


# O My Soul, Bless Your Creator

13



Anon.

United Presbyterian Book of Psalms, 1871; alt.


Ps. 103



1 O my soul, bless your Cre - a - tor; all with-in me bless God's name;  
2 God for-gives all your trans-gres-sions, all who suf - fer, gen - tly heals;  
3 Far as east from west is dis - tant, God has put a - way our sin;  
4 As it was with - out be - gin-ning, so it lasts with - out an end;  
5 Un - to all who keep God's cov-enant and are stead-fast in God's way;



Bless your Mak - er, and for-get not all God's mer - cies to pro-claim.  
God re - deems you from de-struc-tion, and with you so kind-ly deals.  
Like a moth - er and a fa - ther, God com - pas - sion - ate has been.  
To their chil - dren's chil-dren ev - er shall God's righ - teous - ness ex - tend:  
Un - to all who still re-mem-ber God's com - mand - ments and o - bey.



*Psalm 103, a beautiful psalm of thanksgiving for God's forgiveness and steadfast love, is summed up in the lines of this hymn. The author of the paraphrase is unknown.*

Tune: STUTTGART 8.7.8.7.  
Attrib. to Christian F. Witt  
Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715

# My Life Flows on in Endless Song

(How Can I Keep from Singing)

Ps. 46:1-7; 1 Cor. 3:21-23; 2 Cor. 5:17

Anon. in Bright Jewels for the Sunday School,  
ed. Robert Lowry, 1869; alt.  
St. 3, Doris Plenn, c. 1957

1 My life flows on in end - less song; a - bove earth's lam - en -  
2 What though my joys and com - forts die? My Sav - ior still is  
3 When ty - rants trem - ble, sick with fear, and hear their death knells  
4 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a -

ta - tion, I hear the sweet, though far - off hymn that  
liv - ing. What though the shad - ows gath - er 'round? A  
ring - ing; When friends re - joice both far and near, how  
bove it; And day by day this path - way smooths, since

hails a new cre - a - tion. Through all the tu - mult  
new song Christ is giv - ing. No storm can shake my  
can I keep from sing - ing? In pris - on cell and  
first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes

and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring - ing; It  
in - most calm, while to that Rock I'm cling - ing; Since  
dun - geon yile our thoughts to them are wing - ing; When  
fresh my heart, a foun - tain ev - er spring - ing; All

finds an ech - o in my soul— how can I keep from sing - ing?  
Love com - mands both heaven and earth, how can I keep from sing - ing?  
friends by shame are un - de - filed, how can I keep from sing - ing?  
things are mine since I am Christ's— how can I keep from sing - ing?

## God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending

*Robert L. Edwards, 1961; alt.*

1 God, whose giv - ing knows no end - ing, from your rich and  
 2 Skills and time are ours for serv - ing, that your will on  
 3 Trea - sure, too, you have en - trust - ed, gain through powers your  
 4 Lend your joy to all our giv - ing, let it light our

end - less store, Na - ture's won - der, Je - sus' wis - dom, cost - ly cross, grave's  
 earth be done: All at peace in health and free - dom, rac - es joined, the  
 grace con - ferred; Ours to use for home and kin - dred, and to spread the  
 pil - grim way; From the night of anx - ious keep - ing, loose us in - to

shat - tered door: Gift - ed by you, we turn to you  
 Church made one. Now di - rect our dai - ly la - bor,  
 gos - pel Word. O - pen wide our hands in shar - ing  
 gen - erous day. Then when years on earth are o - ver,

of - fering up our - selves in praise; Thank - ful song shall  
 lest we strive for self a - lone; born with tal - ents,  
 as we heed Christ's age - less call, Heal - ing, teach - ing,  
 and we've lived our hu - man span, God, ful - fill be -

rise for - ev - er, gra - cious do - nor of our days.  
 make us ser - vants fit to an - swer at your throne.  
 and re - claim - ing, hon - oring you by lov - ing all.  
 yond our dream - ing, all our stew - ard - ship be - gan.