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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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

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!