

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

tribute 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 - um-phantly, 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!
 Gathered 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.