



- 1 Praise, my soul, the God of heav - en; joy - ful - ly your trib-ute bring.
- 2 God be praised for grace and fa - vor to our fore-bears in dis-tress.
- 3 Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the wind and it is gone;
- 4 An - gels sing in ad - o - ra - tion, in God's pres-ence, face to face.

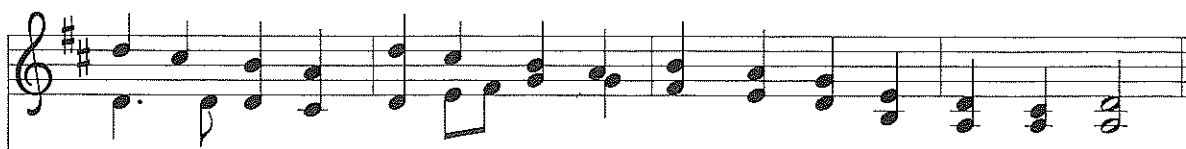
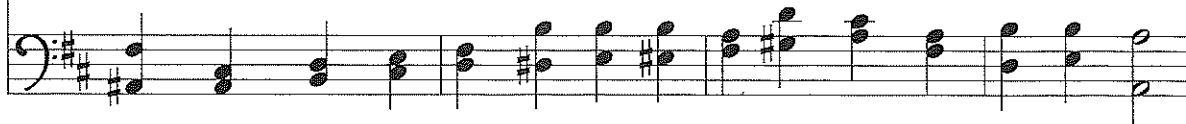


Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847; alt. Walter R. Bouman, 1927-2005
 Music: John Goss, 1800-1880

PRAISE, MY SOUL
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Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, ev - er - more God's prais-es sing.
 God be praised, the same for - ev - er, slow to chide and swift to bless.
 but, as mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.
 Sun and moon and all cre - a - tion, all who dwell in time and space.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Prais - es ev - er - last - ing ring!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious is God's faith - ful - ness!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the great E - ter - nal One!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!



608 Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling

1 Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for
 2 Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, plead - ing for
 3 Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised, prom - ised for

you and for me. See, on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies,
 you and for me! Though we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don,

Refrain

watch - ing for you and for me.
 mer - cies for you and for me? "Come home, come home!
 par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home!"

You who are wea - ry, come home." Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly,

Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing, "O sin - ner, come home!"

Go, My Children, with My Blessing

543

1 "Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, nev - er a - lone.
 2 "Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure.
 3 "Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, clos - er to me.

Wak - ing, sleep - ing, I am with you, you are my own.
 Here you learned how much I love you, what I can cure.
 Grow in love and love by serv - ing, joy - ful and free.

In my love's bap - tis - mal riv - er I have made you mine for - ev - er.
 Here you heard my dear Son's sto - ry, here you touched him, saw his glo - ry.
 Here my Spir - it's pow - er filled you, here my ten - der com - fort stilled you.

Go, my chil - dren, with my bless - ing, you are my own."
 Go, my chil - dren, sins for - giv - en, at peace and pure."
 Go, my chil - dren, fed and nour - ished, joy - ful and free."