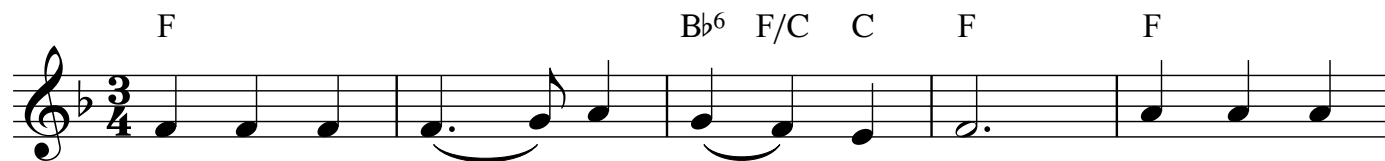


# Bless, O My Soul, The Living God

Issac Watts

Frederick M.A. Venua



Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy  
Bless, O my soul, the God of Grace; His fa - vors  
'Tis He, my soul, who sent His Son To die for  
Let the whole earth His power con - fess, Let the whole



thoughts that rove a - broad; Let all the powers with -  
claim thy high - est praise: Why should the won - ders  
crimes which thou hast done: He owns the ran - som  
earth a - dore His grace; the Gen - tile with the



in me join In work and wor - ship so di -  
He hath wrought Be lost in si - lence and for -  
and for - gives The hour - ly fol - lies of our  
Jew shall join In work and wor - ship so di -



vine, In work and wor - ship so di - vine.  
got, Be lost in si - lence and for - got?  
lives, The hour - ly fol - lies of our lives.  
vine, In work and wor - ship so di - vine.