

## 164 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

D A<sup>7</sup> D G D G (D G D) Em A A<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>#7</sup> (Bm F<sup>#7</sup>) Bm B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>#o</sup> F<sup>#m</sup> (E<sup>7</sup>) A D E<sup>7</sup> 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 A<sup>7</sup> Bm Em A<sup>7</sup> 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!