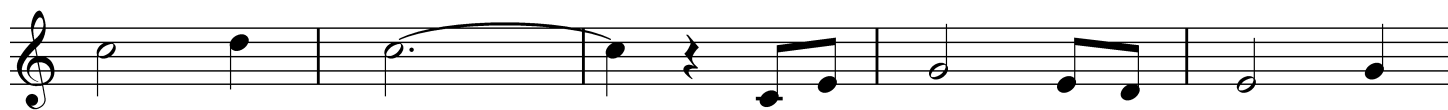
is his Name; _____ in pas - tures fresh he
 is my stay; _____ one word of thy sup -
 all my days; _____ oh, may thy house be



makes me feed be - side the liv - ing stream.____
 port - ing breath drives all my fears a - way.____
 mine a - bode and all my work be praise.____



He brings my wan - dering spi - rit back when I for -
 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes, doth still my
 There would I find a sett - led rest, while o - thers



sake his ways, _____ and leads me, for his
 ta - ble spread; _____ my cup with bless - ings
 go and come; _____ no more a stran - ger



mer - cy's sake, in paths of truth and grace.____
 o - ver - flows, thy oil a - noints my head.____
 or a guest, but like a child at home.____


Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); para. of Psalm 23. Music: *Resignation*, American folk melody, acc. David Hurd (b. 1950).

1 Shep - herd of souls, re - fresh and bless thy cho - sen
 2 We would not live by bread a - lone, but by thy
 3 Be known to us in break - ing bread, and do not
 4 Lord, sup with us in love di - vine thy Bo - dy


pil - grim flock with man - na in the
 word of grace, in strength of which we
 then de - part; Sa - vior, a - bide with
 and thy Blood, that liv - ing bread, that

wil - der - ness, with wa - ter from the rock.
 trav - el on to our a - bid - ing - place.
 us, and spread thy ta - ble in our heart.
 heaven - ly wine, be our im - mor - tal food.

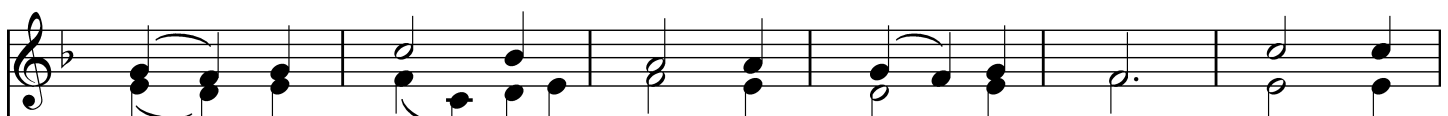
Words: James Montgomery (1771-1845), alt. Music: *St. Agnes*, melody John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876); harm. Richard Proulx (b. 1937), after John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876). Copyright © 1985, G.I.A. Publications.



1 Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! his the
 *2 Al - le - lu - ia! not as or - phans are we
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! bread of Hea - ven, Thou on
 4 Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, thee the
 *5 Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! his the



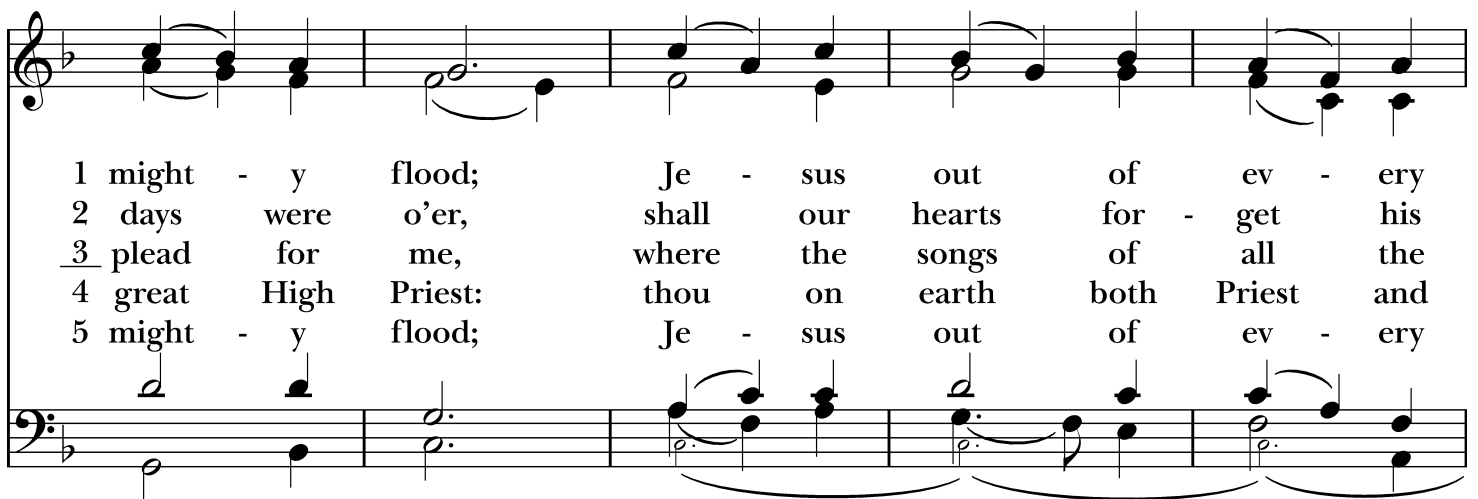
1 scap - ter, his the throne; Al - le - lu - ia! his the
 2 left in sor - row now; Al - le - lu - ia! he is
 3 earth our food, our stay! Al - le - lu - ia! here the
 4 Lord of lords we own: Al - le - lu - ia! born of
 5 scap - ter, his the throne; Al - le - lu - ia! his the



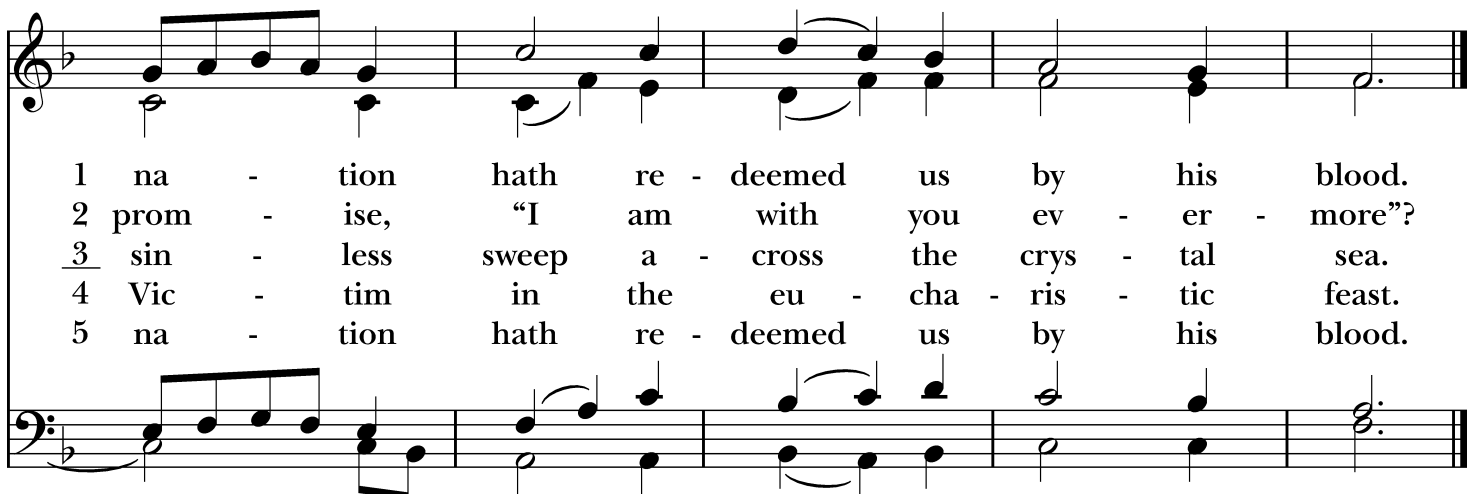
1 tri - umph, his the vic - to - ry a - lone; Hark! the
 2 near us, faith be - lieves, nor ques - tions how: though the
 3 sin - ful flee to thee from day to day: In - ter -
 4 Ma - ry, earth thy foot - stool, heaven thy throne: thou with -
 5 tri - umph, his the vic - to - ry a - lone; Hark! the



1 songs of peace - ful Zi - on thun - der like a
 2 cloud from sight re - ceived him, when the for - ty
 3 ces - sor, friend of sin - ners, earth's Re - deem - er,
 4 in the veil hast en - tered, robed in flesh, our
 5 songs of ho - ly Zi - on thun - der like a



1 might - y flood; Je - sus out of ev - ery
 2 days were o'er, shall our hearts for - get his
 3 plead for me, where the songs of all the
 4 great High Priest: thou on earth both Priest and
 5 might - y flood; Je - sus out of ev - ery



1 na - tion hath re - deemed us by his blood.
 2 prom - ise, "I am with you ev - er - more?"
 3 sin - less sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.
 4 Vic - tim in the eu - cha - ris - tic feast.
 5 na - tion hath re - deemed us by his blood.

Words: William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898). Music: *Hyfrydol*, Rowland Hugh Prichard (1811-1887).