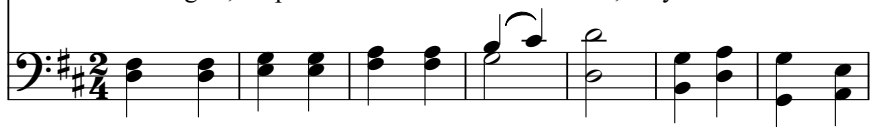


Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven



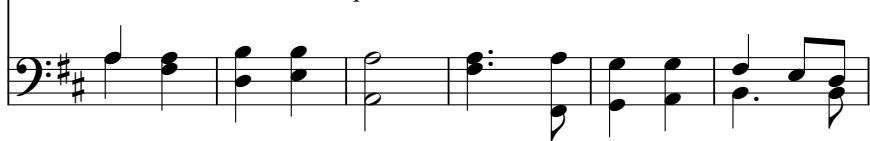
1 Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven, to his feet your
2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to all peo - ple
3 Fa - ther-like, he tends and spares us; all our hopes and
4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him, you be - hold him



tri-bute bring; ran-somedhealed, re-stored, for - gi - ven, e - ver -
in dis - tress. Praise him, still the same for - e - ver, slow to
fears he knows. In his hands he gent - ly bears us, re - scues
face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him; all who



more his prai - ses sing. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
chide and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
dwell in time and space. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -



lu - ia! Praise the e - ver - las - ting King!
lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness!
lu - ia! Wide - ly as his mer - cy flows!
lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

