

♩ = 90

Adapted from: *The New Metrical Version of the Psalms, 1909*
 (Tune: "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood")

1. O praise and bless the Lord, my soul, His wond-rous love pro - claim;
 2. He free - ly par-dons all thy sins, And He is strong to save;
 3. He will not chide for - ev - er - more, He turns His wrath a - way;
 4. The ten - der love a fa - ther has For all his chil - dren dear,

Join heart and voice and all my powers To bless His ho - ly Name.
 He heals thy sick-ness, soothes thy pain, And ran - soms from the grave.
 He has not strict - ly marked our sins, Our ev - il to re - pay.
 Such love the Lord be - stows on them Who wor - ship Him in fear.

O praise and bless the Lord, my soul, And ev - er thank - ful be;
 He crowns thee with His grace and love, And with His strength en - dued,
 As heav'n is high a - bove the earth, So great His mer - cy proves;
 The Lord re - mem - bers we are dust, And all our frail - ty knows;

For - get not all the be - ne - fits He has be - stowed on thee.
 Thou mount - est up with ea - gle's wings, Thy joy - ous youth re - newed.
 As far from us as east from west He all our sin re - moves.
 Man's days are like the ten - der grass. And as the flower he grows.