

1209. Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847, Music: John Coss, 1800-1880.



1. Praise, my soul, the King, of heav - en; To his
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To his
3. Fa - ther like he tends and spares us; Well our
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; You be-



1. feet thy trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -
2. chil - dren in dis - tress; Praise him still the same as
3. fee - ble frame he knows; In his hands he gen - tly
4. hold him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be -



1. giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia!
2. ev - er. Slow to chide and swift to bless: Al - le - lu - ia!
3. bears us. Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia!
4. fore him, In his ho - ly dwell - ing place. Al - le - lu - ia!



1. Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - fer - last - ing King.
2. Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
3. Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.
4. Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.