

My Soul, Now Praise Thy Maker
Johann Graumann, 1525.
Augsburg, Germany, 1540.

My soul, now praise thy maker!
Let all within me bless His name
Who maketh thee partaker
Of mercies more than thou dar'st claim.
Forget Him not whose meekness
Still bears with all thy sin,
Who healeth all thy weakness,
Renews thy life within.
Whose grace and care are endless
And saved thee thro' the past;
Who leaves no sufferer friendless,
But rights the wronged at last.

He shows to man His treasure
Of judgment, truth, and righteousness,
His love beyond all measure,
His yearning pity o'er distress,
Nor treats us as we merit,
But lays His anger by.
The humble, contrite spirit
Finds His compassion nigh;
And high as Heav'n above us,
As break from close of day,
So far, since He doth love us,
He puts our sins away.

For as a tender father
Hath pity on his children here,
He in His arms will gather
All who are His in childlike fear.
He knows how frail our powers
Who but from dust are made;
We flourish like the flowers,
And even so we fade;
The wind but o'er them passes,
And all their bloom is o'er
We wither like the grasses,
Our place knows us no more.

God's grace alone endureth,
And children's children yet shall prove
How He with strength assureth
The hearts of all that seek His love.
In Heav'n is fixed His dwelling,
His rule is over all;
Angels, in might excelling,
Bright hosts, before Him fall.
Praise Him who ever reigneth,
All ye who hear His Word,
Nor our poor hymns disdaineth
My soul, O praise the Lord!