

Memorial of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary

Praise My Soul, the King of Heaven



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en;
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor;
3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us;



To his feet your trib - ute bring; Ran - somed,
To his peo - ple in dis - tress; Praise him
Well our fee - ble frame he knows; In his



healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more his
still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and
hands he gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from



prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
swift to bless: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -



lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.

Text: Psalm (102)103; Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847, alt.
Tune: LAUDA ANIMA, 8 7 8 7 8 7; John Goss,

Psalm 15 Response:

R. I will seat the victor beside me on my throne.

Now Thank We All Our God



1. Now thank we all our God With hearts and hands and
2. O may this gracious God Through all our life be
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be



voic - es, Who won - drous things has done, In
near us, With ev - er joy - ful hearts And
giv - en, The Son, and Spir - it blest, Who



whom his world re - joic - es; Who, from our moth - ers'
bless - ed peace to cheer us; Pre - serve us in his
reigns in high - est heav - en, E - ter - nal, Tri - une



arms, Hath blest us on our way With
grace, And guide us in dis - tress, And
God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore; For



count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
free us from all sin, Till heav - en we pos - sess.
thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

Text: *Nun danket alle Gott*; Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649; tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, alt.

Tune: NUN DANKET, 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6; Johann Crüger, 1598-1662; harm. by A. Gregory Murray, OSB, b. 1905