

# O Come, My Soul, Bless Thou The Lord

Psalm 103

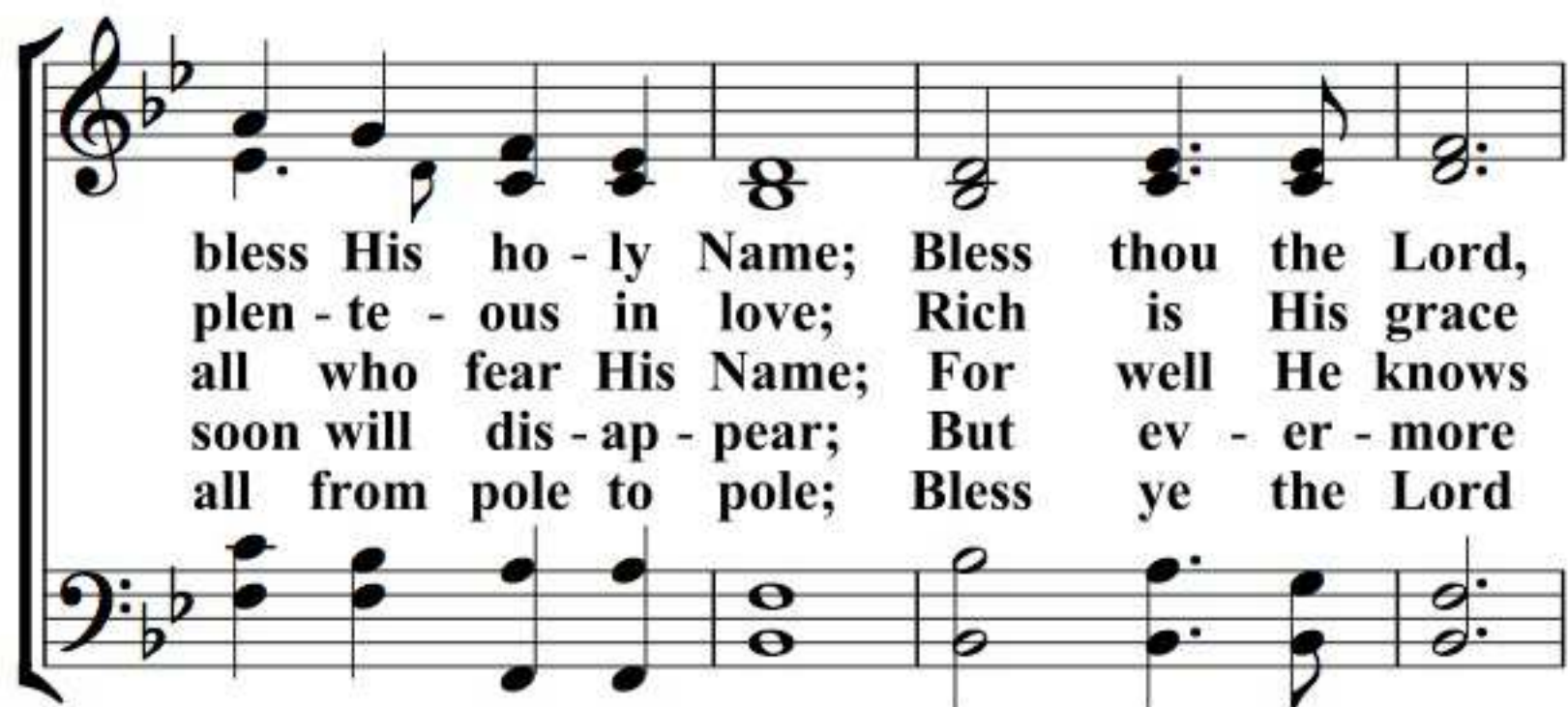
James Walch, 1876



O come, my soul, bless thou the Lord thy  
Good is the Lord and full of kind com-  
His love is like a fa-ther's to his  
We fade and die like flowers that grow in  
High in the heavens His throne is fixed for -



Mak - er, And all with - in me,  
pas - sion, Most slow to an - ger,  
chil - dren, Ten - der and kind to  
beau - ty, Like ten - der grass that  
ev - er, His king - dom rules o'er



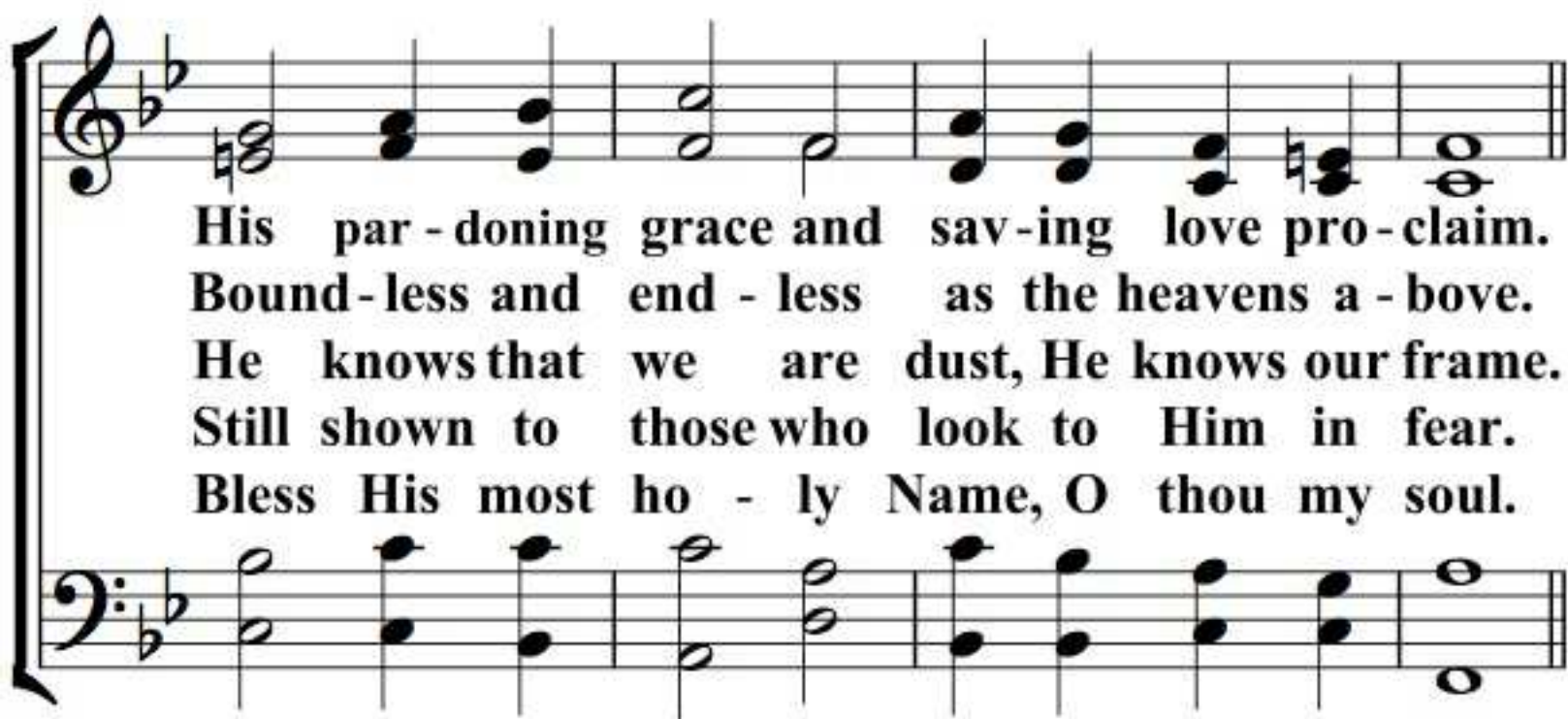
bless His ho - ly Name; Bless thou the Lord,  
plen - te - ous in love; Rich is His grace  
all who fear His Name; For well He knows  
soon will dis - ap - pear; But ev - er - more  
all from pole to pole; Bless ye the Lord

# O Come, My Soul, Bless Thou The Lord

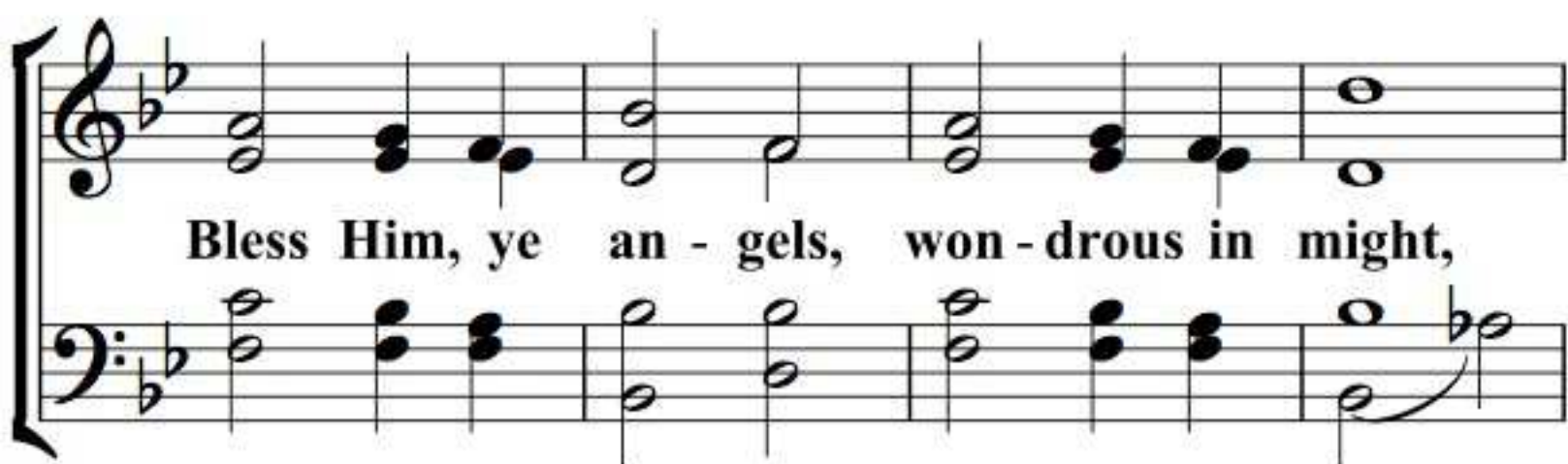
page 2



for - get not all His mer - cies,  
to all that hum - bly see Him,  
our weak - ness and our frail - ty,  
the love of God is change - less,  
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, ye an - gels, won - drous in might,



Bless Him, His ser - vants, that in His will de - light.