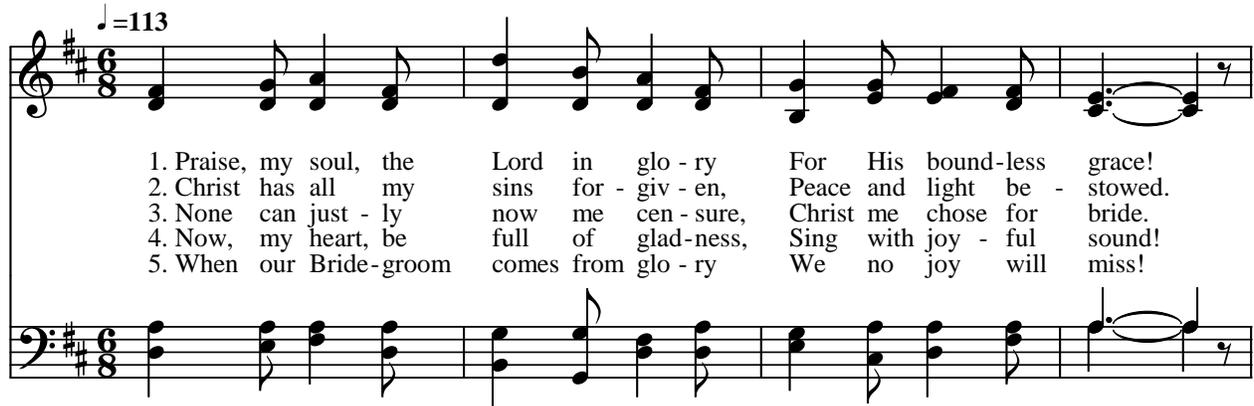


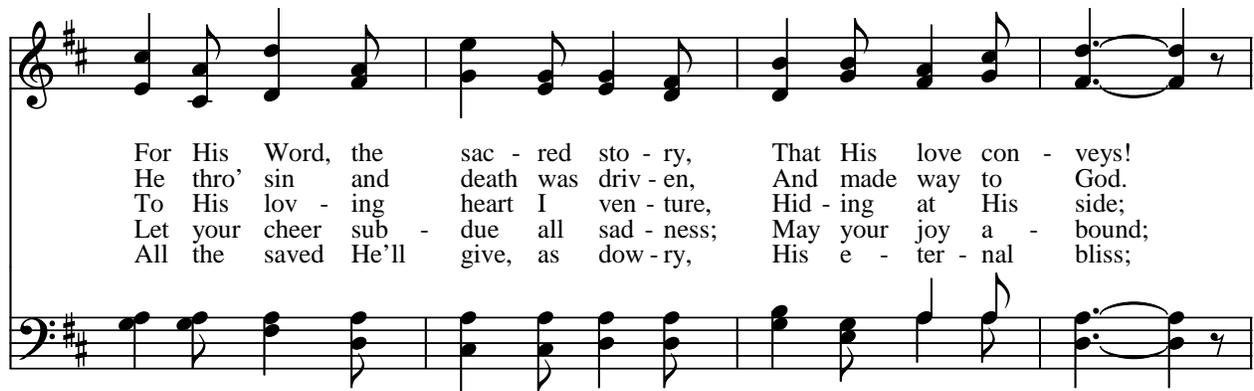
Praise My Soul, the Lord in Glory

Alfred Steinmetz, 1855

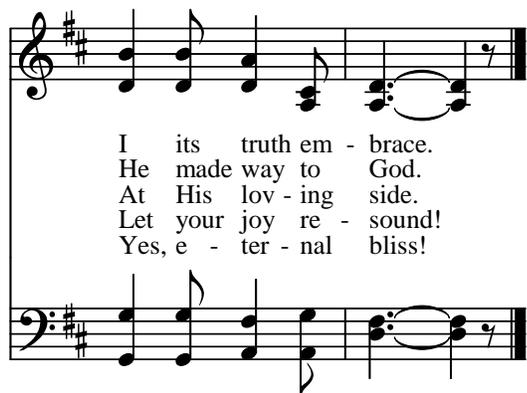
$\text{♩} = 113$



1. Praise, my soul, the Lord in glo - ry For His bound-less grace!
2. Christ has all my sins for - giv - en, Peace and light be - stowed.
3. None can just - ly now me cen - sure, Christ me chose for bride.
4. Now, my heart, be full of glad-ness, Sing with joy - ful sound!
5. When our Bride-groom comes from glo - ry We no joy will miss!



For His Word, the sac - red sto - ry, That His love con - veys!
He thro' sin and death was driv - en, And made way to God.
To His lov - ing heart I ven - ture, Hid - ing at His side;
Let your cheer sub - due all sad - ness; May your joy a - bound;
All the saved He'll give, as dow - ry, His e - ter - nal bliss;



I its truth em - brace.
He made way to God.
At His lov - ing side.
Let your joy re - sound!
Yes, e - ter - nal bliss!