

# Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

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John Goss (Lauda Anima)

1 Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven, to his feet thy  
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vour, to our fa - thers  
 3 Fa - ther like, he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble  
 4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him, ye be - hold him

tri - bute bring; ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - gi - ven,  
 in dis tress. Praise him, still the same for - e - ver,  
 frame he knows. In his hands he gent - ly bears us,  
 face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him;

who like me his praise should sing. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 slow to chide and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 dwell - ers all in time and space. Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the e - ver - las - ting King!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly as his mer - cy flows!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!