

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Has sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord has judgements for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

L ORD, if one moment Thou Thy face shouldst hide,
Or cloud Thy glory, or Thy smile deny,
Then would all nature veil her mournful eyes,
And vent her grief in universal cries:
Then certain death, with all its dismal train,
Would o'er the nations spread its tragic reign.

- 2 See all creation, in such splendour born,
Now, with her hosts to native dust return;
But when again Thy glory is displayed,
She shall revive and lift her radiant head;
New rising forms Thine order shall obey,
And life rekindle at Thy stirring ray.
- 3 United thanks replenished nature pays,
And Heaven and earth resound their Maker's praise!
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And ageing nature languish into dust;
For ever young, new marvels shall remain,
Vast as Thy Being, endless as Thy reign.
- 4 When, at Thy word, my soul excursive flies
Through earth and air into Thy regal skies,
From world to world, new wonders shall I find,
As all the Godhead dawns upon my mind!
To Thee, my soul shall endless praises pay:
Joined with the angels in eternal day.

Thomas Blacklock, 1721-91

GOD made me for Himself, to serve Him here,
With love's pure service and in filial fear;
To show His praise, for Him to labour now;
Then see His glory where the angels bow.

2 All needful grace was giv'n through His dear Son,
Whose life and death has full salvation won;
Grace that can bring the soul to life and power,
And take to glory when this life is o'er.

3 And I, poor sinner, cast it all away;
Lived for the toil or pleasure of each day;
As if no Christ had shed His precious blood,
As if I owed no homage to my God.

4 O Holy Spirit, with Thy fire divine,
Melt into tears this sinful heart of mine;
Teach me to love what once I seemed to hate,
And live to God before it is too late.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77‡