

Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven

REDEEMER

Words: Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

Music: 'Praise My Soul' or 'Lauda Anima' or 'St. Paul' John Goss, 1869. Setting: "The Choral Hymnal", 1888.
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♩ = 120

1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri - bute bring.
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress.
3. Fa - ther like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows.
4. Frail as sum - mer's flower we flour - ish, Blows the wind and it is gone;
5. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;

Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His pra - ises sing:
Praise Him still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.
But while mor - tals rise and per - ish Our God lives un - chang - ing on,
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him, Dwell - ers all in time and space.

A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - lu - ia! Glor - ious in His faith - ful - ness.
A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.
Praise Him, Praise Him, Ha - lle - lu - jah Praise the High E - ter - nal One!
A - lle - - lu - ia! A - lle - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.