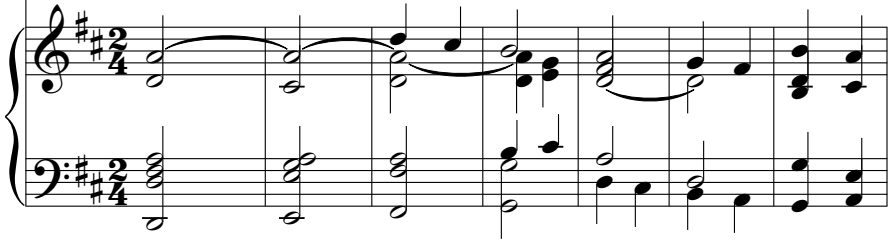


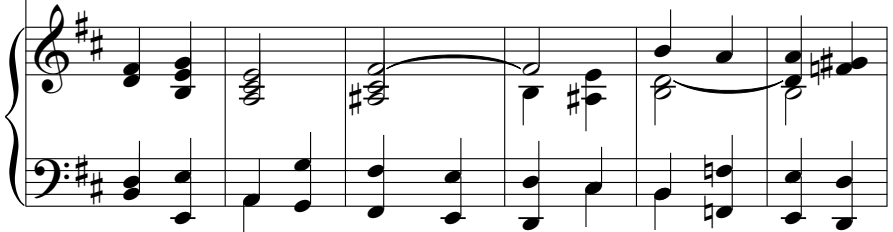
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven



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 Fa - ther-like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble
 4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; you be - hold him



trib - ute bring. Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - gi - ven,
 in dis - tress. Praise him, still the same as e - ver,
 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,
 re - scues 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!

