Isaac Watts, 1709 (Psalm 103) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Gratitude

No copyright. Transcribed from The Columbian Harmonist, 1807.

F major Daniel Read, 1807



- 2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His favors claim thy highest praise: Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in silence and forgot?
- 3. Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ransom, and forgives The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4. The vices of the mind he heals, And cures the pains that nature feels Redeems the soul from hell, and saves Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5. Our youth decayed, his power repairs; His mercy crowns our growing years; He satisfies our mouth with good, And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

- 6. He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed, And often gives the suff'rers rest; But will his justice more display In the last great rewarding day.
- 7. His power he showed by Moses' hands, And gave to Isr'el his commands; But sent his truth and mercy down To all the nations by his Son.
- 8. Let the whole earth his power confess, Let the whole earth adore his grace; The Gentile with the Jew shall join In work and worship so divine.