

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Henry F. Lyte

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our
 3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our
 4. Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour - ish; Blows the
 5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; Ye be -

7. feet thy tri - bute bring; Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for -
 2. fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise him still the same as
 3. fee - ble frame he knows; In his hands he gen - tly
 4. wind and it is gone. But while mor - tals rise and
 5. hold him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be -

13. giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing. Al - le -
 2. ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless. Al - le -
 3. bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le -
 4. per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on. Al - le -
 5. fore him, Dwell - ers all in time and space. Al - le -

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