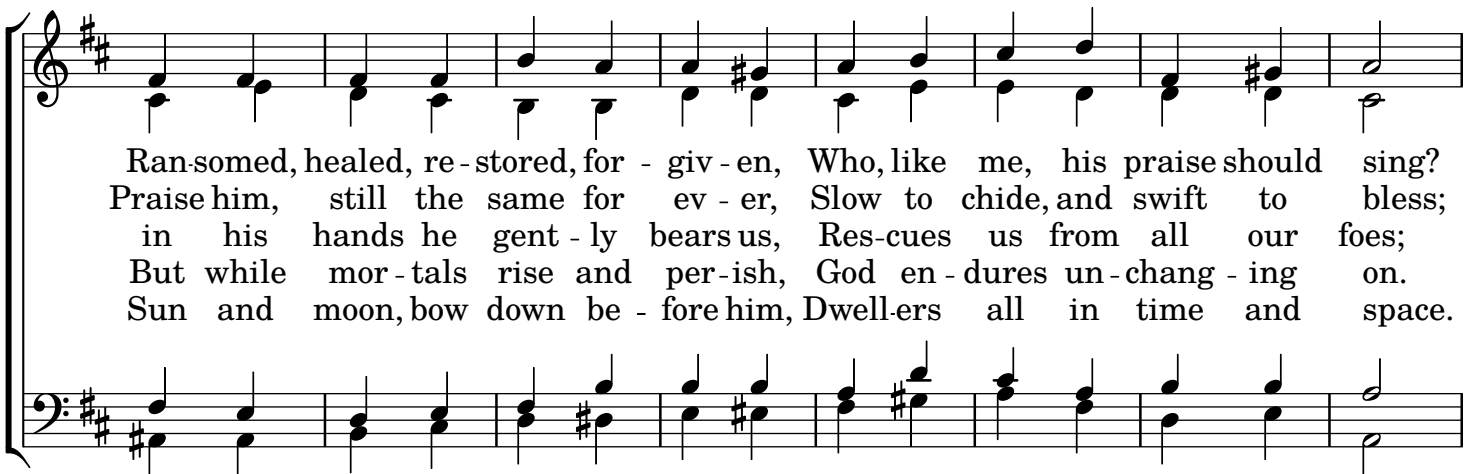
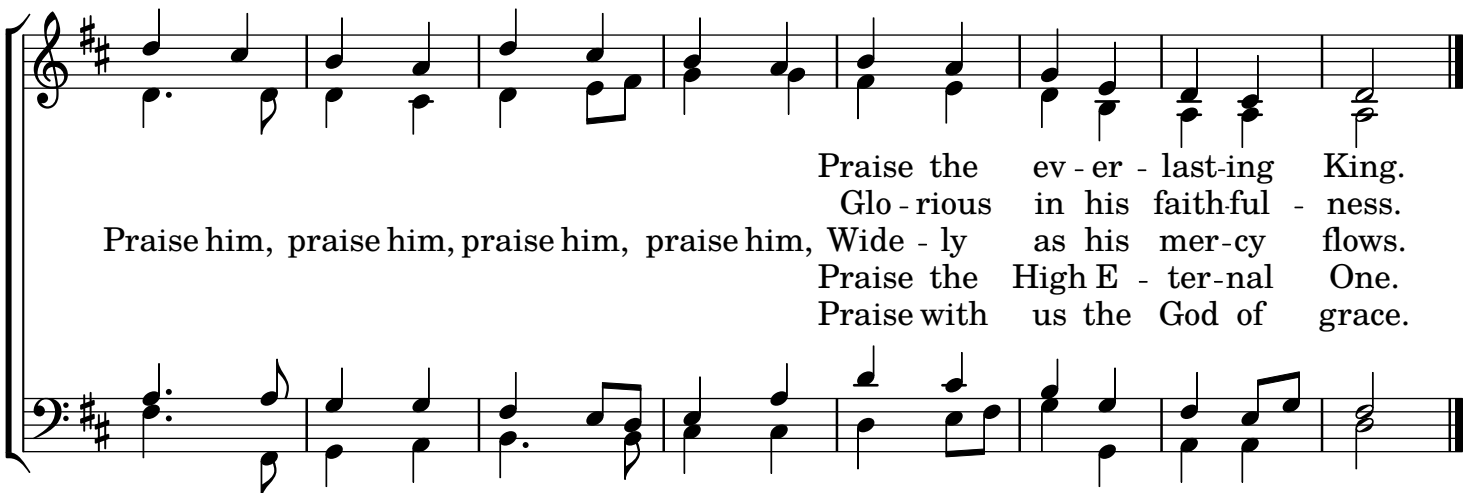


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To his feet your trib-ute bring;
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis-tress;
 3. Fa - ther-like, he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame he knows;
 4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the wind and it is gone;
 5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; Ye be - hold him face to face;



Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for - giv-en, Who, like me, 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.
 Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, Dwell-ers all in time and space.



Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, Praise the ev - er - last-ing King.
 Glo - rious in his faith-ful - ness.
 Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, Wide - ly as his mer-cy flows.
 Praise the High E - ter-nal One.
 Praise with us the God of grace.