

**Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet your tribute bring;**

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?

Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;

Praise him still the same as 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 hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:

Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower 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.
Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847

**Jesus, we thus obey
your last and kindest word;**
here in thine own appointed way
we come to meet you, Lord.

Our hearts we open wide
to make the Saviour room;
and lo, the Lamb, the Crucified,
the sinner's friend, is come.

Thus we remember Thee
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy
And our redemption's sign.

With high and heavenly bliss
you do our spirits cheer;
your house of banqueting is this
and you have brought us here.

CLC licence: 1284556

Now let our souls be fed
with manna from above,
and over us your banner spread
of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

**I love Your kingdom, Lord,
The house of Your abode,**
The church our blessed Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

For her my tears shall fall
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817