

My Soul, Now Praise Thy Maker

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL

| ɫ, - | d - - - t, - | ɫ, - - - s, - | d - - - r - | m - - - m - |
My soul, now praise thy ma- ker! Let

| m - - - m - | m - - - r - | d - - - t, - | d - - - ɫ, - |
all with- in me bless His name Who

| d - - - t, - | ɫ, - - - s, - | d - - - r - | m - - - m - |
maketh thee par- ta- ker Of

| m - - - m - | m - - - r - | d - - - t, - | d - - - d - |
mercies more than thou dar'st claim. For-

| d - - - m - | r - - - m - | d - t, - - - | ɫ, - - - ɫ, - |
get Him not whose meek- ness Still

| r - - - r - | t, - d - ɫ, - | s, - - - s, - | d - - - d - |
bears with all thy sin, Who healeth

| r - - - r - | m - - - - - | d - - - d - | f - - - f - |
all thy weak- ness, Re- news thy

| m - - - m - | r - - - r - | m - - - m - | f - - - f - |
life with- in. Whose grace and care are

| s - - - - - | d - - - m - | r - - - s, - | t, - ɫ, - - - |
end- less And saved thee through the

| s, - - - s, - | d - - - d - | t, - - - ɫ, - | r - - - - - |
past; Who leaves no sufferer friend-

| r - - - m - | f - - - m - | d - m - r - | d - - - |
less, But rights the wronged at last.

The other verses

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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!

Melody and words from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL (From Johannes Kugelman's *Concentus Novi*, Augsburg, 1540); words by Johann Graumann (1487–1541); translated by Catherine Winkworth (1827–1878). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.