

My Soul, Now Praise Thy Maker

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

PRAISE

*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.*

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2014 Revision.

♩ = 140

1. My soul, now praise thy ma - - ker! Let all with - in me bless His name
 2. He shows to man His trea - sure Of judg - ment, truth, and right - eous - ness,
 3. For as a ten - der fa - - ther Hath pi - ty on his child - ren here,
 4. God's grace a - - lone en - dur - - eth, And child - ren's child - ren yet shall prove

Who mak - eth thee par - ta - - ker Of mer - cies more than thou dar'st claim.
 His love be - - yond all mea - - sure, His yearn - ing pi - ty o'er dis - tress,
 He in His arms will ga - - ther All who are His in child - like fear.
 How He with strength as - sur - - eth The hearts of all that seek His love.

For - - get Him not whose meek - - ness Still bears with all thy sin,
 Nor treats us as we mer - - - it, But lays His an - - ger by.
 He knows how frail our pow - - - ers Who but from dust are made;
 In Heav'n is fixed His dwell - - - ing, His rule is o - - ver all;

Who heal - eth all thy weak - - ness, Re - - news thy life with - - in.
 The hum - ble, con - trite spir - - it Finds His com - pas - sion nigh;
 We flour - ish like the flow - - ers, And ev - - en so we fade;
 An - - gels, in might ex - - cel - - ling, Bright hosts, be - - fore Him fall.

Whose grace and care are end - - less And saved thee through the past;
 And high as Heav'n a - - bove us, As break from close of day,
 The wind but o'er them pass - - es, And all their bloom is o'er-
 Praise Him who ev - - er reign - - eth, All ye who hear His Word,

Who leaves no suf - f'rer friend - - less, But rights the wronged at last.
 So far, since He doth love us, He puts our sins a - - way.
 We with - er like the grass - - es, Our place knows us no more.
 Nor our poor hymns dis - - dain - - eth- My soul, O praise the Lord!