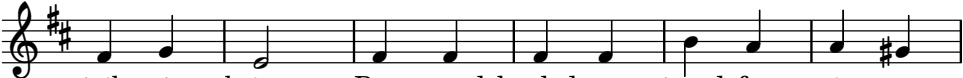




1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To his feet your
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers
3. Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble
4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the wind and
5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; Ye be - hold him



trib - ute bring; Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 in dis - tress; Praise him, still the same for ev - er,
 frame he knows; in his hands he gent - ly bears us,
 it is gone; But while mor - tals rise and per - ish,
 face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him,



Who, like me, his praise should sing?
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 Res-cues us from all our foes; Praise him, praise him,
 God en - dures un - chang - ing on.
 Dwell-ers all in time and space.



Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
 Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
 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.