

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

feet thy tri - bute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -
 fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise him still the same as
 fee - ble frame he knows; In his hands he gen - tly

giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing. Al - le -
 ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless. Al - le -
 bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le -

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

4 Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish;
 Blows the wind and it is gone.
 But while mortals rise and perish,
 God endures unchanging on.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise the high eternal one.

5 Angels, help us to adore him;
 Ye behold him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before him,
 Dwellers all in time and space.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1793–1847, ALT.