

# Praise my soul the King of heaven

*by Henry Francis Lyte 1793 - 1847*

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
to His feet your tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
who like you His praise should sing?  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
to His people in distress;  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us;  
well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hand He gently bears us,  
rescues us from all our foes.  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Widely as His mercy flows!

Frail as summer's flowers we flourish;  
blows the wind, and it is gone;  
but while mortals rise and perish  
God endures, unchanging, on.  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise the high, eternal One.

Angels, help us to adore Him;  
you behold Him face to face.  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
dwellers all in time and space.  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

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