

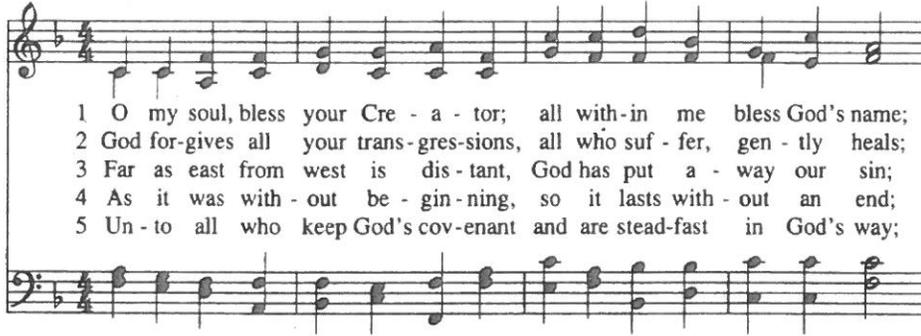
O My Soul, Bless Your Creator

13

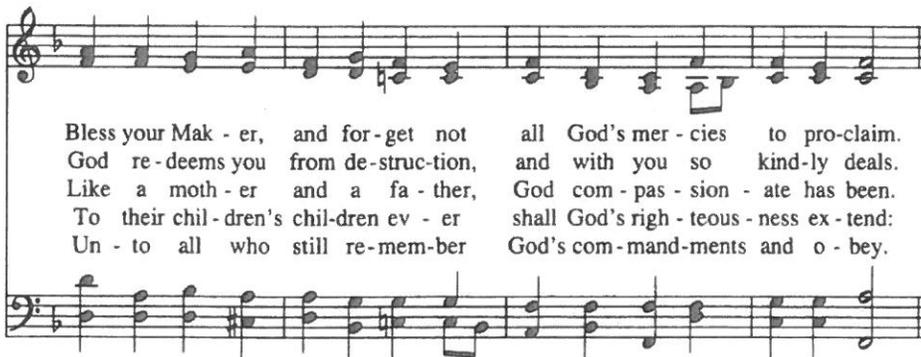
Anon.

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

Acts 2:42

African-American spiritual

1 Let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees;
* 2 Let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees;
3 Let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees;

let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees.
let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees.
let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees.

Refrain

When I fall on my knees, with my face to the ris - ing sun,

My God, have mer - cy on me.

Acts 17:30-31; Rev. 7:9-14

Fanny Crosby, 1873; alt.

1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a
 2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light! Vi - sions of
 3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - ior am hap - py and blessed; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -

God, born of the Spir - it, washed in Christ's blood.
 bove, ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 bove, filled with God's good - ness, lost in Christ's love.

Refrain

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long;

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.