

# PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Words by Henry Lyte  
Music by John Goss

1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en  
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor,  
 3. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish,  
 4. Fa - ther like He tends and spares us;

To His feet thy tri - bute bring  
 To Blow our our wind and frame dis - tress  
 Well our fee - ble He Knows.

Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en  
 Praise Him while still the same, for ev - er  
 But In His hands als He rise and ly - per - ish  
 His E A D E7 A bears us,

Who Slow like thee His praise should sing?  
 God Res - en - cues us and un - chang - ing our bless - on  
 Res - cues us from all our foes.

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him,  
 Praise Him, Him, Him, Him, Him, Him, Him,  
 Praise Him, Him, Him, Him, Him, Him, Him,

Praise the ev - er - last - ing King  
 Glor - ious in His faith - ful - ness  
 Praise the high e - ter - nal One  
 Wide - ly as His mer - cy 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.