

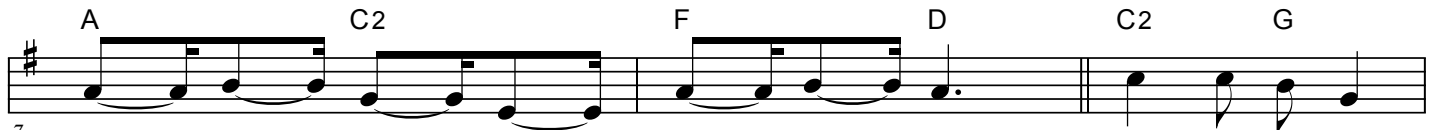
# Praise, My Soul, The King of Heaven



1. Praise, my soul the King of heav - en, To his feet Thy  
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor. To our fa - thers  
 3. God our Fa - ther tends to and spares us, Well our fee - ble  
 4. An - gels, help us to a - dore him, Ye be - hold him



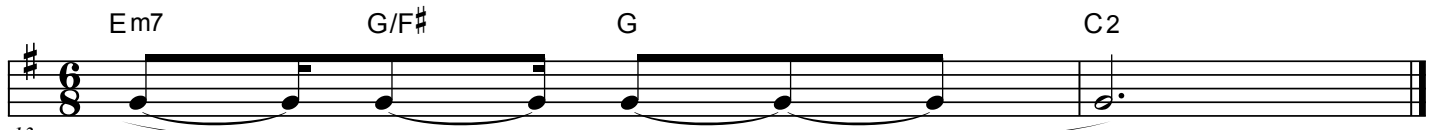
4 tri - bute bring; Ran - somed, healed, - re - stored, for - giv - en,  
 in dis - tress; Praise him, still the same for - ev - er,  
 frame he knows; In his hands he gen - tly bears us,  
 face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him,



7 Who, like me, hide his and his praise should sing? Come and wor ship,  
 Slow to chide from swift to bless. Come and wor ship,  
 Res - cues us all in all our foes. Come and wor ship,  
 Dwell - ers all in time and space. Come and wor ship,



10 come and wor - ship, Praise the ev - er last - ing  
 come and wor - ship, Glor - ious in his faith - ful  
 come and wor - ship, Wide - ly as his mer - cy  
 come and wor - ship, praise with us the God of



13 King!  
 ness.  
 goes.  
 grace!

Henry Lyte, 1843  
 Based on Psalm 103

Nathan Partain, 2000  
 arr. Bruce Benedict, 2004  
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