

Corinth

1. Bless God, O my soul, Re-joyce in His name, And let my glad voice — Thy great - ness pro - claim.

pas - sing in hon - or, do - min - ion, and might, Thy robe is the light. Sur -

Thy throne is in heav'n, — Thy robe is the light.

pas - sing in hon - or, do - min - ion, and might, Sur -

2. The world when at first of chaos composed,
Was void, without form, in waters enclosed;
Thy voice, how majestic, in thunder was heard;
The waters subsided, the mountains appeared.

3. Thy providence fixed the stream and its source,
The sea knows its bounds, the rivers their course;
conveyed through dark channels, springs rise on the hills,
They burst in the fountains, they fall in the rills.

4. Descending on hills, clouds plenteousness pour,
All nature revives, earth smiles in the shower:
A garment of verdure apparels the plain;
Fruits swell in the garden, fields wave with their grain.

5. With moisture refreshed, the vine yields its fruit;
Tis balm to our hearts, health a recruit.
With pleasure we gather the richness of oil;
Tis strength to our body, support to our toil.

6. The moon by Thy law increases and wanes:
The sun keeps the course Thy wisdom ordains.
By night the fierce lion roams wide for his prey,
But flies to the cavern when morn brings the day.

7. Then man with the sun his labor renews,
Till evening arrives, that labor pursues.
such, Lord, is the wisdom Thy works all proclaim;
Let earth, crowned with riches rejoice in Thy name!

8. Thus, Lord, let me sing, Thy glory to raise;
Delightful the strain when tuned to Thy praise.
The vile have their sufferings, the just their reward;
Bless God, O my spirit! O praise ye the Lord!