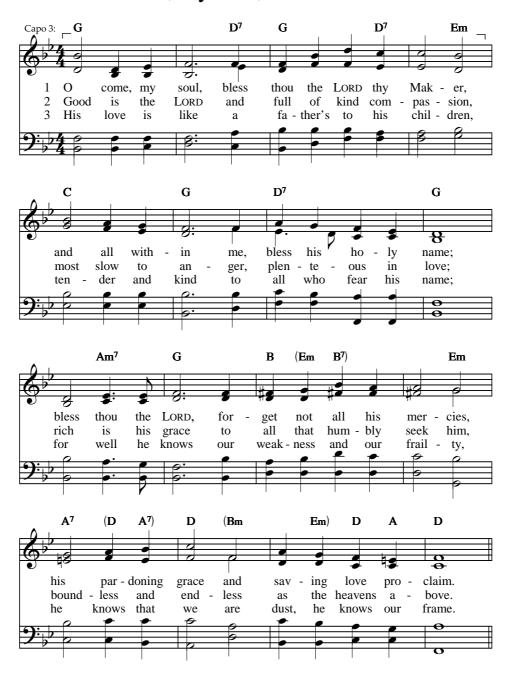
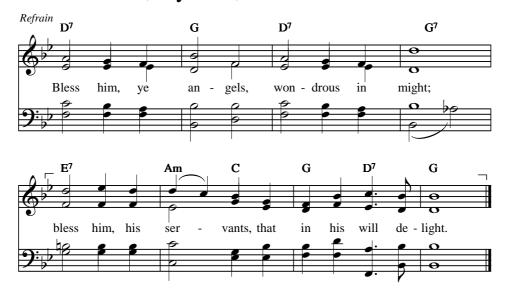
## 103b O come, my soul, bless thou the LORD



## O come, my soul, bless thou the LORD



- We fade and die like flowers that grow in beauty, like tender grass that soon will disappear; but evermore the love of GoD is changeless, still shown to those who look to him in fear.
- 5 High in the heavens his throne is fixed forever, his kingdom rules o'er all from pole to pole. Bless ye the LORD through all his wide dominion; bless his most holy name, O thou my soul.