

Psalm 103 (102)

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Henry F. Lyte

1. 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! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King!
2. Praise him for his grace and favour
to our fathers in distress;
praise him still the same for 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 as 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 Francis Lyte, 1793-1847, in his "Spirit of the Psalms", 1834.