

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Soprano Descant

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - - vor To our
3. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, Blows the

4. An - gels in the height a - dore Him; Ye be -

feet thy trib - ute bring. Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -
fath - ers in dis - tress. Praise Him still the same as
wind and it is gone; But while mor - tals rise and

hold Him face to face; Saints tri - um - phant, bow be -

giv - en, Ev - er - more His prais - es sing; Al - le -
ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Al - le -
per - ish God en - dures un - chang - ing on, Al - le -

fore Him, Gath - ered in from ev - 'ry race. Al - le -

lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the High E - ter - nal One!

lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.