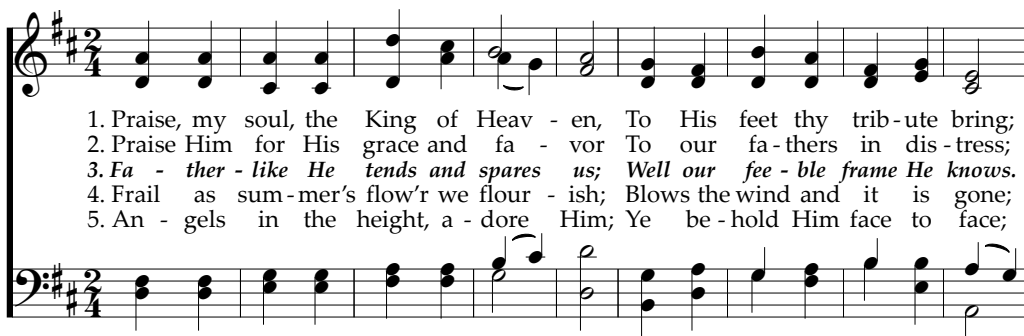
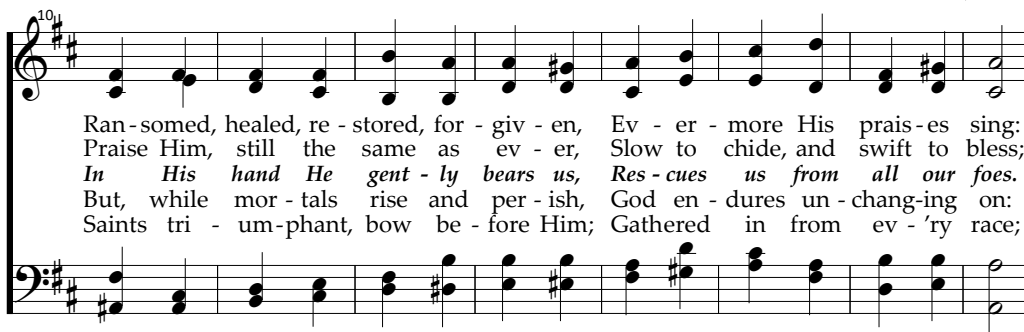


Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

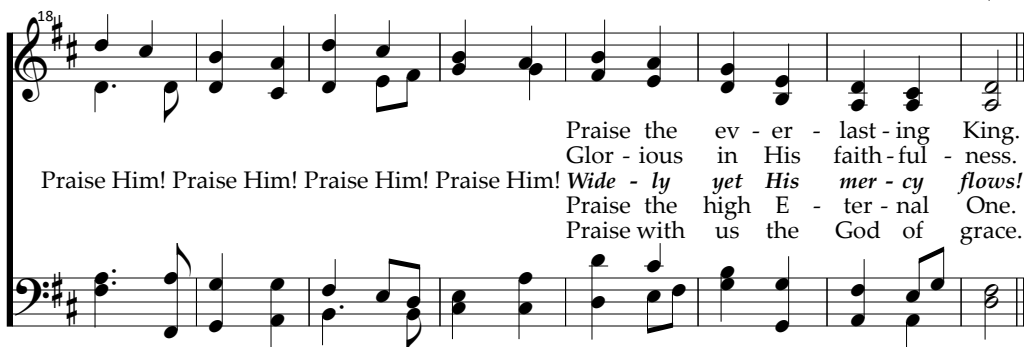
From Psalm 103 portions



1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. *Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows.*
4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish; Blows the wind and it is gone;
5. An - gels in the height, a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;



¹⁰
Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more His prais - es sing;
Praise Him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
In His hand He gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.
But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on:
Saints tri - um - phant, bow be - fore Him; Gathered in from ev - 'ry race;



¹⁸
Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Glor - ious in His faith - ful - ness.
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! *Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows!*
Praise the high E - ter - nal One.
Praise with us the God of grace.

Music: John Goss, 1869
Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1834

LAUDA ANIMA (Goss)
8 7. 8 7. 4 7. w/ repeat