

# Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

## *Soprano Descant*

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

4. An - gels in the height a - dore Him; Ye 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,  
it is gone; But while mor - tals rise and per - ish

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!  
God en - dures un - chang - ing on, Al - le - lu - ia!

Gath - ered in from ev - 'ry 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! Praise the High E - ter - nal One!

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