

Isaac Watts

J.P. Schmidt

1. My soul, re-peat His praise, Whose mer-cies are so great, Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So read-y to a - bate, So read - y to a - bate.

2. His pow'r sub-dues our sins, And His for-giv-ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move, Doth all our guilt re - move

3. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the rich-ness of His grace, Our high-est thoughts ex-ceeds, Our high-est thoughts ex-ceeds.