My Soul, Now Bless Thy Maker
Psalm 103

NUN LOB, MEIN SEEL (7 8 7 8 7 6, 7 6 7 6, 7 6 7 6)
Johann Kugelmann’s Concentus Novi, Augsburg, 1540
harm. Heinrich Schütz, 1661

Johann Gramann, 1525
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

1. My soul, now bless thy Maker! Let all within me bless His name. Who makest thee partaker of His mercies more than thou dar’st claim. For- get Him not whose meekness still bears with all thy sin, Who
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 frail our powers who but from dust are made; We
3. For as a tender father Hath pity on His children here, He in His arms will gather All yet shall prove How He with strength assures The hearts of all that seek His love. In heav’n is fixed His dwelling, His rule is over all; An-
4. God’s grace alone endures, And children’s children never more shall partake Of God’s goodness, His love will never cease. God’s grace alone endures, And children’s children.
health all thy weakness, Renew thy life within;
humble, contrite spirit finds His compassion nigh;
flourish like the flowers, And even so we fade;
gels, in might excelling, Bright hosts before Him fall.

Whose grace and care are endless And saved thee through the past; Who leaves no sufferer friendless But rights the wronged at last,
sins away, He puts our sins away,
us no more, Our place knows us no more,
bless the Lord; My soul, O bless the Lord!