

BROCKLEY COMBE 8,7.

B Minor. Henry Williams Baker, 1868.

Steve Brett, 2020–22.

1. The King of love my shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth never. My ransomed soul he leadeth; With food celestial feedeth.
I no-thing lack if I am his, And he is mine for-ev-er. Where streams of living water flow, And where the verdant pastures grow,

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