

# "I Will Sing My Maker's Praises"

by Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676

Text From:

*The Handbook to The Lutheran Hymnal*

(St. Louis: Concordia Publishing House, 1942), pp. 23-24

1. I will sing my Maker's praises  
And in Him most joyful be,  
For in all things I see traces  
Of His tender love to me.  
Nothing else than love could move Him  
With such sweet and tender care  
Evermore to raise and bear  
All who try to serve and love Him.  
All things else have but their day,  
God's great love abides for aye.
2. Yea, so dear did He esteem me  
That His Son He loved so well  
He hath given to redeem me  
From the quenchless flames of hell.  
Thou Spring of boundless blessing,  
How could e'er my feeble mind  
Of Thy depth the bottom find  
Though my efforts were unceasing?  
All things else have but their day,  
God's great love abides for aye.
3. All that for my soul is needful  
He with loving care provides,  
Nor of that is He unheedful  
Which my body needs besides.  
When my strength cannot avail me,  
When my powers can do no more,  
Doth my God His strength outpour;  
In my need He doth not fail me.  
All things else have but their day,  
God's great love abides for aye.
4. When I sleep, He still is near me,  
O'er me rests His guardian eye;  
And new gifts and blessings cheer me

When the morning streaks the sky.  
Were it not for God's protection,  
Had His countenance not been  
Here my guide, I had not seen  
E'er the end of my affliction.  
All things else have but their day,  
God's great love abides for aye.

5. As a father never turneth  
Wholly from a wayward child,  
For the prodigal still yearneth,  
Longing to be reconciled,  
So my many sins and errors  
Find a tender, pardoning God,  
Chastening frailty with His rod,  
Not in vengeance, with His terrors.  
All things else have but their day,  
God's great love abides for aye.
  
6. Since, then, neither change nor coldness  
In my Father's love can be,  
Lo! I lift my hands with boldness,  
As Thy child I come to Thee.  
Grant me grace, O God, I pray Thee,  
That I may with all my might,  
All my lifetime, day and night,  
Love and trust Thee and obey Thee  
And, when this brief life is o'er,  
Praise and love Thee evermore.

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Notes:

Text: Eph. 5:19, 20

Author: Paul Gerhardt, 1659, cento

Translated by: composite

Titled: Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen

Composer: Johann Schop, 1641

Tune: Sollt' ich meinem Gott

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