

Thomas Adams, 1817

Rather slow

Air
 Treble
 Alto
 Tenor
 Bass

Bless God my soul; thou, Lord a - lone

Bless God my soul; thou, Lord a - lone

Bless God my soul; thou, Lord a - lone

Bless God my soul; thou, Lord a - lone

Pos - sess - est em - pire with - out bounds;

Pos - sess - est em - pire with - out bounds;

Pos - sess - est em - pire with - out bounds;

Pos - sess - est em - pire with - out bounds;

With hon - our thou art crown'd, thy throne

With hon - our thou art crown'd, thy throne

With hon - our thou art crown'd, thy throne

With hon - our thou art crown'd, thy throne

E - ter - nal ma - jes - ty sur - rounds.

E - ter - nal ma - jes - ty sur - rounds.

E - ter - nal ma - jes - ty sur - rounds.

E - ter - nal ma - jes - ty sur - rounds.

Thought to be first published in Benjamin Jacob's 'National Psalmody' 1817.

Thomas Adams was Organist of St Paul's, Deptford, in 1814.

Updated from the WGMA Psalter 'Praise & Glory', Oxford 2000.

Psalm 104 - NV (cont.)

Jacob's Symphony

Sym.

Sym.

- 1 Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crowned, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.
- 2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
The canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariot are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, and swift as wind,
His ministers Heaven's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd;
All proud to do their Sov'reign's will.
- 5 Earth on her centre fix'd he set,
Her face with waters overspread,
- 6 Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet,
To lift above the waves their head.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and Heaven adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.