

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Public Domain. Words: Henry Lyte. Music: John Goss.

D A D/F# G D
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
G D G Bm Em A
To His feet thy tribute bring.
F# Bm A/C# Esus E
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiv—en,
F#m E A D E7 A
Who like me His praise should sing?
D G
Praise Him, praise Him,
Bm G
praise Him, praise Him,
Bm G Asus A D
Praise the everlast—ing King.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress.
Praise Him still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him, praise Him,
praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3. 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

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.

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.

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,
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Praise the high eternal One.

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