

HYMN

Praise my soul, the King of heaven

D A⁷ D G D G (D G D) Em A A⁷

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; to his feet your trib - ute bring;
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vour to our fa - thers in dis - tress.
 3 Fa - ther-like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble frame he knows.

F^{#7} (Bm F^{#7}) Bm B⁷ E^{#o} F^{#m} (E⁷) A D E⁷ A

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 hand he gen - tly bears us, res - cues us from all our foes:

D G A⁷ Bm Em A⁷ Bm A G D A D

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!

- 4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
 blows the wind and it is gone;
 but while mortals rise and perish
 God endures unchanging on:
 Alleluia, alleluia!
 praise the high eternal One!
- 5 Angels, help us to adore him;
 you behold him face to face.
 Sun and moon, bow down before him,
 dwellers all in time and space:
 Alleluia, alleluia!
 praise with us the God of grace!