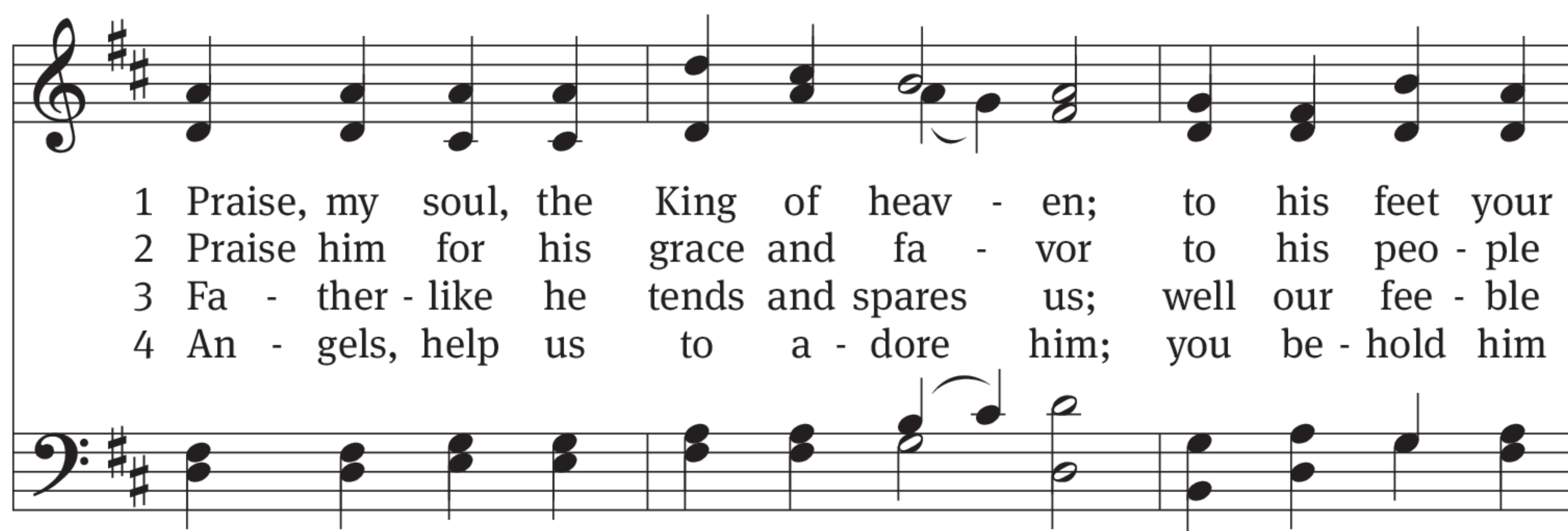
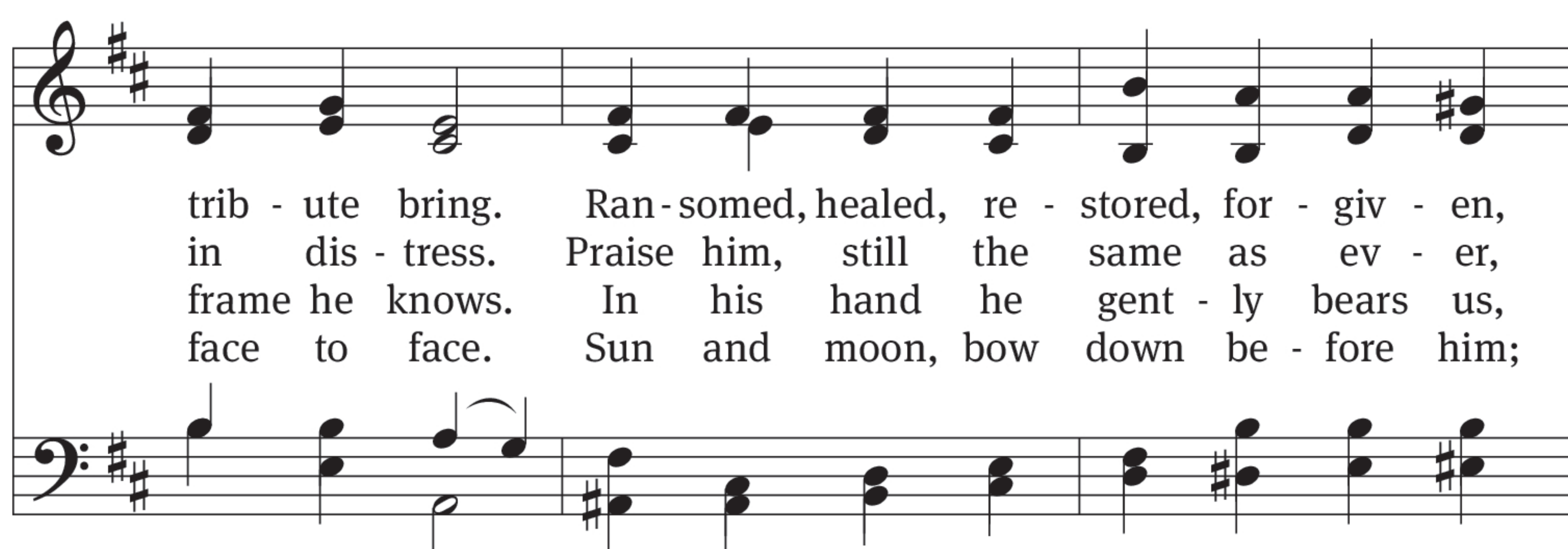


Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

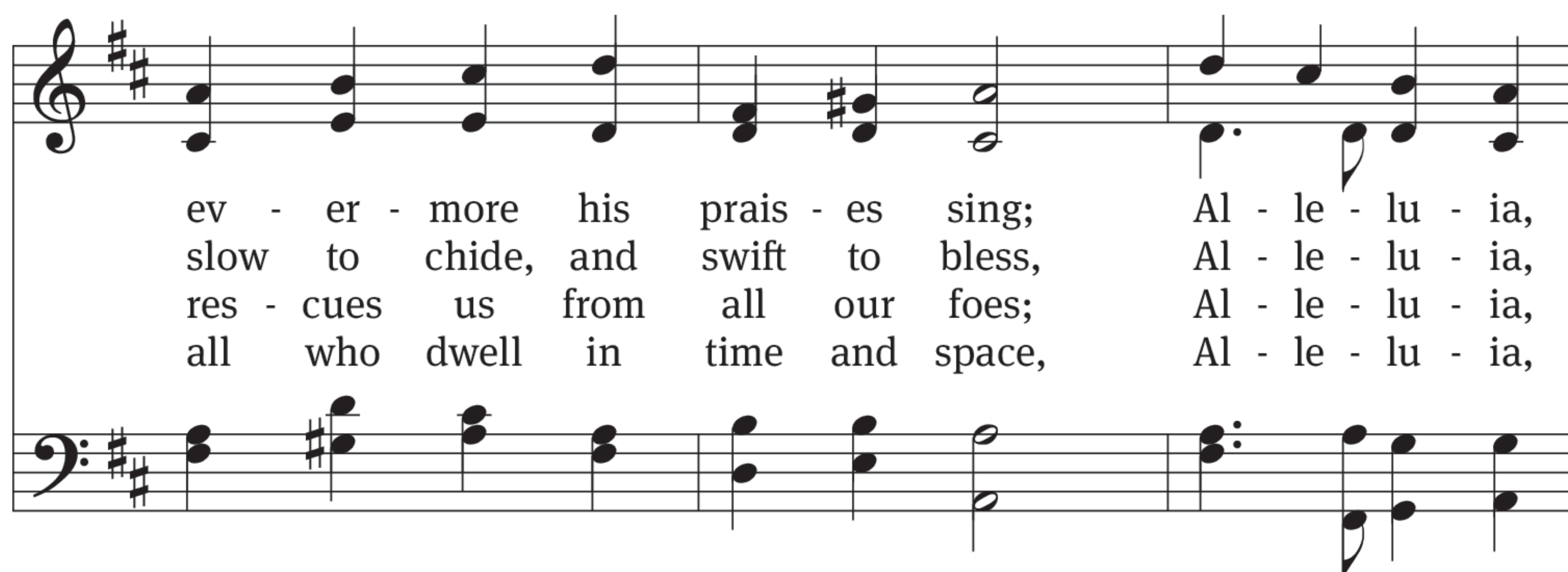
103B



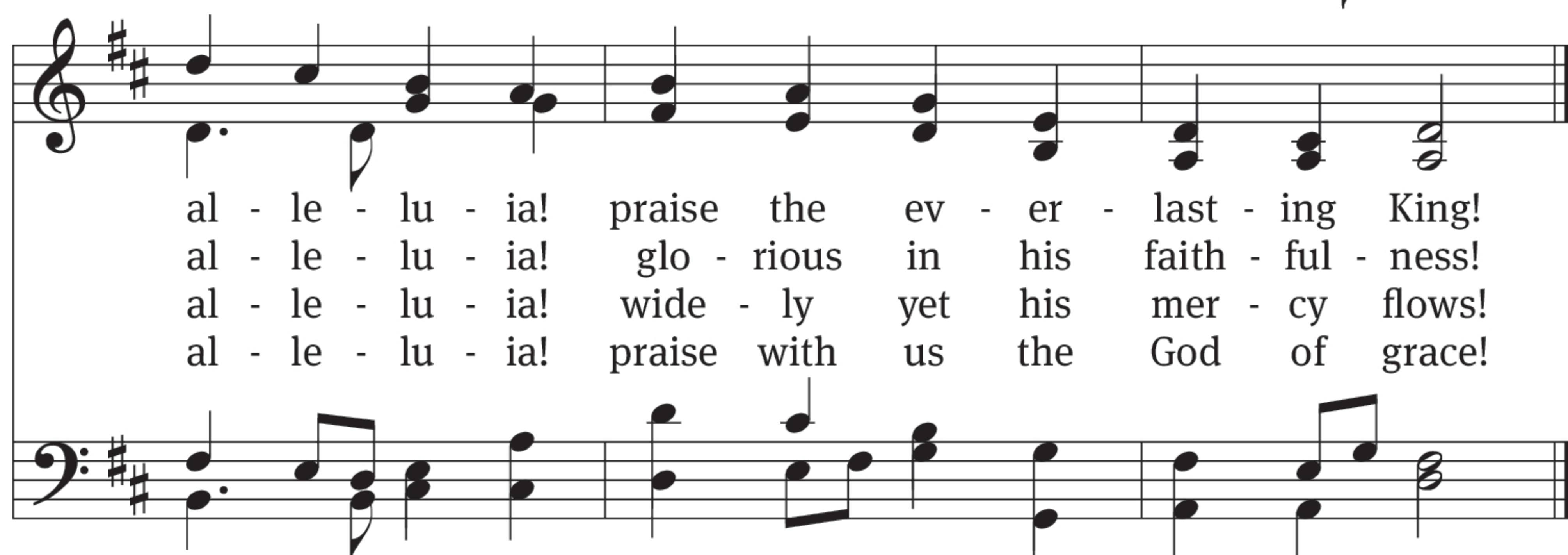
1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; to his feet your
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to his peo - ple
 3 Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble
 4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; you be - hold him



trib - ute bring. Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - 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,
 all who dwell 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!

Text: Henry F. Lyte, public domain
 Music: John Goss, public domain

LAUDA ANIMA
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