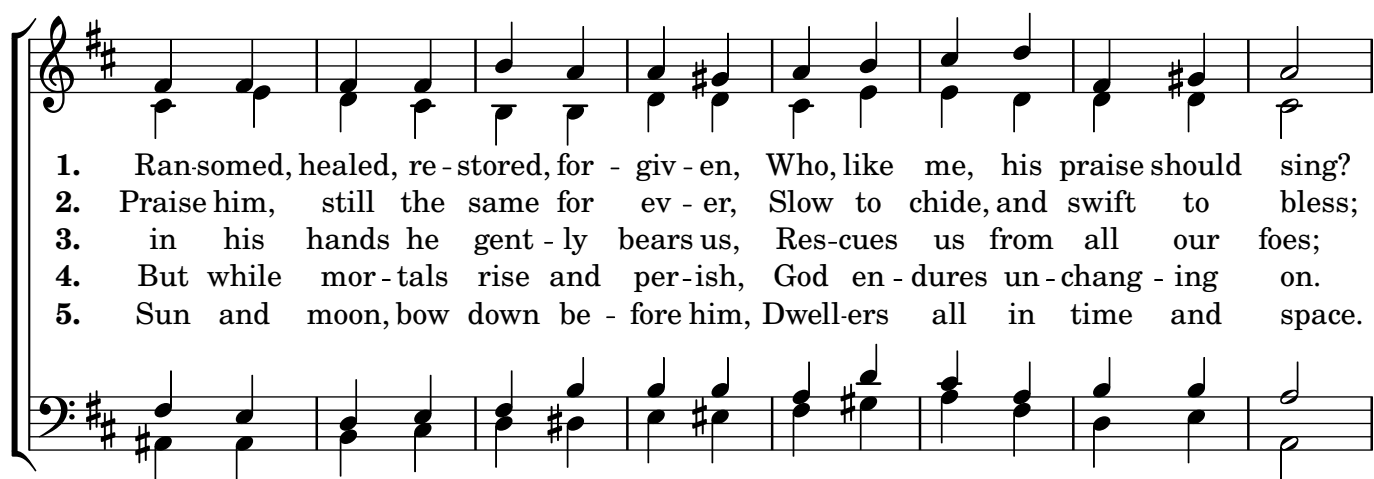
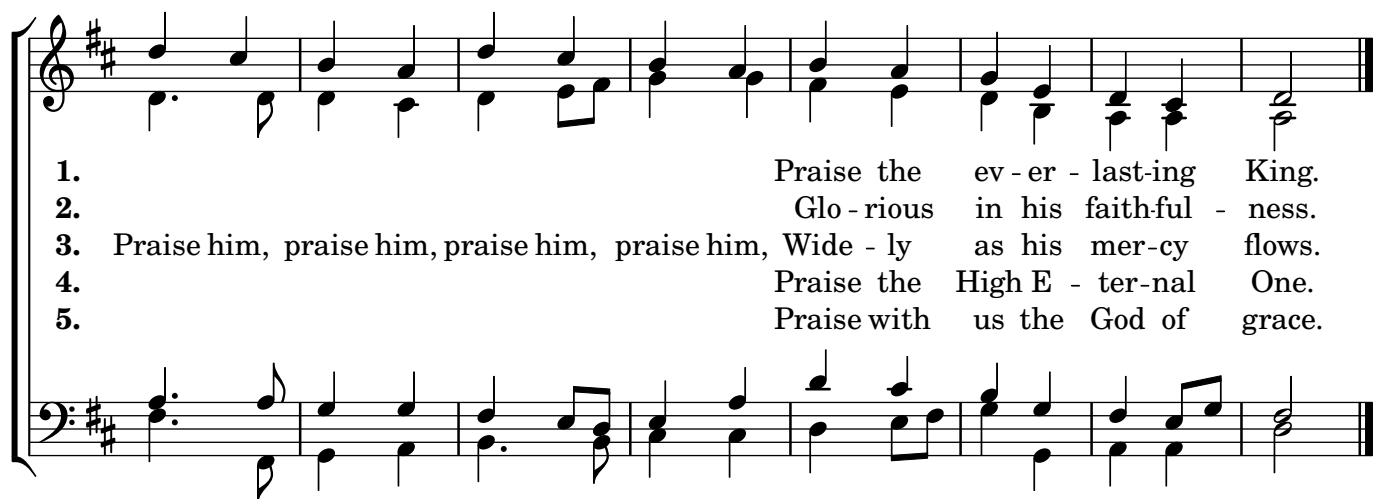


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To his feet your trib-ute bring;  
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis-tress;  
 3. Fa - ther-like, he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame he knows;  
 4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the wind and it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



1. Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Who, like me, his praise should sing?  
 2. Praise him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
 3. in his hands he gent - ly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes;  
 4. But while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.  
 5. Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, Dwell-ers all in time and space.



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

Text: Henry F. Lyte (1793-1847), 1834

Music: LAUDA ANIMA 87 87 87, John Goss (1800-1880), 1869