

*Sing, my soul. Sing, my soul.
Sing, my soul, of His mercy. (2)*

The Lord is good to me.
His light will shine on me.
When city lights would blind my eyes.
He hears my silent call.
His hands help when I fall.
His gentle voice stills my sighs.

The Lord is good to me.
His word will set me free
when some would tie me to the ground.
He mocks my foolish ways
with love that never fails.
When I'm most lost then I'm found.

The Lord is good to me.
I hear Him speak to me.
His voice is in the rain that falls.
He whispers in the air
of His unending care.
If I will hear, then He calls.