My Soul, Repeat His Praise

Doh is Bb · 4/4 Tune: ST. BRIDE

| l, - | m, - l, - d - t, - | l, - - - - - d - |
My soul, repeat his praise Whose

| s, - d - m - r - | d - - - - - m - |
mercies are so great, Whose

| r - d - t, - l, - | s, - f, - m, - m - |
anger is so slow to rise, So

| l, - r - d - t, - | l, - - - - - |
ready to a- bate.

The other verses

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Tune ST. BRIDE by Samuel Howard (died undefined); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.