My Soul, Now Praise Thy Maker
(also known as My Soul, Now Bless Thy Maker)

Words: Johann Graumann, 1525. Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1863.
Music: ‘Nun Lob, Mein Seel’ from Johannes Kugelmann’s Concentus Novi, 1540
Setting: “Mehrstimmiges ChoralBuch”, 1906.
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1. My soul, now praise thy maker! Let all within me bless His name
2. He shows to man His treasure Of judgment, truth, and righteousness,
3. For as a tender father Hath pity on his children here,
4. God’s grace alone endures, And children’s children yet shall prove

Who maketh thee partaker Of mercies more than thou dar’st claim.
His love beyond all measure, His yearning pity o’er distress,
He in His arms will gather All who are His in childlike fear.
How He with strength assures The hearts of all that seek His love.

Forget Him not whose meekness Still bears with all thy sin,
Nor treats us as we merit, But lays His anger by,
He knows how frail our powers Who but from dust are made;
In Heav’n is fixed His dwelling, His rule is over all;

Who healeth all thy weakness, Reneweth thy life within.
The humble, contrite spirit Finds His compassion nigh;
We flourish like the flowers, And even so we fade;
Angels, in might exceding, Bright hosts, before Him fall.

Ps 103:1-22, 146:1-2, Mk 12:30, 2:1-12, 1Pt 1:24-25 7 8 7 8 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

J = 140
Whose grace and care are endless
And saved thee through the past;
And high as Heav'n above us,
As break from close of day,
The wind but o'er them passes,
And all their bloom is o'er-
Praise Him who ever reigneth,
All ye who hear His Word,
Who leaves no sufferer friendless,
But rights the wronged at last.
So far, since He doth love us,
He puts our sins away.
We wither like the grasses,
Our place knows us no more.
Nor our poor hymns disdaineth-
My soul, O praise the Lord!