

The God of Love My Shepherd Is

George Herbert, 1633.

Charles Collignon(1725-1785)

The God of love my shepherd is,  
And He that doth me feed;  
While He is mine and I am His,  
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,  
Where I both feed and rest;  
Then to the streams that gently pass:  
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, He doth convert,  
And bring my mind in frame,  
And all this not for my desert,  
But for His holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode  
Well may I walk, not fear;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
To guard, Thy staff to bear.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love  
Shall measure all my days;  
And as it never shall remove  
So neither shall my praise.