

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

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1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, To His feet thy
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers
3. Frail as summer's flow'r we flour-ish; Blows the wind and
4. An-gels in the height, a-dore Him Ye be-hold Him

trib-ute bring; Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for - giv-en,
in dis-tress; Praise Him, still the same as ev-er,
it is gone; But, while mor-tals rise and per-ish,
face to face; Saints tri-umphant, bow be-fore Him

Ev-er-more His prais-es sing; Al-le-lu-ia!
Slow to chide, and swift to bless; Al-le-lu-ia!
God endures unchanging on; Al-le-lu-ia!
Gath-ered in from ev'-ry race; Al-le-lu-ia!

Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.
Al-le-lu-ia! Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness.
Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the high-e-ter-nal One.
Al-le-lu-ia! Praise with us the God of grace.