

Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To the throne thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore God's praises sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise the Lord for grace and favor
To all people in distress;
Praise God, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious now God's faithfulness.

Fatherlike, God tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame God knows;
Motherlike, God gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet God's mercy flows.

Angels in the heights, adoring,
You behold God face to face;
Saints triumphant, now adoring,
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

by Henry Francis Lyte