

Bless, O my soul, the living God

from Psalm 103

WHARTON PARK
88 88 D (LMD)

Words: Isaac Watts (altd.)
Music: David Lee

C Am G C/E

1. Bless, O my soul, the li - ving God, call home my thoughts that
2. Not half so high your po - wer spreads the star - ry heav'ns a -
3. Lord, your e - ter - nal word is sure for all your saints, and

Dm C/E Gsus4 G Am G7/B C E7

roam a - broad;
bove our heads;
will en - dure!
let ev - 'ry power with - in me
as your rich love ex - ceeds our
Why should the won - ders that are

Am E Am G/B D7 G

join in work and wor - ship all di - vine.
praise, ex - ceeds the high - est hopes we raise.
wrought be lost in si - lence, and for - got?

C G/B Am Em/G F C/E F C/E

Lord God, how won - drous are your ways! How firm your truth, how
Not half so far has na - ture placed the east of morn - ing
Let all the earth be - hold God's face, let all a - dore and

Words: Isaac Watts (altd. Adrienne Tindall)
Music: © 2013 David Lee

Dm C/E Gsus4 E7/G# Am G/B C CMaj7/E
 large your grace! You take great mer - cy as your
 from the west, as your for - gi - ving grace re -
 know God's grace; the nob - lest with the hum - ble
 throne and thus you make your glo - ries known.
 moves all pain - ful guilt from those you love.
 join in work and wor - ship so di - vine.

F C Dm7 Gsus4 Csus4 C

Original version:

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|---|--|
| <p>1 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.</p> | <p>5 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.</p> |
| <p>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?</p> | <p>6 He sees th' Oppressor and th' Opprest,
 And often gives the Suffrers Rest;
 But will his Justice more display
 In the last great rewarding Day.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |