

I Will Sing My Maker's Praises

1. I will sing my Mak-er's prais-es And in Him most joy-ful be,
 2. Yea, so dear did He es-teem me That His Son He loved so well
 3. *All that for my soul is need-ful* He with lov-ing care pro-vides,
 4. *When I sleep, He still is near me,* O'er me rests His guard-ian eye;
 5. As a fa-ther nev-er turn-eth Whol-ly from a way-ward child,
 6. Since, then, neith-er change nor cold-ness In my Fa-ther's love can be,

For in all things I see trac-es Of His ten-der love to me.
 He hath giv-en to re-deem me From the quench-less flames of Hell.
Nor of that is He un-heed-ful Which my bod-y needs be-sides.
And new gifts and bless-ings cheer me When the morn-ing streaks the sky.
 For the prod-i-gal still yearn-eth, Long-ing to be rec-on-ciled,
 Lo! I lift my hands with bold-ness; As Thy child I come to Thee.

Noth-ing else than love could move Him With such sweet and ten-der care
 O Thou Spring of bound-less bless-ing, How could e'er my fee-ble mind
When my strength can-not a-vail me, *When my pow'rs can do no more,*
Were it not for God's pro-tec-tion, *Had His coun-te-nance not been*
 So my man-y sins and er-rors Find a ten-der, par-d'ning God,
 Grant me grace, O God, I pray Thee, That I may with all my might,

Ev-er-more to raise and bear All who try to serve and love Him.
 Of Thy depth the bot-tom find Though my ef-forts were un-ceas-ing?
Doth my God His strength out-pour; In my need He doth not fail me.
Here my guide, I had not seen E'er the end of my af-flic-tion.
 Chas-t'ning frail-ty with His rod, Not, in ven-geance, with His ter-rors.
 All my life-time, day and night, Love and trust Thee and o-bey Thee

Music: Johann Schop, 1641
 Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1659; tr. composite

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All things else have but their day; God's great love a - bides for aye.*
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 All things else have but their day; God's great love a - bides for aye.
 And, when this brief life is o'er, Praise and love Thee ev - er - more.

* "Aye" rhymes with "day" and means "ever."