Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Lauda Anima

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

John Goss, 1869

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, to his feet your tribute bring; ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, who, like me, his praise should sing? Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

2. Praise him for his grace and favor to our fathers in distress; praise him, still the same forever, slow to chide and swift to bless; praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

3. Father like, he tends and spares us; well our feeble frame he knows; in his hands he gently bears us, rescues it is gone; but while mortals rise and perish, God end face to face; sun and moon, bow down before him, dwellers

4. Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish, blows the wind and dures unchanging on. Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

5. Angels, help us to adore him; you behold him praise him, praise the everlasting King. praise him, glorious in his faithfulness.

Praise him, wide ly as his mercy goes. praise him, praise the High Eternal One.

Praise him, praise with us the God of grace.