

Praise, My Soul, The King of Heaven

text by Henry Lyte,
music by Luke Hyder



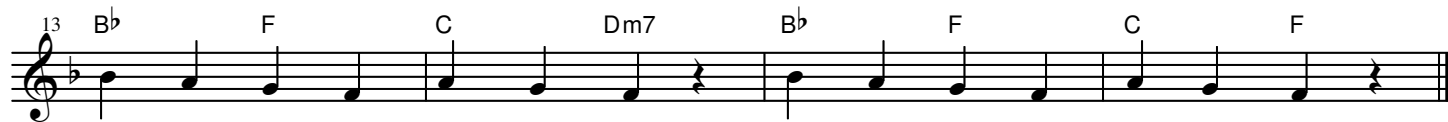
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy tri - bute bring.
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fav - or To our fa - thers in dis - tress.
 3. Frail as sum - mer's flower we flour - ish Blows the wind and it is__ gone
 4. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He__ knows.
 5. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to__ face;



Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Who like me His praise should sing? Praise
 Praise Him still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to__ bless.
 But while mor - tals rise and pe - rish God en - dures un - chang - ing__ on
 In His hands He gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our__ foes.
 Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him, Dwel - lers all in time and__ space.



Him, Praise Him, praise__ Him. praise__ Him, Praise Him, praise__ Him.



To His feet thy tri - bute bring, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
 God en - dures un - chang - ing on Praise the high e - ter - nal One!
 Res - cues us from all our foes, Wid - ely as His mer - cy goes.
 Dwel - lers all in time and space, Praise with us the God of grace.