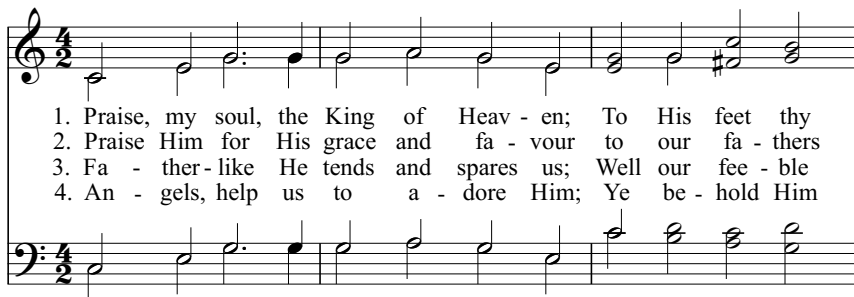


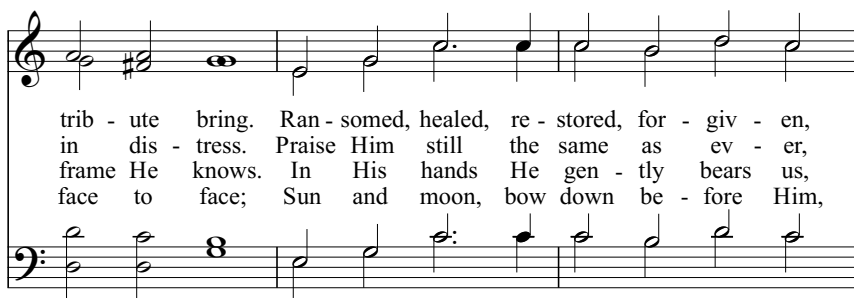
# Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven

15

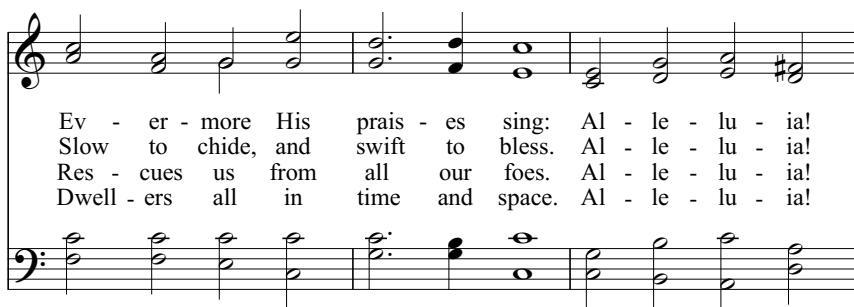
Henry F. Lyte



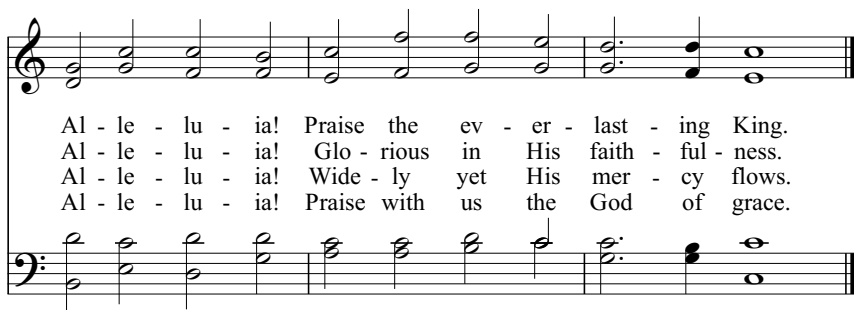
1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en; To His feet thy  
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour to our fa - thers  
3. Fa - ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble  
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him



trib - ute bring. Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
in dis - tress. Praise Him still the same as ev - er,  
frame He knows. In His hands He gen - tly bears us,  
face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him,



Ev - er - more His prais - es 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 ev - er - last - ing King.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.