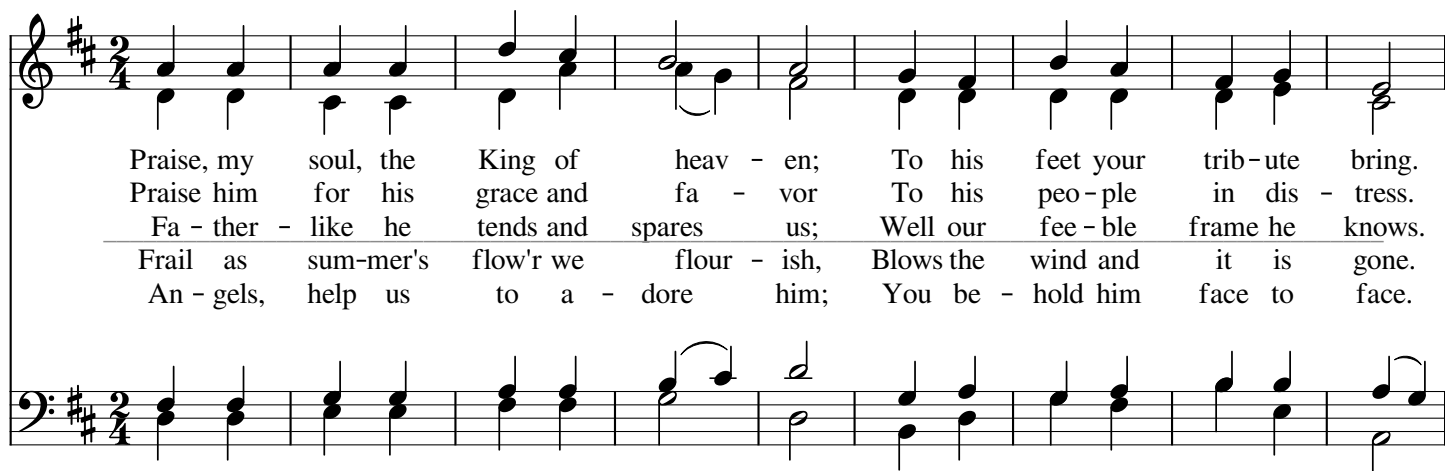


# Praise My Soul the King of Heaven

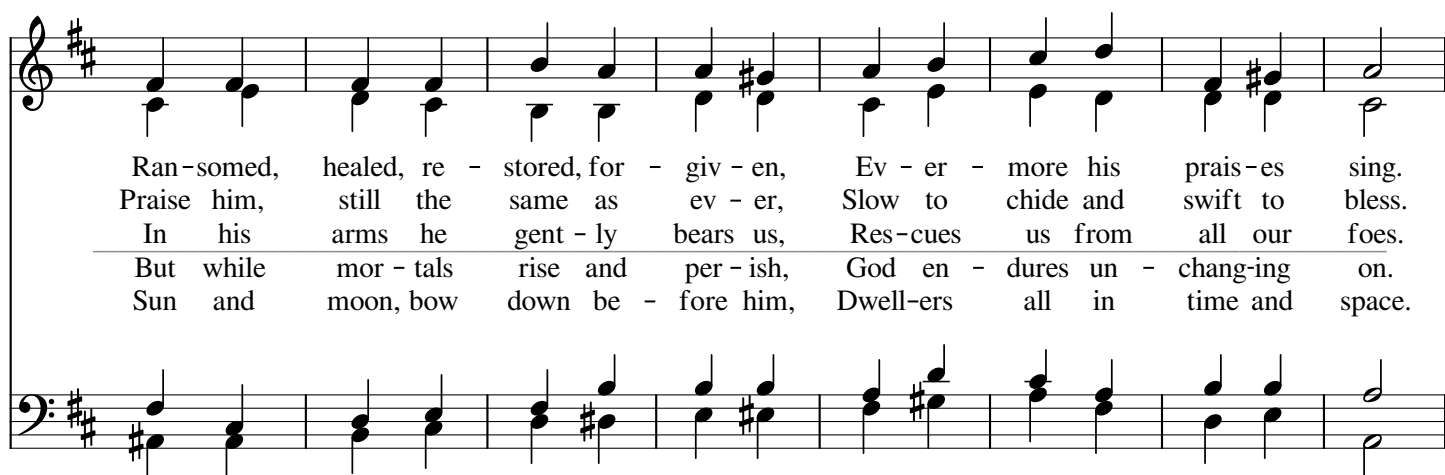
LAUDA ANIMA / W610 / G613

Henry F Lyte (1793-1847)

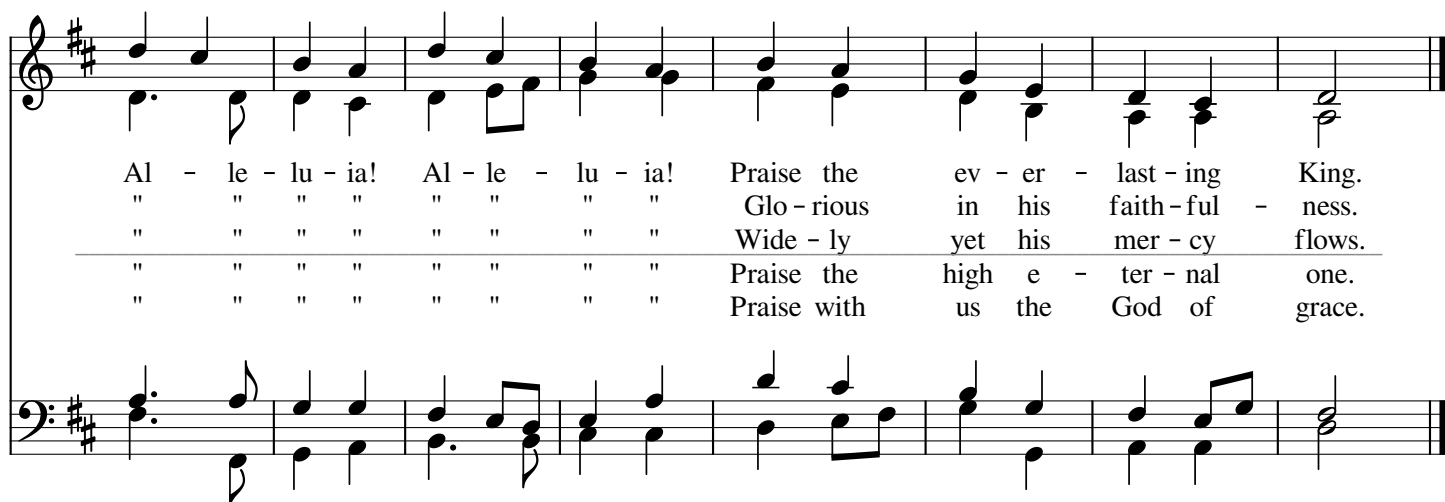
John Goss (1800-1880)



Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his feet your trib - ute bring.  
Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To his peo - ple in dis - tress.  
Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame he knows.  
Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the wind and it is gone.  
An - gels, help us to a - dore him; You be - hold him face to face.



Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing.  
Praise him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless.  
In his arms he gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.  
But while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.  
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, Dwell - ers all in time and space.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
" " " " " " " " Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.  
" " " " " " " " Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.  
" " " " " " " " Praise the high e - ter - nal one.  
" " " " " " " " Praise with us the God of grace.