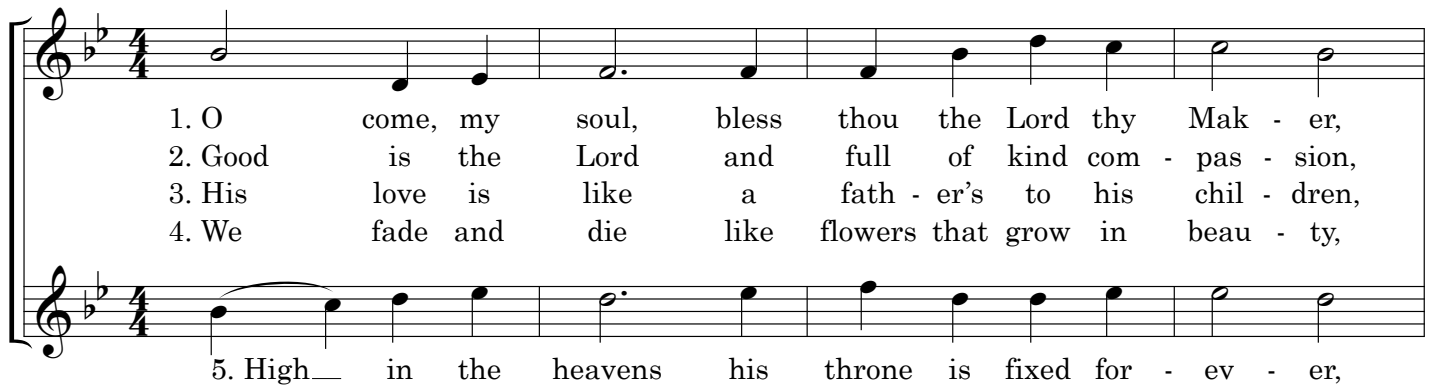


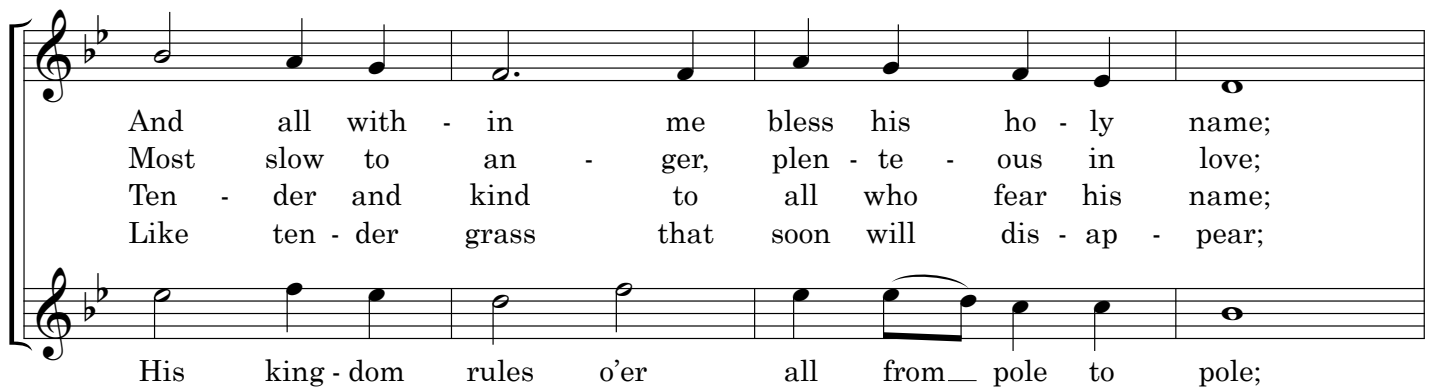
O Come, My Soul, Bless Thou the Lord

Soprano Descant



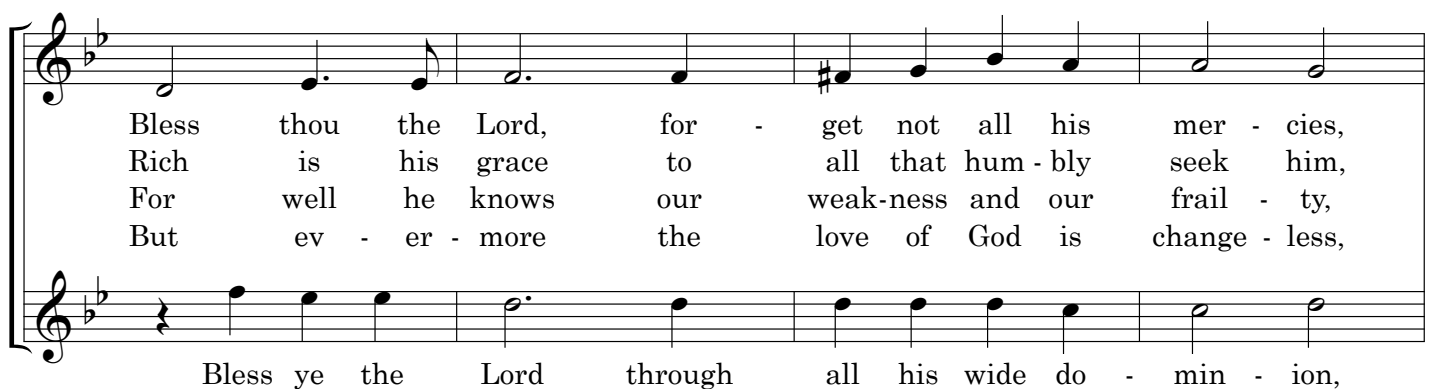
1. O come, my soul, bless thou the Lord thy Mak - er,
2. Good is the Lord and full of kind com - pas - sion,
3. His love is like a fath - er's to his chil - dren,
4. We fade and die like flowers that grow in beau - ty,

5. High in the heavens his throne is fixed for - ev - er,



And all with - in me bless his ho - ly name;
Most slow to an - ger, plen - te - ous in love;
Ten - der and kind to all who fear his name;
Like ten - der grass that soon will dis - ap - pear;

His king - dom rules o'er all from pole to pole;



Bless thou the Lord, for - get not all his mer - cies,
Rich is his grace to all that hum - bly seek him,
For well he knows our weak - ness and our frail - ty,
But ev - er - more the love of God is change - less,

Bless ye the Lord through all his wide do - min - ion,

His par - doning grace and sav - ing love pro - claim.
 Bound - less and end - less as the heavens a - bove.
 He knows that we are dust, he knows our frame.
 Still shown to those who look to him in fear.

Bless his most ho - ly name, O thou my soul.

Bless him for ev er, won drous in might,

Bless_ him for ev er, won drous in might,

Bless him, his ser vants that in his will de light.____

Bless him, his ser vants that in his will de light.____