

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

♩ = 98

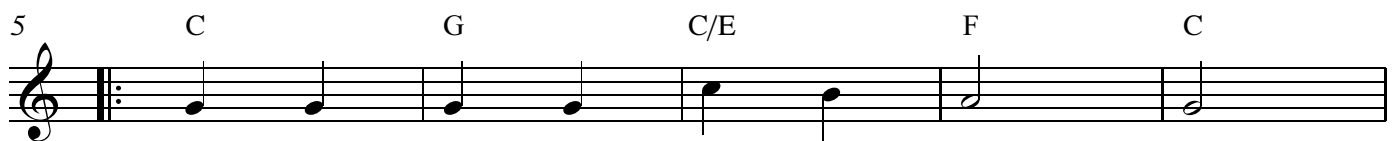
Words by
Henry F. Lyte, 1834

Music by
John Goss, 1869

INTRO 2x



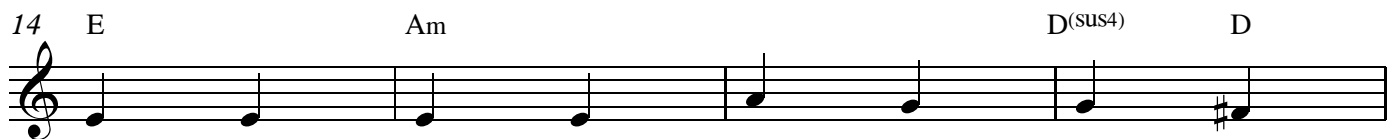
VERSE



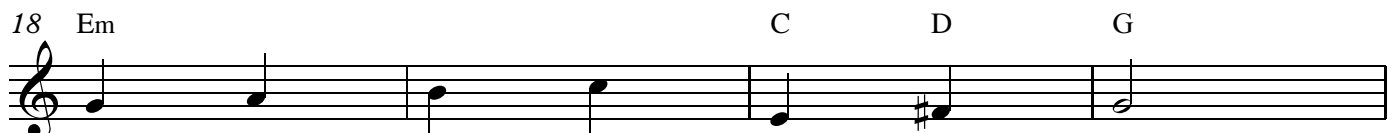
Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven,
Praise him for his grace and fa - vor
Fa - ther like, he tends and spares us;
An - gels help us to a - dore him;



to his feet your tri - bute bring;
to our fa - thers in dis - tress;
well our fee - ble frame he knows;
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,
sun and moon, bow down be - fore him,



who, like me, his and praise should sing?
slow to chide us from all time swift to bless.
res - cues us all in time our and foes.
dwell - ers all in time and space.

REFRAIN

22 C/E F Am F

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

26 C F G(sus4) G

Praise the ev - er - last - ing
 Glo - rious in his faith - ful -
 Wide - ly yet his mer - cy of
 Praise with us the God of

29 C F/C C

Back to Bar 5 (Verse) Last Time

King.
 ness.
 flows.
 grace.