

# My Soul, Now Bless Thy Maker

Psalm 103

Johann Gramann, 1525

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863, alt.

Nun lob, mein' Seel'

"Concentus Novi"

Augsburg, 1540

1.) My soul, now bless thy Mak - er! Let all with - in me bless His  
2.) He shows to man His trea - sure Of judg - ment, truth and right - eous -  
3.) For as a ten - der fath - er Hath pi - ty on his child - ren  
4.) God's grace a - lone en - dur - eth, And child - ren's child - ren yet shall

name Who mak - eth thee par - tak - er Of mer - cies more than thou dar'st  
ness, His love be - yond all meas - ure, His year - ning pit - y o'er dis -  
here, He in His arms will gath - er All who are His in child - like  
prove How He with strength as - sur - eth The hearts of all that seek His

claim. For - get Him not whose meek - ness Still bears with all thy sin, Who  
tress, Nor treats us as we mer - it, But lays His an - ger by the  
fear. He knows how frail our pow - ers who but from dust are made; We  
love. In heav'n is fixed His dwell - ing, His rule is o - ver all; An -

24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |

heal - eth all thy weak - ness, Re - news thy life with - in; Whose  
 hum - ble, con - trite spir - it Finds His com - pas - sion nigh; And  
 flour - ish as the flow - ers, And e - ven so we fade; The  
 gels, in might ex - cell - ing, Bright hosts, be - fore Him fall. Praise

31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 |

grace and care are end - less And saved thee thro' the past; Who leaves no  
 high as heav'n a - bove us, As break from close of day, So far, since  
 wind but o'er them pass - es, And all their bloom is o'er, We with - er  
 Him who ev - er reign - eth, All ye who hear His Word, Nor our poor

39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 |

suf - frer friend - less, But rights the wronged at last.  
 he doth love us, He puts our sins a - way.  
 like the grass - es, Our place knows us no more.  
 hymns dis - dain - eth, My soul, O bless the Lord! A - men.