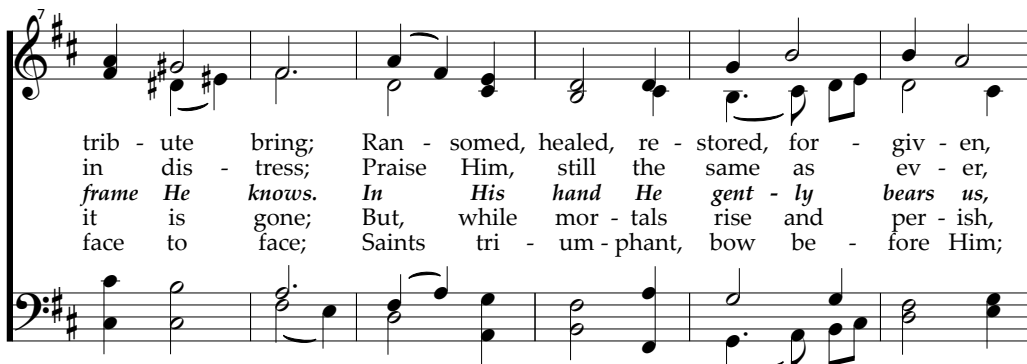


Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

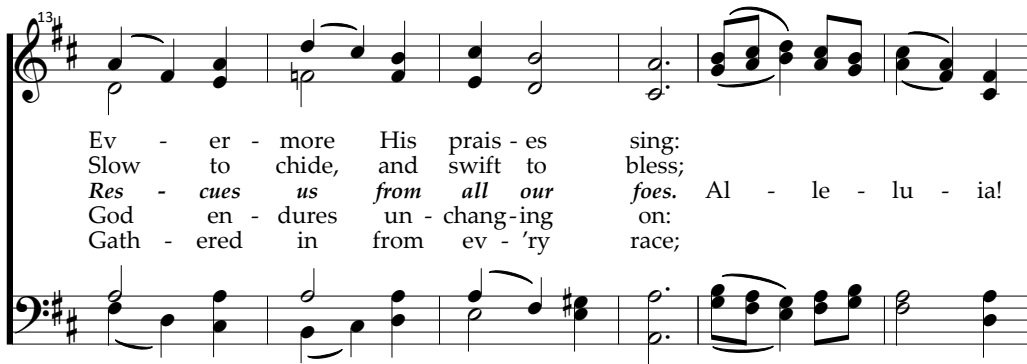
From Psalm 103 portions



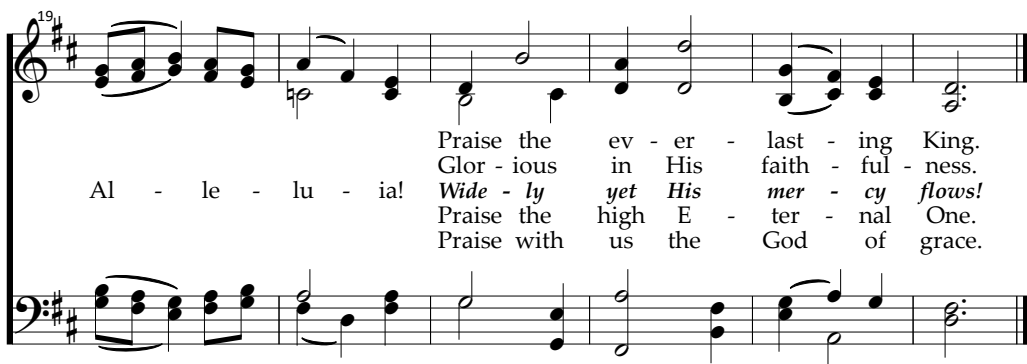
1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav-en, To His feet thy
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers
 3. *Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble*
 4. Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour-ish; Blows the wind and
 5. An - gels in the height, a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him



trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same as ev - er,
frame He knows. In His hand He gent - ly bears us,
 it is gone; But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish;
 face to face; Saints tri - um - phant, bow be - fore Him;



Ev - er - more His prais - es sing;
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia!
 God en - dures un - chang-ing on:
 Gath - ered in from ev - 'ry race;



Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
 Glor - ious in His faith - ful - ness.
Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows!
 Praise the high E - ter - nal One.
 Praise with us the God of grace.

Music: Mark Andrews, 1930
 Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1834

LAUDA ANIMA (Andrews)
 8 7. 8 7. 4 7. w/ repeat