Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises. Psa. 47:6
Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. 67:3

1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring.
2. Praise Him for His grace and favor To our fathers in distress;
3. Father-like He tends and spares us, Well our feeble frame He knows;
4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish, Blows the wind and it is gone;
5. Angels, help us to adore Him, Ye behold Him face to face;

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, Evermore His praises sing:
Praise Him still the same as ever, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
In His hands He gently bears us, Rescues us from all our foes.
But while mortals rise and perish, Our God lives unchanging on.
Sun and moon, bow down before Him; Dwellers all in time and space,

Praise Him, praise Him, alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.
Praise Him, praise Him, alleluia! Glorious in His faithfulness.
Praise Him, praise Him, alleluia! Wide ly yet His mercy flows.
Praise Him, praise Him, alleluia! Praise the high Eternal One!
Praise Him, praise Him, alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace.