

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

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1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress;
3. Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour-ish; Blows the wind and it is gone;
4. An-gels in the height, a-dore Him Ye 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;
But, while mor-tals rise and per-ish, God en-dures un-changing on;
Saints tri-um-phant, bow be-fore Him Gath-ered in from ev-'ry race;

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the high e-ter-nal One.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! *Praise with us the God of grace.

* To optional ending

Optional ending — last stanza only

Praise with us the God of grace. Praise with us the God of grace. A-men! A-men!