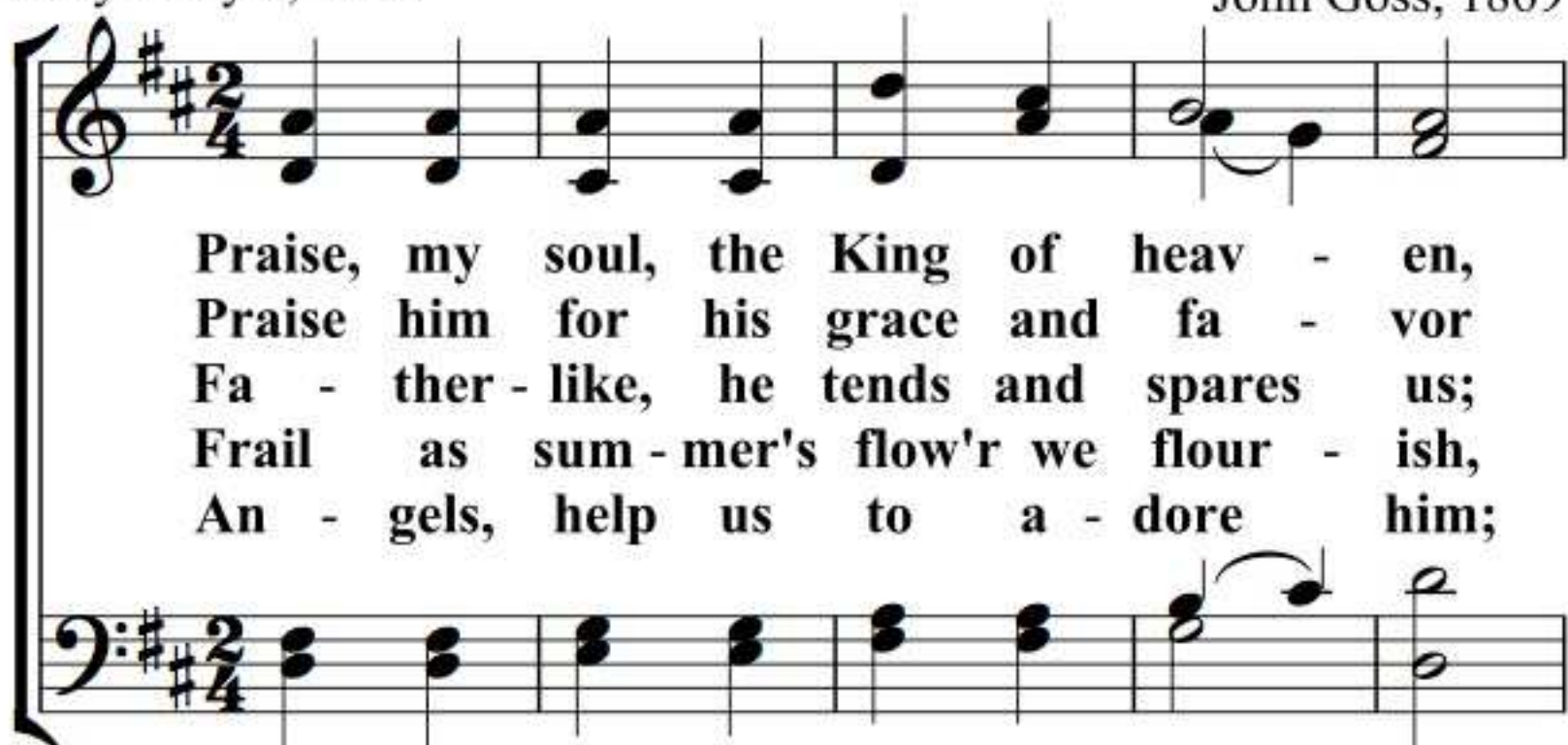


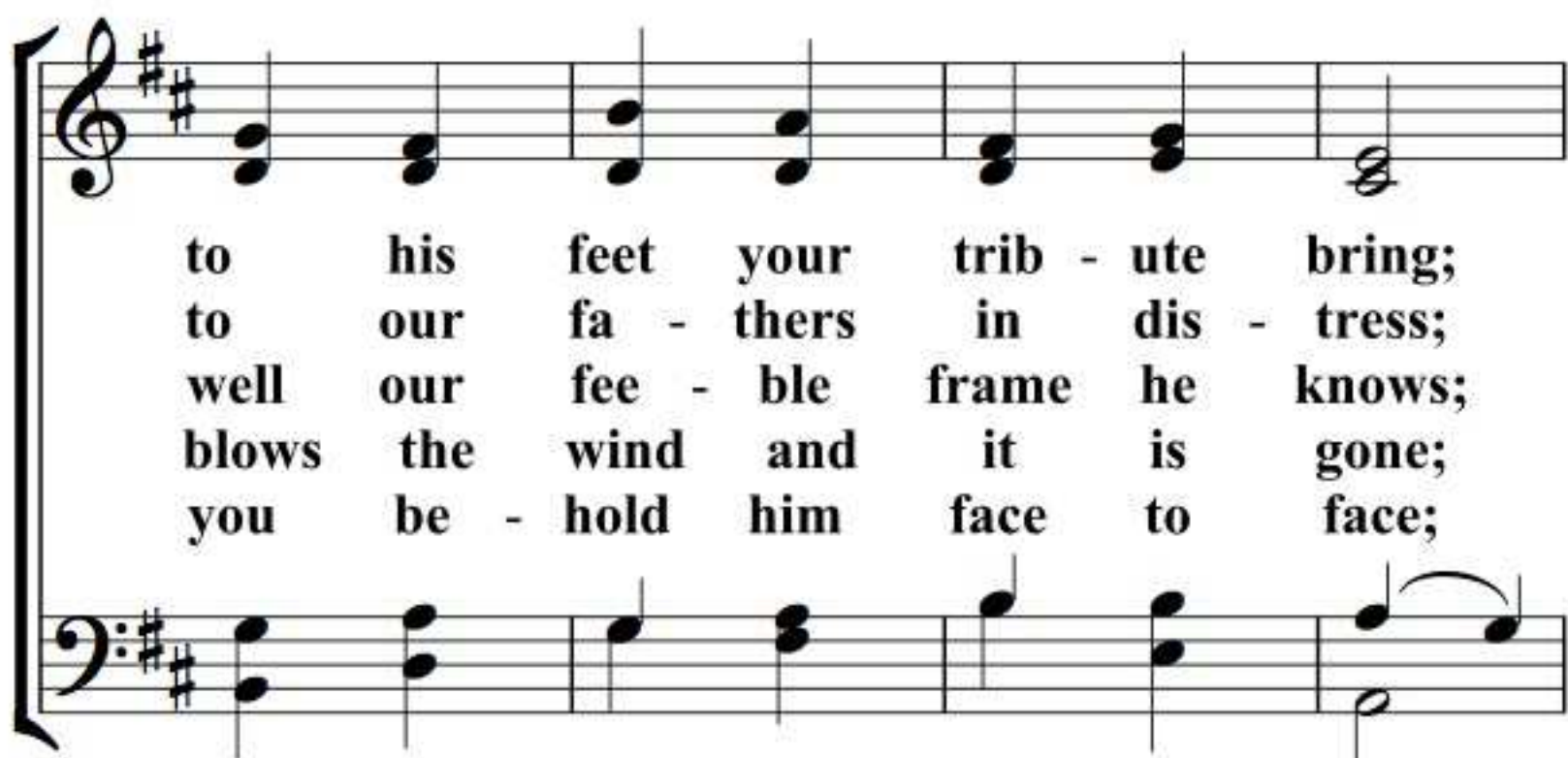
# Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

From Psalm 103  
Henry F. Lyte, 1834

John Goss, 1869



Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en,  
Praise him for his grace and fa - vor  
Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us;  
Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish,  
An - gels, help us to a - dore him;




to his feet your trib - ute bring;  
to our fa - thers in dis - tress;  
well our fee - ble frame he knows;  
blows the wind and it is gone;  
you be - hold him face to face;



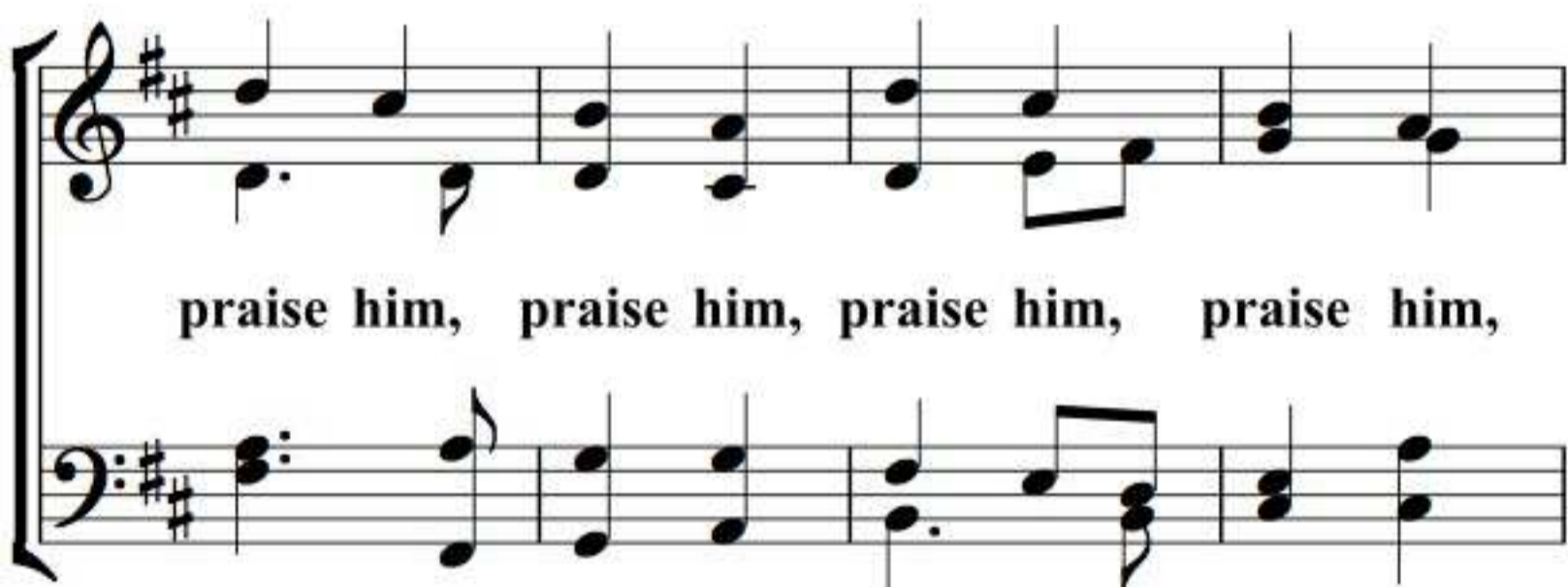
ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
praise him, still the same for - ev - er,  
in his hands he gent - ly bears us,  
but while mor - tals rise and per - ish,  
sun and moon, bow down be - fore him,

# Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

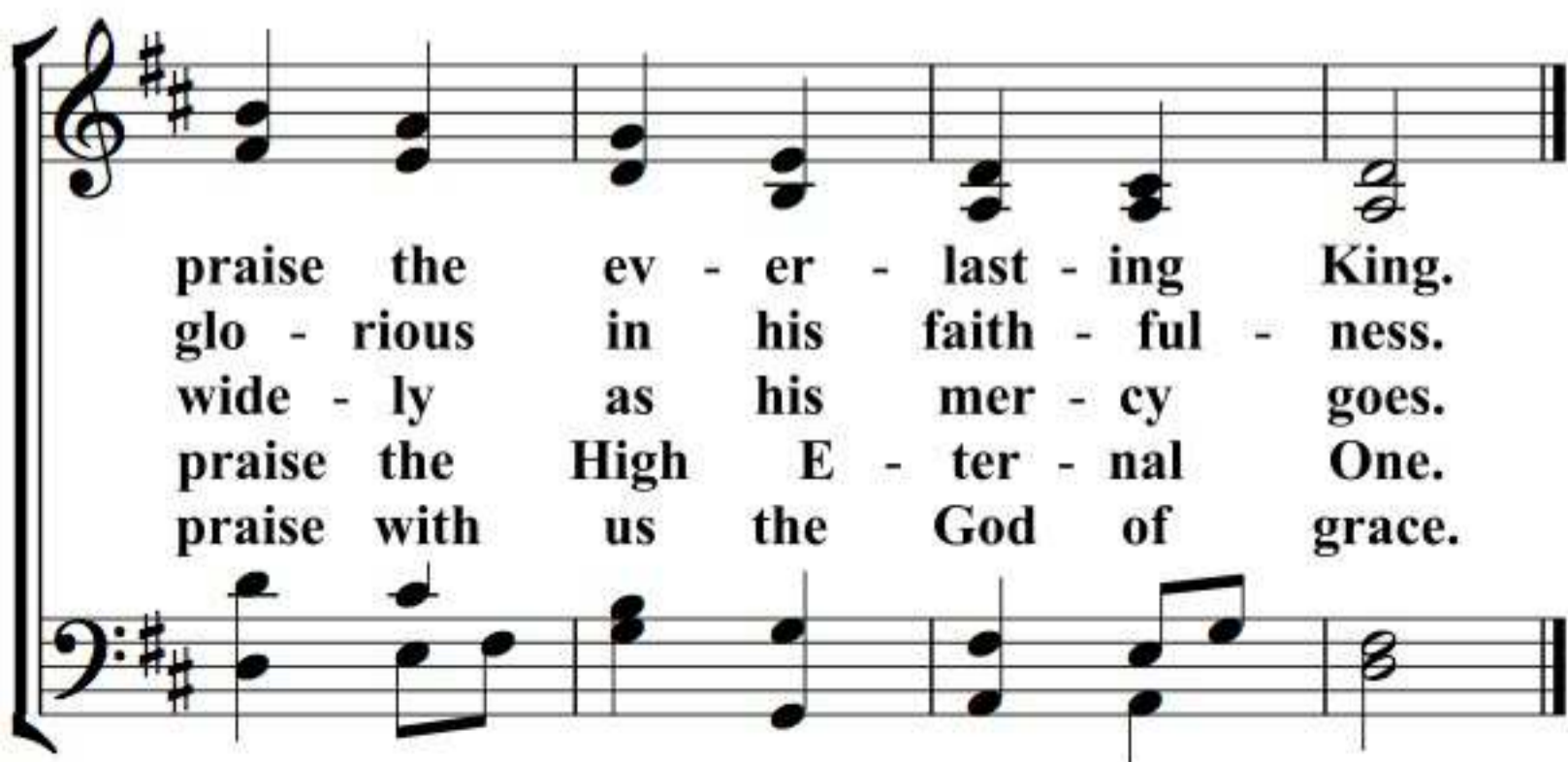
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who, like me, his praise should sing?  
slow to chide and swift to bless;  
res - cues us from all our foes;  
God en - dures un - chang - ing on;  
dwell - ers all in time and space,



praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,



praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.  
wide - ly as his mer - cy goes.  
praise the High E - ter - nal One.  
praise with us the God of grace.