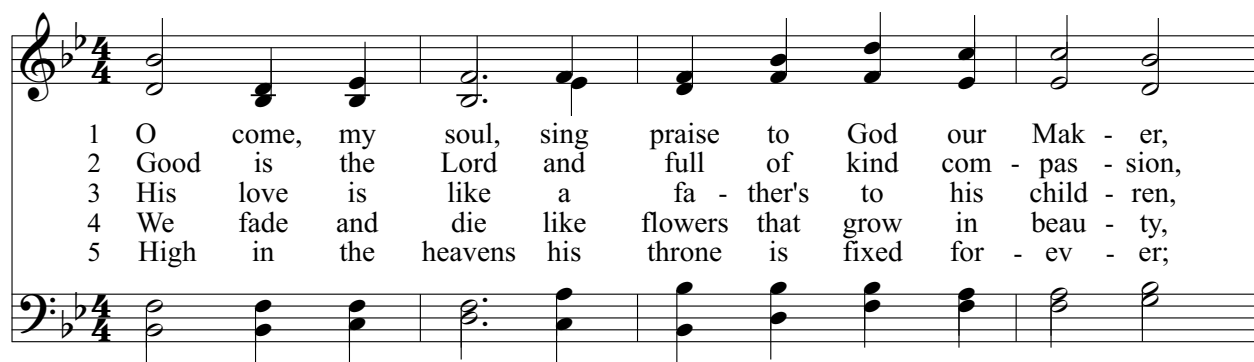


O Come, My Soul, Sing Praise to God



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 hum - bly 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 - ev - er praise his ho - ly name, my soul.

Text: Psalm 103; vers. *Psalter*, 1912, alt.
 Tune: James Walch, 1875



11 10 11 10 with refrain
 TIDINGS

www.hymnary.org/text/o_come_my_soul_bless_thou_the_lord

□ *Refrain*

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

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