

PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Words by Henry Lyte

Music by Christopher Miner

Real Key

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
 2. Praise Him as for sum-mer's grace flower and we flour-ish
 3. Frail as thy feet fa-ther's tri-bute bring;

To His our feet thy in bute dis-tress.
 Blows the the wind and it is gone.

Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 Praise Him while still mor - tals same rise for and per - er,
 But while mor - tals rise for and per - ish

Who like me His and un - praise should sing?
 Slow God to en - dure His and un - praise swift chang - ing to ing on bless. on

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
 Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
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4. Fatherlike 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,
 praise Him, praise Him,
 Widely as His mercy goes.
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 praise Him, praise Him,
 Widely as His mercy goes.

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.
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise with us the God of grace.
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise with us the God of grace.