

Sweet Is the Memory of Thy Grace

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Nikolaus Hermann, 1560.

Sweet is the memory of Thy grace,

My God, my heav'nly king;

Let age to age Thy righteousness

In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines

His goodness to the skies;

Through the whole earth His bounty shines,

And every want supplies.

With longing eyes Thy creatures wait

On Thee for daily food;

Thy liberal hand provides their meat,

And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!

How slow Thine anger moves!

But soon He sends His pardoning word

To cheer the souls He loves.

Creatures with all their endless race

Thy power and praise proclaim;

But saints that taste Thy richer grace

Delight to bless Thy name.