

O Come, My Soul, Sing Praise to God



1 O come, my soul, sing praise to God our Mak - er,
2 Good is the Lord and full of kind com - pas - sion,
3 His love is like a fa - ther's to his child - ren,
4 We fade and die like flowers that grow in beau - ty,
5 High in the heavens his throne is fixed for - ev - er;



and all with - in me praise his ho - ly name.
most slow to an - ger, plen - te - ous in love.
ten - der and kind to all who fear his name;
like ten - der grass that soon will dis - ap - pear;
his king - dom rules o'er all from pole to pole.



Sing praise to God, for - get not all his mer - cies;
Rich is his grace to all who humbly seek him,
for well he knows our weak - ness and our frail - ty;
but ev - er - more the love of God is change - less,
Praise to the Lord 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.
for *Refrain* ev - er praise his ho - ly name, my soul.



Praise him, all an - gels, won - drous in might;



praise him, you ser - vants who in his will de - light.