

Praise, My Soul, the God of Heaven 619

(Psalm 103)

1 Praise, my soul, the God of heav - en; glad of heart your
 2 Praise God for the grace and fa - vor shown our fore - bears
 3 Like a lov - ing par - ent car - ing, God knows well our
 4 An - gels, teach us ad - o - ra - tion; you be - hold God

car - ols raise; ran -omed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 in dis - tress; God is still the same for - ev - er,
 fee - ble frame, glad - ly all our bur - dens bear - ing,
 face to face. Sun and moon and all cre - a - tion,

who, like me, should sing God's praise? Al - le - lu - ia!
 slow to chide, and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia!
 still to count - less years the same. Al - le - lu - ia!
 dwell - ers all in time and space: Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Mak - er all your days!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Sing our Mak - er's faith - ful - ness!
 Al - le - lu - ia! All with - in me, praise God's name!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

This adaptation of an older paraphrase of Psalm 103 (see no. 620) is informed by an awareness that much of the received language of religious traditions enshrines social values that obscure the goodness of God, which far transcends all our labels and categories and hierarchies.