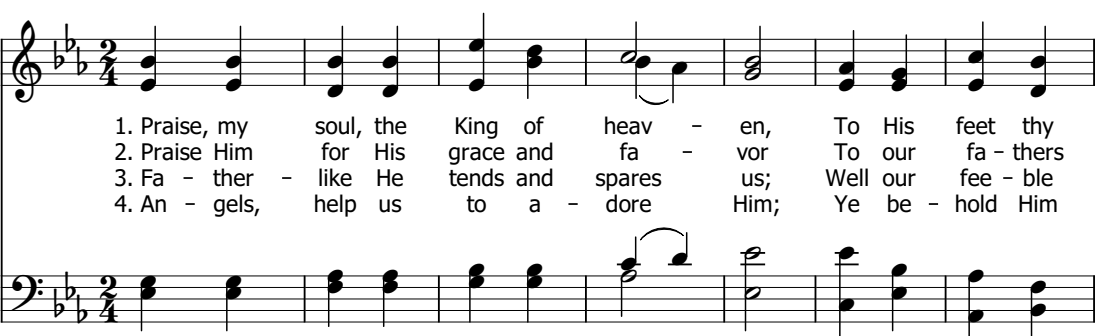


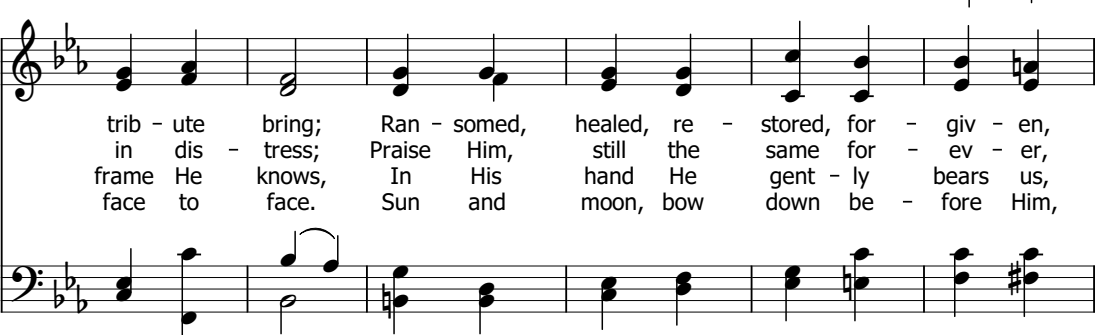
# Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Henry F. Lyte

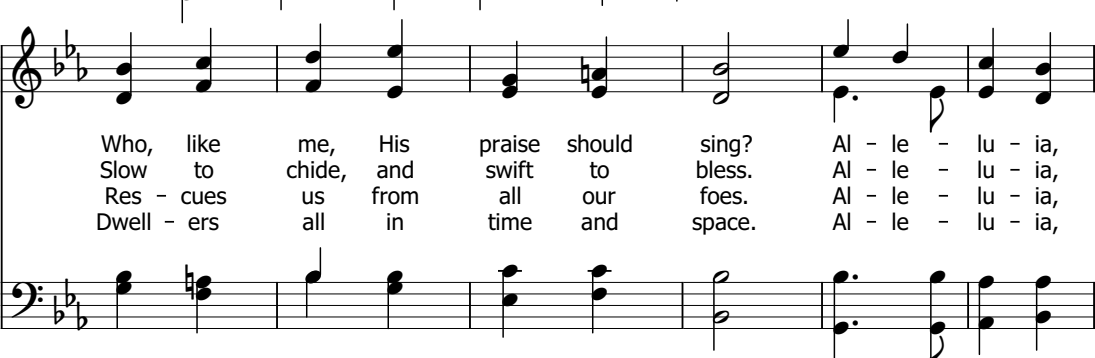
John Goss



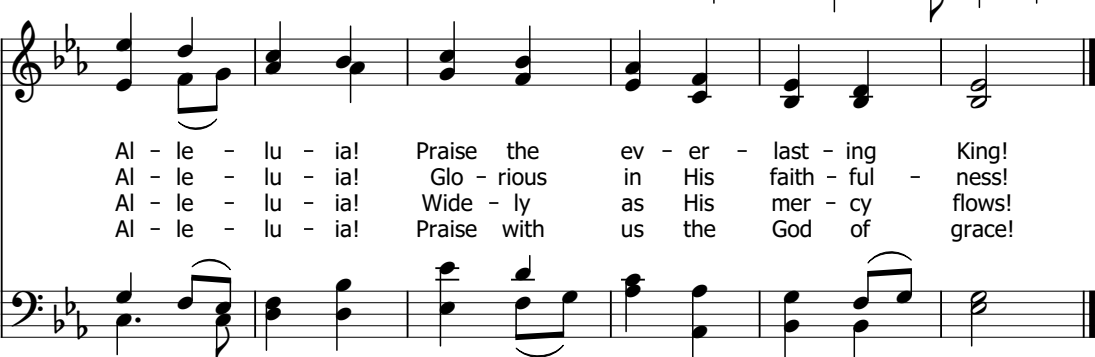
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy  
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers  
3. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble  
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him



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 hand He gent - ly bears us,  
face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him,



Who, like me, His praise should sing? Al - le - lu - ia,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia,  
Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia,  
Dwell - ers all in time and space. Al - le - lu - ia,



Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!  
Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness!  
Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows!  
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!