

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

# MAGDEBURG L.M.

in *Geistliche Gesänge*, 1544

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God, call home thy thoughts that rove abroad; Let all my pow'rs with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa - vors claim the highest praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in si - lence and for - got.

3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ransom, and for - gives The hour - ly fol - lies of our lives.

4. The vi - ces of the mind he heals; And cures the pain which na - ture feels; Re - deems the soul from hell, and saves Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.