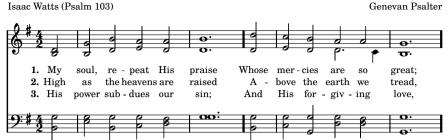
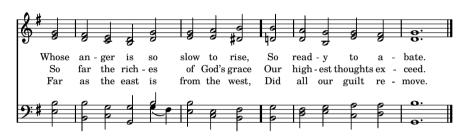
My Soul, Repeat His Praise

(St. Michael. S. M.)





4 Man's life is as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But Thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And all Thy people ever find Thy word of promise sure.