

# O Bless the Lord, My Soul

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*Praise the LORD, O my soul; all my inmost being, praise his holy name. Ps. 103:1*

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; let all with - in me join,  
2. O bless the Lord, my soul, nor let his mer - cies lie  
3. 'Tis he for - gives your sins, 'tis he re - lieves your pain,  
4. He crowns your life with love when ran - somed from the grave;

and aid my tongue to bless his name, whose fa - vors are di - vine.  
for - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness, and with - out prais - es die.  
'tis he that heals your sick - ness - es and makes you young a - gain.  
he that re - deemed my soul from hell has sov - ereign pow'r to save.

5. He fills the poor with good;  
he gives the suff'ers rest:  
the Lord has judgments for the proud  
and justice for th'oppressed.

6. His wondrous works and ways  
he made by Moses known,  
but sent the world his truth and grace  
by his beloved Son.

## Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted

*We considered him stricken by God, smitten by him, and afflicted. Is. 53:4*

1. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, see him dy - ing on the tree!  
 2. Tell me, ye who hear him groan - ing, was there ev - er grief like his?  
 3. Ye who think of sin but light - ly nor sup - pose the e - vil great  
 4. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, here the ref - uge of the lost;

'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he!  
 Friends thro' fear his cause dis - own - ing, foes in - sult - ing his dis - tress;  
 here may view its na - ture right - ly, here its guilt may es - ti - mate.  
 Christ's the Rock of our sal - va - tion, his the name of which we boast.

'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed Proph - et, Da - vid's son, yet Da - vid's Lord;  
 man - y hands were raised to wound him, none would in - ter - pose to save;  
 Mark the sac - ri - fice ap - point - ed, see who bears the aw - ful load;  
 Lamb of God, for sin - ners wound - ed, sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt!

by his Son God now has spo - ken: 'tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
 but the deep - est stroke that pierced him was the stroke that Jus - tice gave.  
 'tis the Word, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
 None shall ev - er be con - found - ed who on him their hope have built.

# How Deep the Father's Love for Us

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Arrangi: Stephen Komer

1. How deep the Fath-er's love for us, how vast be-yond all meas-ure, that he should  
2. Be-hold the man up-on a cross, my sin up-on His shoul-ders; ash-amed, I  
3. I will not boast in an-y-thing, no gifts, no power, no wis-dom, but I will

give His on-ly Son to make a wretch His treas-ure. How great the  
hear my mock-ing voice cry out a-mong the scoff-ers, It was my  
boast in Jes-us Christ, His death and re-sur-rec-tion, why should I

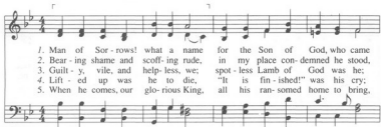
pain of sear-ing loss: the Fath-er turns His face a-way, as wounds which  
sin that held Him there un-til it was ac-com-plied; His dy-ing  
gain from His re-ward? I can-not give an an-swer, but this I

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mar the Chos-en One bring man-y sons to glo-ry.  
breath has brought me life: I know that it is fin-ish-ed.  
Know with all my heart: His wounds have paid my ran-som.

# Man of Sorrows! What a Name

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*He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows, and familiar with suffering.*  
Is. 53:3



1. Man of Sor - rows! what a name for the Son of God, who came  
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, in my place con - demned he stood,  
3. Guilt - y, vile, and help - less, we; spot - less Lamb of God was he;  
4. Lift - ed up was he to die, "It is fin - ished!" was his cry;  
5. When he comes, our glo - rious King, all his ran - somed home to bring,



ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
sealed my par - don with his blood: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
• full a - tone - ment! can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!  
then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

## My Faith Has Found a Resting Place

*While we were still sinners, Christ died for us. Rom. 5:8*

G C G C Am G D G

1. My faith has found a rest - ing place, from guilt my soul is freed;  
 2. E - nough for me that Je - sus saves, this ends my fear and doubt;  
 3. My heart is lean - ing on the Word, the writ - ten Word of God;  
 4. My great Phy - si - cian heals the sick, the lost he came to save;

C G C Am G D G

I trust the ev - er - liv - ing One, his wounds for me shall plead,  
 a sin - ful soul I come to him, he'll nev - er cast me out.  
 sal - va - tion by my Sav - ior's name, sal - va - tion thro' his blood.  
 for me his pre - cious blood he shed, for me his life he gave.

REFRAIN  
G D G C Am G D

I need no oth - er ar - gu - ment, I need no oth - er plea,

D<sup>7</sup> G C G C Am G D G<sup>7</sup>

it is e - nough that Je - sus died, and that he died for me.