Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

1. 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, praise Him, praise the ever-lasting King.

2. 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; Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, gloriously in His faithfulness.

3. Father-like, He tends and spares us; Well our feeble frame He knows;
   In His hands He gently bears us,
   Rescues us from all our foes; Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, wide as His mercy goes.

4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish; Blows the wind and it is gone;
   But, while mortals rise and perish,
   God endures unchanging on: Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, as His mercy goes.

5. Angels, in the height, adore Him; Ye behold Him face to face;
   Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
   Dwellers all in time and space, Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, as His mercy goes.

Words: Henry F. Lyte
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