

137 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

"Your saints shall bless You. They shall speak of the glory of Your kingdom" Psalm 145:10-11

G C Am D D^{#dim} Em G Am D⁷ G



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en, to His feet thy trib-ute 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;

A⁷ Em A D G Em A⁷ D



Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en, who like thee His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, still the same for-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, God en-dures un-chang-ing on;

G C Am D D^{#dim} Em G C Am D G



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 as His mer-cy flows!
 Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the high E-ter-nal One!

TEXT: Henry Francis Lyte

MUSIC: Ludvig Lindeman

*"I will extol You, my God, O King;
 and I will bless Your name forever and ever."*

Psalm 145:1