

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Henry F. Lyte

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
 2. Praise him for his grace and favor;
 3. Father-like he tends and spares us;
 4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish;
 5. An-gels, help us to adore him;

1. feet thy tri-bute bring;
 2. fa-thers in dis-tress;
 3. fee-ble frame he knows;
 4. wind and it is gone.
 5. hold him face to face;

1. 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-

1. 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.