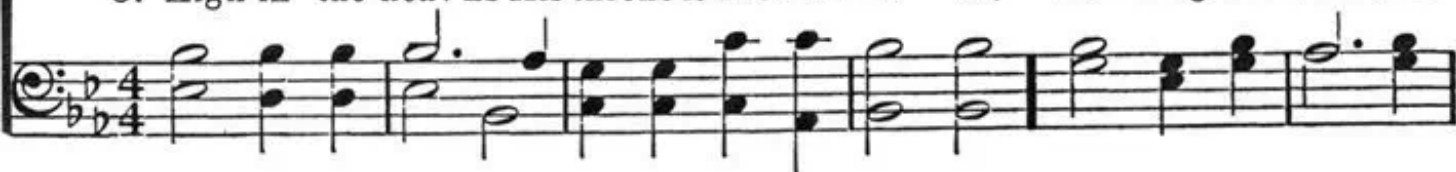
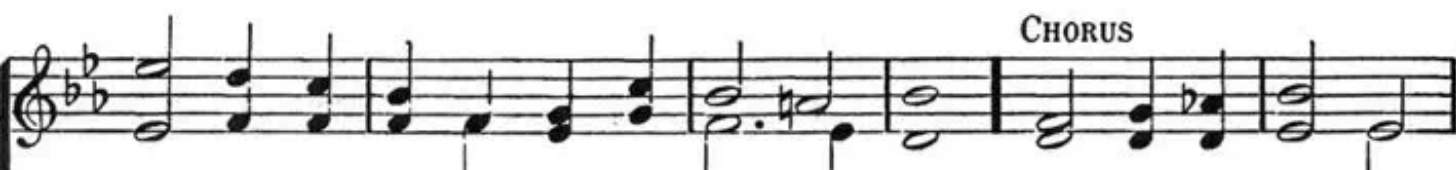
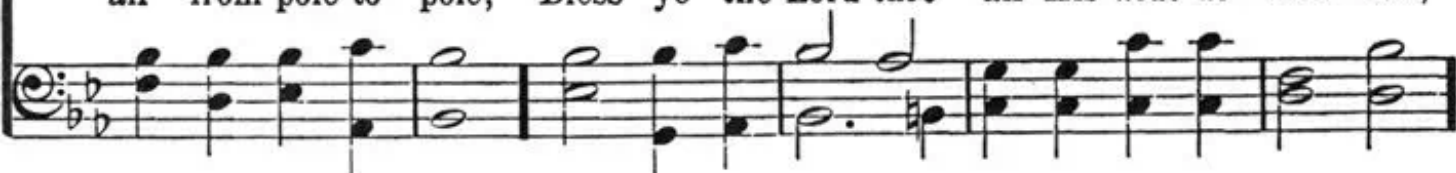




1. O come, my soul, bless thou the Lord thy Mak - er, And all with - in me
2. Good is the Lord and full of kind com - pas - sion, Most slow to an - ger,
3. His love is like a fa - ther's to his chil - dren, Ten - der and kind to
4. We fade and die like flow'rs that grow in beau - ty, Like ten - der grass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

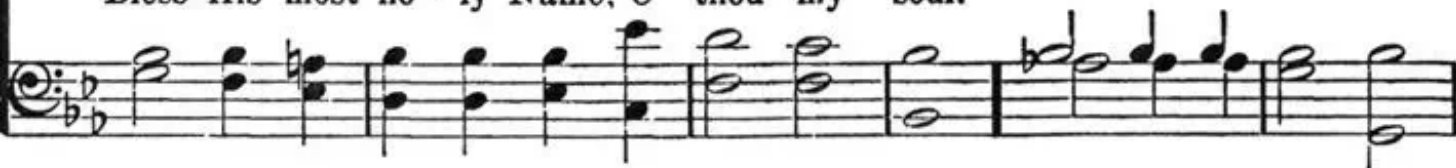


bless His ho - ly Name; Bless thou the Lord, for - get not all His mer - cies,
plen - te - ous in love; Rich is His grace to all that hum - bly seek Him,
all who fear His Name, For well He knows our weak - ness and our frail - ty,
soon will dis - ap - pear; But ev - er - more the love of God is change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



CHORUS

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, ye an - gels,
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.

