

My soul, repeat His praise

(SCOTT S.M.)

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Hans-Georg Näegli (1173-1836)

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. My soul, re - peat His praise Whose
 2. High as the heavens are raised A -
 3. His power sub - dues our sin ; And

mer - cies are so great ; Whose an - ger is so
 bove the earth we tread, So far the rich - es
 His for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is

slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
 of God's grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.
 from the west, Did all our guilt re - move.

4. Man's life is as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

5. But Thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And all Thy people ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

Alternate Tunes : St. Michael, 235 ; St. Thomas, 84.