

103E O Come, My Soul, Bless Thou the Lord

1. O come, my soul, bless thou the Lord thy 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 chil - dren,
 4. We fade and die like flow'rs that grow in beau - ty,
 5. High in the heav'ns his throne is fixed for - ev - er,

and all with - in me, bless 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;

bless thou the Lord, for - get not all his mer - cies,
 rich is his grace to all that 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,
 bless ye the Lord through all his wide do - min - ion,

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.
 still shown to those who look to him in fear.
 bless his most ho - ly name, O thou my soul.

Refrain

Bless him, ye an - gels, won - drous in might,

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

Paraphrase
Psalter Hymnal, 1959

TIDINGS 11.10.11.10.ref.
 James Walch, 1875

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 429

1. Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2. Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be;

streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God:
 Prone to wan - der—Lord, I feel it—prone to leave the God I love:

praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
 he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

*Hymn of Assurance "O Come and Mourn With Me" *Tune of #457

O come and mourn with me awhile;
 And tarry here the cross beside;
 O come, together let us mourn;
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
 Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
 His Pilate and His Judas were;
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
 Ask, and they will not be denied;
 A broken heart love's cradle is:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O love of God! O sin of man!
 In this dread act your strength is tried;
 And victory remains with Love;
 For He, our Love, is crucified!

Words: Frederick Faber
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If I Speak a Foreign Tongue

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1. If I speak a for-eign tongue, if I sing the an-gels' song,
2. If all learn-ing I ap-rove and my faith can moun-tains move,
3. If I give a-way all gain, suf-fer mar-tyr-dom in pain,
4. Love is pa-tient, love is kind; love re-jects an e-vil mind.
5. Love is end-less in its reign, though all tongues and knowl-edge wane.



I am still a nois-y gong if I have not love.
 all these gifts still noth-ing prove if I have not love.
 • noth-ing yet do I at-tain if I have not love.
 Jeal-ous-y is left be-hind if I have this love.
 Faith and hope and love re-main; great-est still is love.

