

1. My soul, re - peat His praise Whose mer - cies are so great;
 2. High as the heavens are raised A - bove the earth we tread,
 3. His power sub - dues our sin; And His for - giv - ing love,

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
 So far the rich - es of God's grace Our high - est thoughts ex - ceed.
 Far as the east is 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.