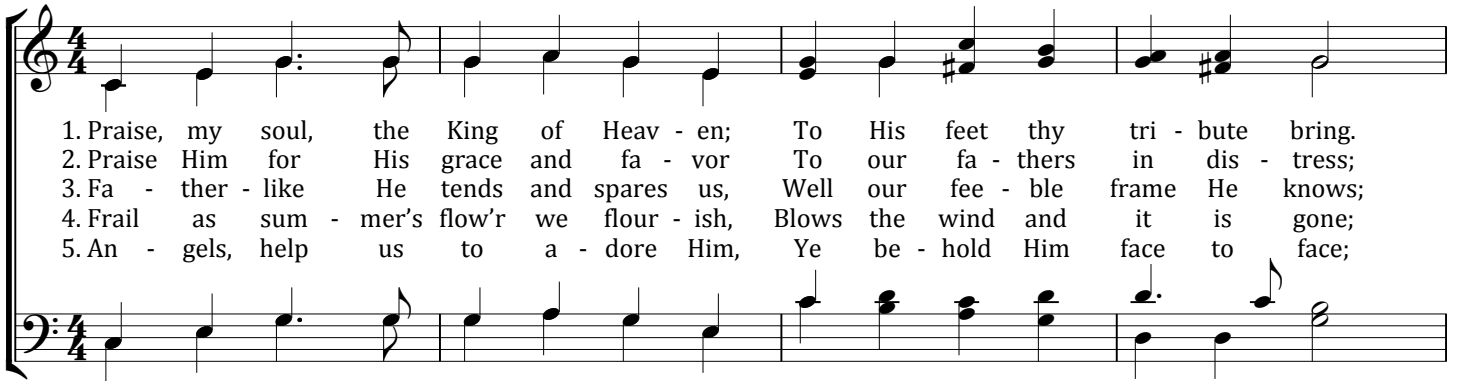


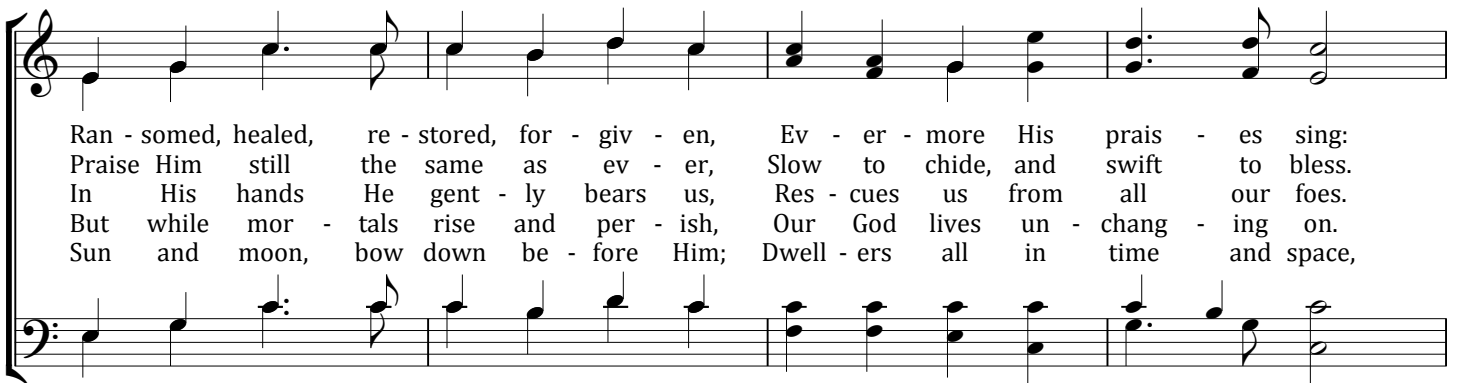
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

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 Heav - en; To His feet thy tri - bute bring.
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the wind and it is gone;
5. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him, Ye be - hold Him face to face;



Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His prais - es sing:
Praise Him still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
In His hands He gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.
But while mor - tals rise and per - ish, Our God lives un - chang - ing on.
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwell - ers all in time and space,



Praise Him, praise Him, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Praise Him, praise Him, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
Praise Him, praise Him, al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.
Praise Him, praise Him, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the high E - ter - nal One!
Praise Him, praise Him, al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

WORDS: Henry F. Lyte, 1834. MUSIC: "Triumph"; Henry J. Gauntlett, pub.1902. Public Domain.