

820 My Soul, Now Praise Your Maker

- 1 My soul, now praise your Maker!
Let all within me bless His name
Who makes you full partaker
Of mercies more than you dare claim.
Forget Him not whose meekness
Still bears with all your sin,
Who heals your ev'ry weakness,
Renews your life within;
Whose grace and care are endless
And saved you through the past;
Who leaves no suff'rer friendless
But rights the wronged at last.
- 2 He offers all His treasure
Of justice, truth, and righteousness,
His love beyond all measure,
His yearning pity o'er distress;
Nor treats us as we merit
But sets His anger by.
The poor and contrite spirit
Finds His compassion nigh;
And high as heav'n above us,
As dawn from close of day,
So far, since He has loved us,
He puts our sins away.
- 3 For as a tender father
Has pity on his children here,
God 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 through them passes,
And all their bloom is o'er.
We wither like the grasses;
Our place knows us no more.
- 4 His grace remains forever,
And children's children yet shall prove
That God forsakes them never
Who in true fear shall seek His love.
In heav'n is fixed His dwelling,
His rule is over all;
O hosts with might excelling,
With praise before Him fall.
Praise Him forever reigning,
All you who hear His Word—
Our life and all sustaining.
My soul, O praise the Lord!

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