

Bless, O My Soul! the Living God

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Frederick Venua, ca. 1810.

Bless, O my soul! the living God.
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad.
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine,
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul! the God of grace.
His favors claim thy highest praise.
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot,
Be lost in silence and forgot?

'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done.
He owns the ransom and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives,
The hourly follies of our lives.

The vices of the mind He heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

Our youth decayed, His power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

He sees th'oppressor and th'oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will His justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

His power He showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel His commands;
But sent His truth and mercy down
To all the nations by His Son.

Let the whole earth His power confess.
Let the whole earth adore His grace.
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine,
In work and worship so divine.