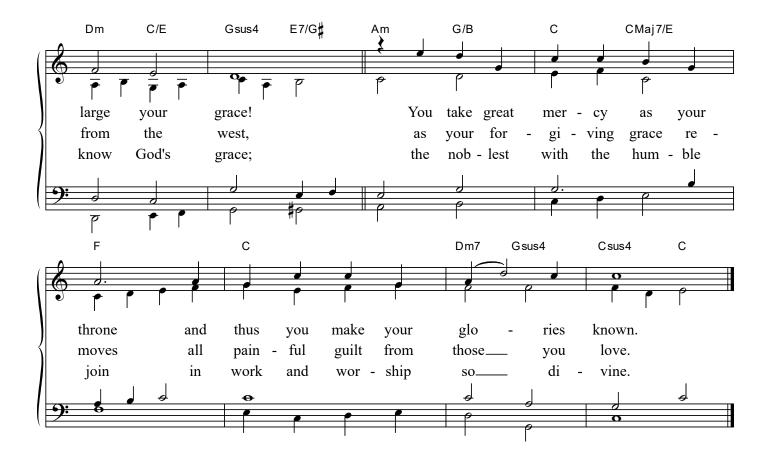
Bless, O my soul, the living God

from Psalm 103



Words: Isaac Watts (altd. Adrienne Tindall)

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Original version:

- Bless, O my Soul, the living GOD,
 Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the Pow'rs within me join
 In Work and Worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace; His Favours claim thy highest Praise Why should the Wonders he hath wrought Be lost in Silence and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son
 To die for Crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the Ransom, and forgives
 The hourly Follies of our Lives.
- 4 The Vices of the Mind he heals,
 And cures the Pains that Nature feels
 Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
 Our wasting Life from threat'ning Graves.

- Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs;
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years;
 He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
 And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.
- 6 He sees th' Oppressor and th' Opprest, And often gives the Suff'rers Rest; But will his Justice more display In the last great rewarding Day.
- 7 His Pow'r he shew'd by Moses' Hands, And gave to Isr'el his Commands;But sent his Truth and Mercy down To all the Nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess, Let the whole Earth adore his Grace; The Gentile with the Jew shall join In Work and Worship so divine.