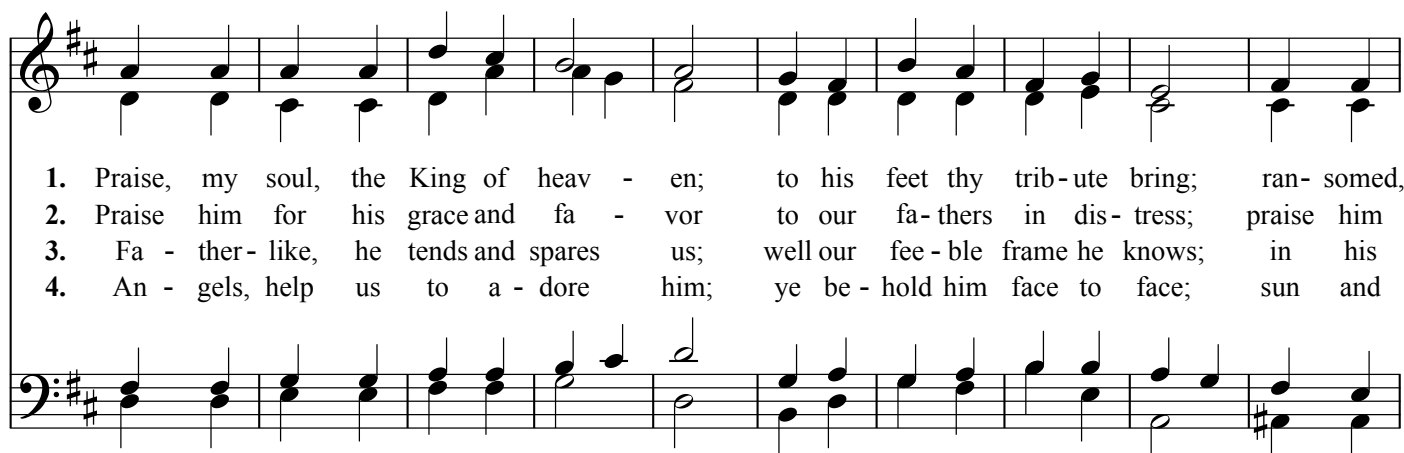
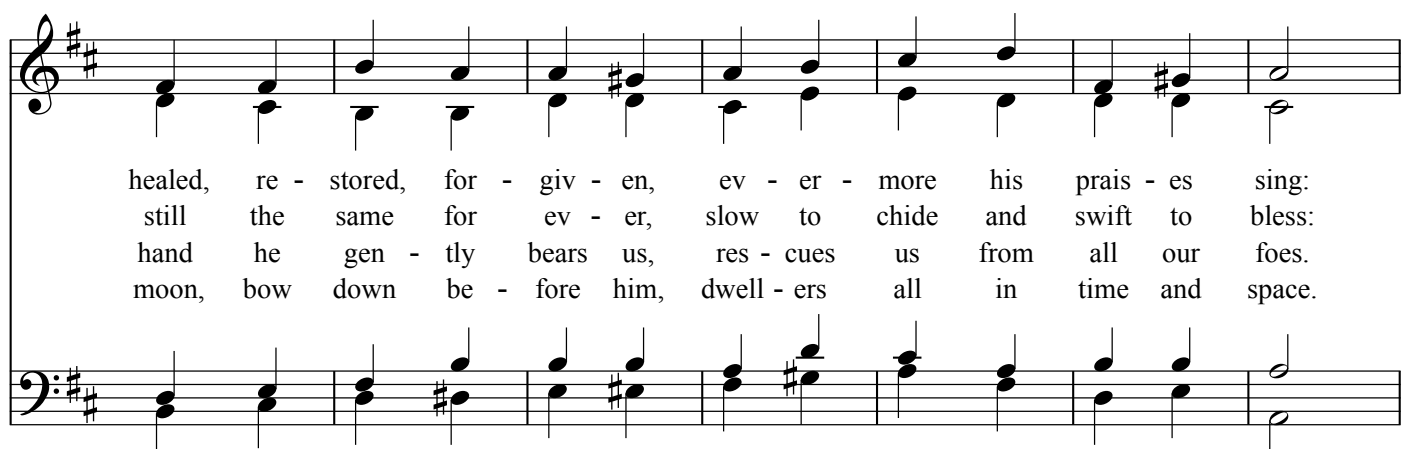


216 • Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

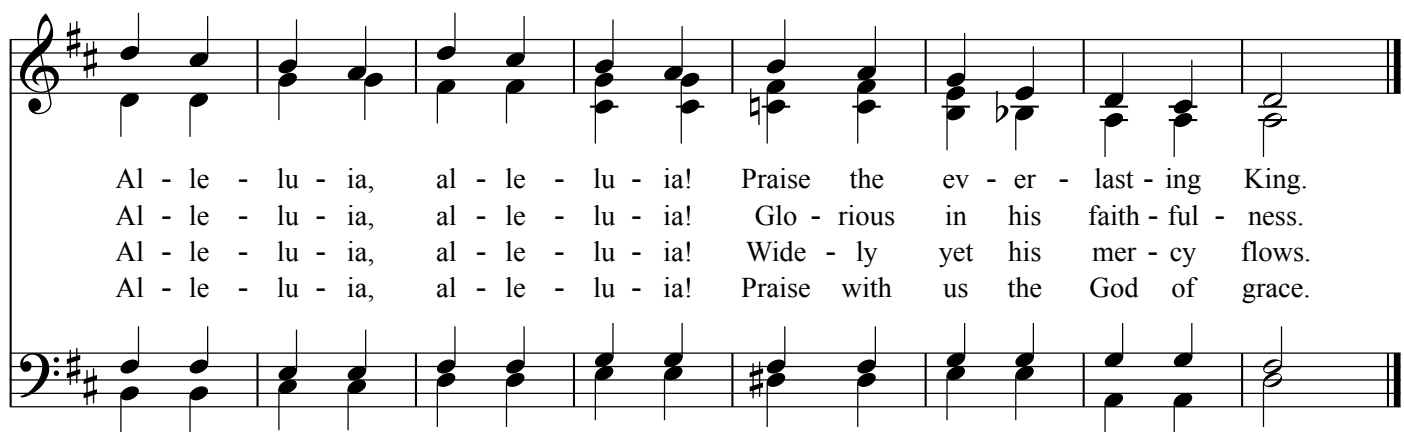
Tune: LAUDA ANIMA (87 87 87) Text: Henry Francis Lyte (†1847)



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; to his feet thy trib-ute bring; ran- somed,
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to our fa-thers in dis-ress; praise him
3. Fa - ther- like, he tends and spares us; well our fee-ble frame he knows; in his
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; ye be - hold him face to face; sun and



healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, ev - er - more his prais - es sing:
still the same for ev - er, slow to chide and swift to bless:
hand he gen - tly bears us, res - cues us from all our foes.
moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell - ers all in time and space.



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.