

Praise My Soul the King of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven
To his feet thy tribute bring
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven
Who like me his praise should sing?

Praise him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress
Praise Him still the same forever
Slow to chide, and swift to bless

Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah
Praise the everlasting King

Frail as summer's flower we flourish
Blows the wind and it is gone
But while mortals rise and perish
God endures unchanging one

Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah
Praise the everlasting King
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah
Praise the everlasting King

Fatherlike he tends and spares us
Well our feeble frame he Knows
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah
Praise the everlasting King
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah
Praise the everlasting King

(c) Words by Henry Francis Lyte; tune by Josh Moore