Sing, my soul, his wondrous love

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
who from yon bright throne above,
ever watchful o'er our race,
still to us extends his grace.

Heaven and earth by him were made;
all is by his scepter swayed;
what are we that he should show
so much love to us below?

God, the merciful and good,
bought us with the Savior's blood,
and, to make our safety sure,
guides us by his Spirit pure.

Sing, my soul, adore his Name!
Let his glory be thy theme:
praise him till he calls thee home;
truth his love for all to come.