

PRAISE THE LORD

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Psalm 103:2

Unison

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav-en; To His feet your
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers
3. Fa-ther-like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee-ble
4. An-gels in the height, 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 hands He gent-ly bears us,
face to face. Saints tri-um-phant, bow 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!
Gath-ered in from ev-ery race. 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; based on Psalm 103

MUSIC: Mark Andrews

Alternate tune: REGENT SQUARE at No. 403

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