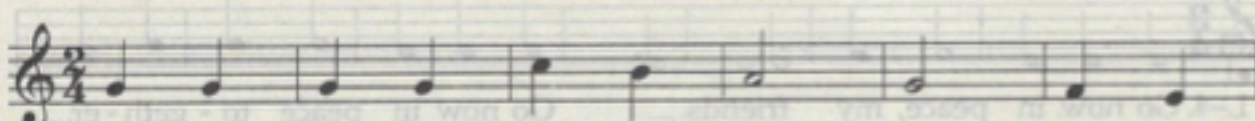


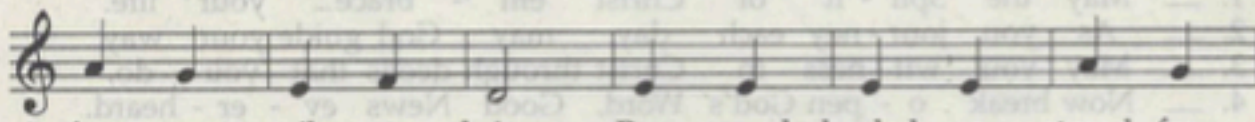
734 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

VERSE PRAISE

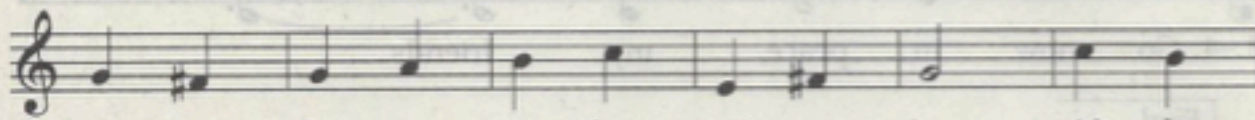
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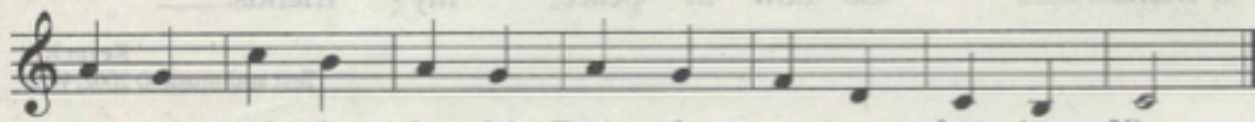
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To his
3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; You be -



1. feet your trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -
2. chil - dren in dis - tress; Praise him still the same as
3. fee - ble frame he knows; In his hands he gen - tly
4. hold him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be -



1. giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing: Al - le -
2. ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless: Al - le -
3. bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes: Al - le -
4. fore him, Join the prais - es of our race: Al - le -



1. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
2. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
3. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.
4. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847, alt.

John Goss, 1800-1880