

Festival of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary

94. My Soul, O God, Magnifies Thee

Mein' Seel', o Gott! muß loben dich
Bartholomäus Gesius, † 1613
Tr., composite

Wo Gott zum Haus
"Geistliches Lied"
Wittenburg, 1535



1. My soul, O God, mag - ni - fies Thee,
2. Since Thou be - held my low - li - ness,
3. Might - y Thou art, dear Lord, in deed,
4. Thou mer - ci - ful art e'er to he



My Sav - ior who doth come to me:
Hence - forth will all men call me blest;
Thy pow'r di - vine doth ne'er re - cede;
Whose heart a - lone now fear - eth Thee;



Thou bring'st me joy and glo - ry great,
From far and wide I'll laud - ed be,
A - bove all else is Thy Name's worth,
The poor Thou wilt for - e'er give aid,



De - spis - ing not my low es - tate.
For Thou hast done great things to me.
Yet poor - ly praised art Thou on earth.
When grief and pain on him are laid. A-men.

5. Let pride of man us never charm,
For naught withstandeth Thy strong arm:
Who in his own strength would depend,
Of such Thou soon dost make an end.

6. Thou shatt'rest all counsels of man,
To work, O Lord, Thy wondrous plan,
For what work 'gainst Thee they would lay
Doth them undoubtedly betray.

7. Yet, to the lowly and despised
Thy grace, by might, sheds its disguise:
With princes given equal name,
The poor made rich while rich are shamed.

8. Thou, Lord, today hast worked Thine art
And mindful of Thy tender heart,
Thine Israel dost Thou succor give,
That Thine elect may ever live.

9. Such mercy we have not deserved
Yet, Thou hast made all things to serve
The Word which to our fathers gave
That God Incarnate man might save.

10. Yea, to that dear man Abraham,
Thou didst reveal Thy holy plan,
For Heav'n to him was pledged by Thee,
And to his Seed eternally.

11. Glory now and forever be
To the Most Holy Trinity:
God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
In Thy rich grace we daily boast.

12. Who longest sinners to show grace,
To save from Hell our fallen race,
And when this fleeting life shall cease,
Bestow on us eternal peace.