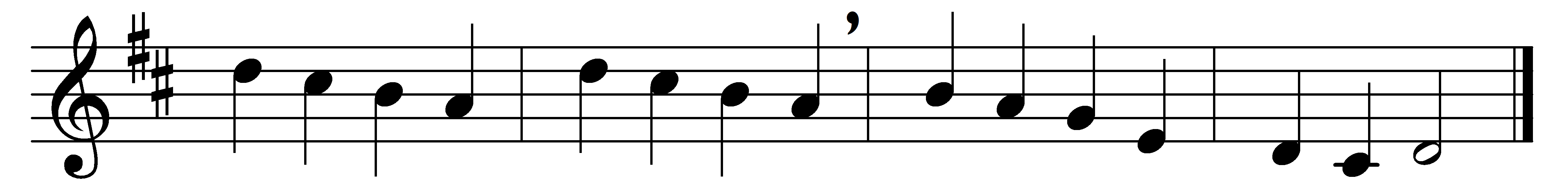
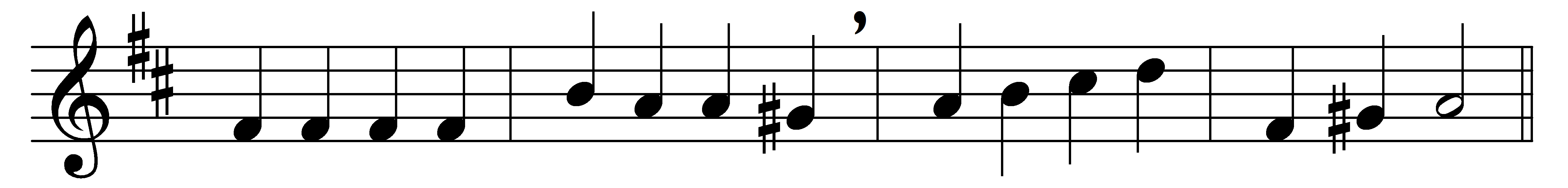
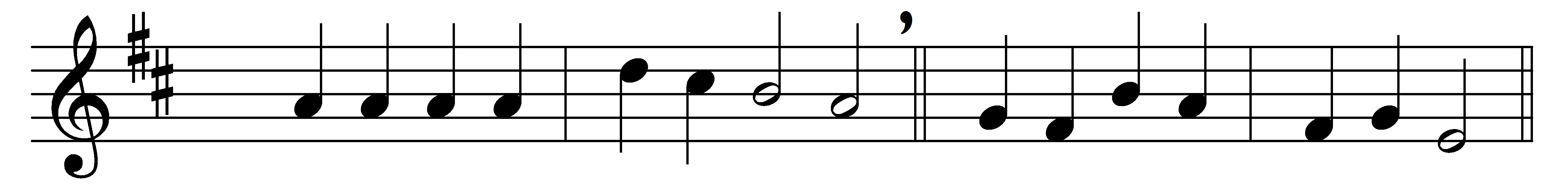
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven AMNS 192 Melody: Praise, My Soul 8 7. 8 7. 8 7.



Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,

to his feet thy tribute bring;

ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,

who like me his praise should sing?

Alleluia, Alleluia,

praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour

to our fathers in distress;

praise him still the same as ever,

slow to chide, and swift to bless:

Alleluia, Alleluia,

glorious in his faithfulness.

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:

Alleluia, Alleluia,

widely as his mercy flows.

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.

Words: Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

Music: John Goss (1800-1880)