

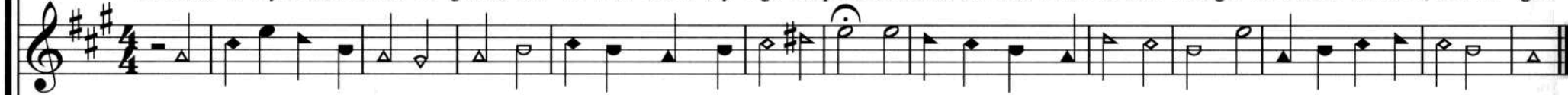
UPTON. L.M.



1. Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God; Call home thy thoughts, that rove a-broad; Let all the 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 thy high-est praise; Let not the won-ders 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 ran-som, and for-gives The hour-ly fol-lies of our lives.

