

PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Words by Henry Lyte
Music by Christopher Miner

Real Key

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
2. Praise Him as for sum-mer's grace and we flourish
3. Frail as summer's flower we flourish

To His feet thy tri-bute bring.
To our the wind and it dis-tress gone

Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en,
Praise Him while still mor-tals same rise and per-ish

Who like me His and praise should sing?
Slow God en-dures un-swift chang-ing on bless-on

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness.
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high e-ter-nal One

4. Fatherlike He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He Knows.
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

5. Angels help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

6. Frail as summer's flower we flourish
Blows the wind and it is gone
But while mortals rise and perish
God endures, unchanging on
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the high eternal One.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Praise the high eternal One.