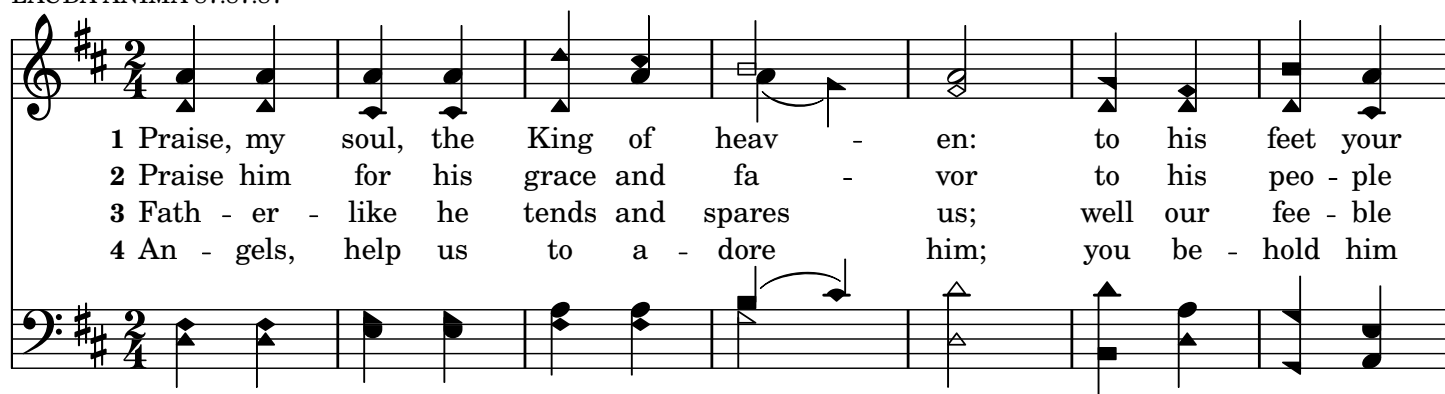


Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

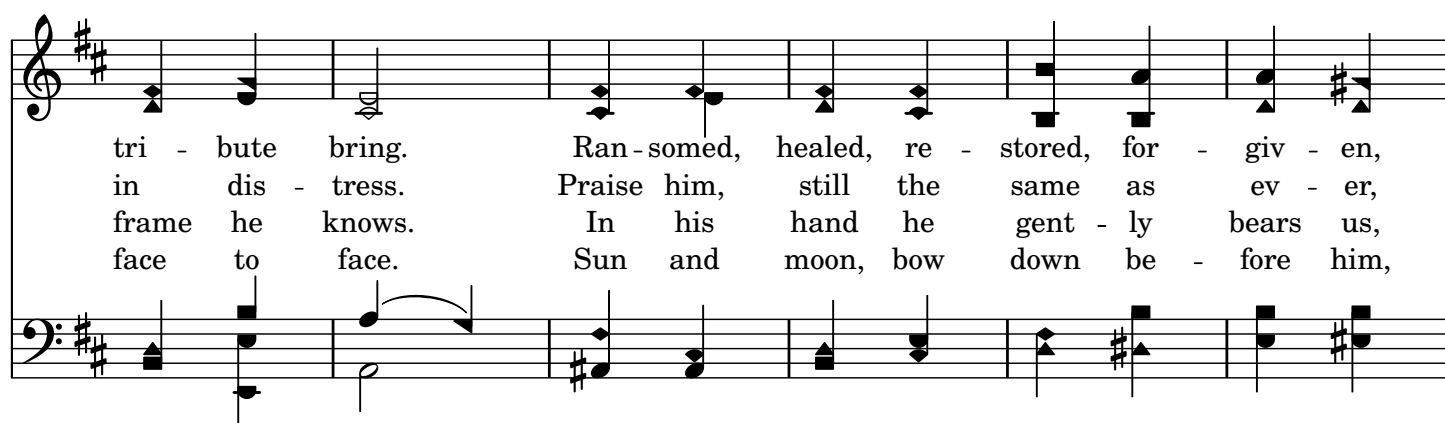
Text: Henry Francis Lyte (1834)

Music: John Goss, 1869

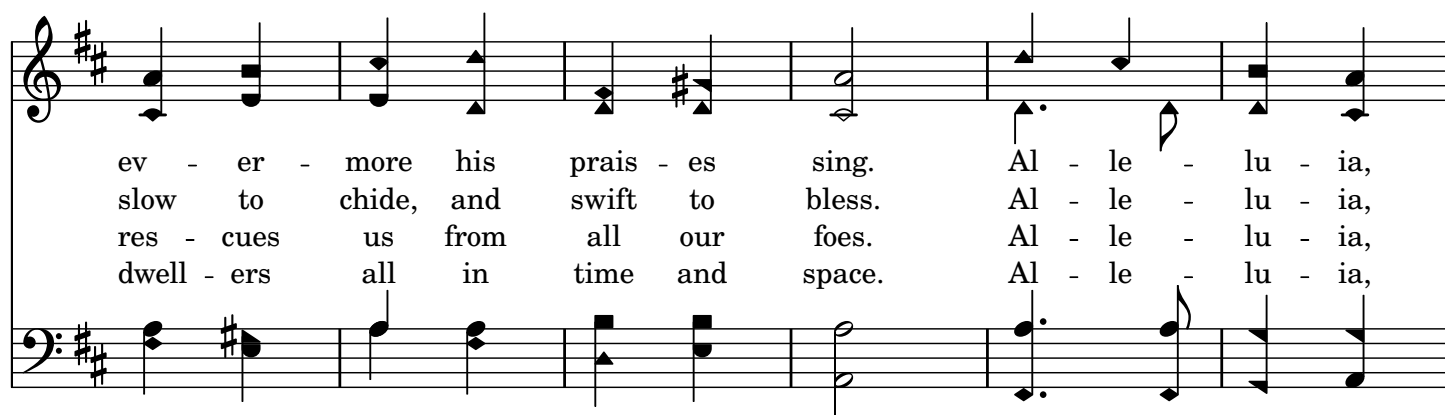
LAUDA ANIMA 87.87.87



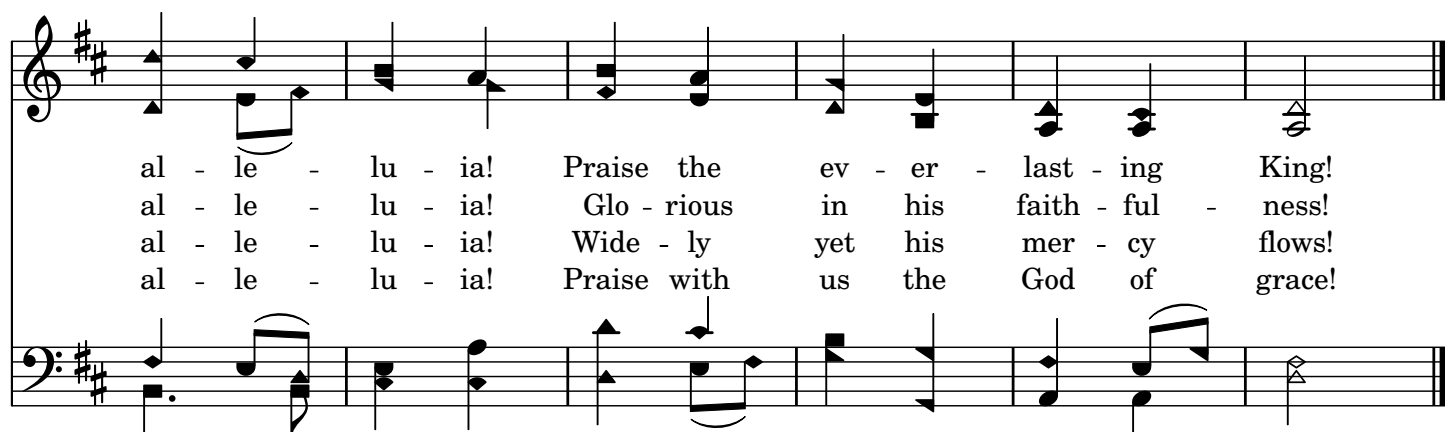
1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en: to his feet your
2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to his peo - ple
3 Fath - er - like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble
4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; you be - hold him



tri - bute 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 hand he gent - ly 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!