

# Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy  
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers  
 3. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble  
 4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish; Blows the wind and  
 5. An - gels, in the height, a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him

trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
 in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er,  
 frame He knows; In His hands He gen - tly bears us,  
 it is gone; But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish,  
 face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him;

Who, like me, His praise should sing? Praise Him, praise Him,  
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless; Praise Him, praise Him,  
 Res - cues us from all our foes; Praise Him, praise Him,  
 God en - dures un - chang - ing on: Praise Him, praise Him,  
 Dwell - ers all in time and space, Praise Him, praise Him,

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Praise Him, praise Him, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
 Praise Him, praise Him, Wide - ly as His mer - cy goes.  
 Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high e - ter - nal one.  
 Praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace.

Words: Henry F. Lyte  
 Music: John Goss