

# Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Lyte

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
to his feet your tribute bring;  
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
evermore his praises sing:  
Praise him! Praise him! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King!
2. Praise him for his grace and favour  
to his people in distress;  
praise him still the same as ever,  
slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
Praise him! Praise him! Alleluia!  
Glorious in his faithfulness!
3. 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! Alleluia!  
Widely yet his mercy flows!
4. Angels, help us to adore him;  
you behold him face to face;  
sun and moon, bow down before him,  
all who dwell in time and space;  
Praise him! Praise him! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

Inspiration: Psalm 103 (102).

Lyrics: 87.87.87; Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847, in his "Spirit of the Psalms", 1834.