

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
 bove the earth we tread, So
 His for - giv - ing love, Far

an - ger is so slow to rise, So
 far the rich - es of God's grace Our
 as the east is from the west, Did

read - y to a - bate.
 high - est thoughts ex - ceed.
 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.