



Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Psalm 103: 1

From PSALM 103
The Psalter, 1912

TIDINGS (TUNBRIDGE) 11. 10. 11. 10. with refrain
James Walch, 1876




1. O come, my soul, bless thou the Lord thy Mak-er, And all with-in me
2. Good is the Lord and full of kind com-pas-sion, Most slow to an-ger,
3. His love is like a fa-ther's to his chil-dren, Ten-der and kind to
4. We fade and die like flow'rs that grow in beau-ty, Like ten-der grass that
5. High in the heav'ns his throne is fixed for ev-er, His king-dom rules o'er




bless his ho-ly Name; Bless thou the Lord, for-get not all his mer-cies,
plen-te-ous in love; Rich is his grace to all that hum-bly seek him,
all who fear his Name; For well he knows our weak-ness and our frail-ty,
soon will dis-ap-pear; But ev-er-more the love of God is change-less,
all from pole to pole; Bless ye the Lord through all his wide do-min-ion,

REFRAIN



His par-d'ning grace and sav-ing love pro-claim.
Bound-less and end-less as the heav'ns a-bove.
He knows that we are dust, he knows our frame. Bless him for ev-er,
Still shown to those who look to him in fear.
Bless his most ho-ly Name, O thou my soul.



won-drous in might, Bless him, his serv-ants that in his will de-light. A-MEN.

Line 1 of refrain, alt.