

Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
to his feet your tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
who like you his praise should sing?
Praise him, Praise him!
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 blame and swift to bless;
Praise him, Praise him!
glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
All our hopes and fears he knows;
in his hands he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him, Praise him!
widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him;
you behold him face to face;
sun and moon, bow down before him,
praise him all in time and space.
Praise him, Praise him!
praise with us the God of grace.