Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, to his feet your tribute bring; ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for-gi ven, e-ter-
in dis-tress. Praise him, still the same for e- ver, slow to fears he knows. In his hands he gen-tly bears us, re-scues face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be-fore him; all who

more his prai-ses sing. Al le-lu -ia! Al le-
chide and swift to bless. Al le-lu -ia! Al le-
us from all our foes. Al le-lu -ia! Al le-
dwell in time and space. Al le-lu -ia! Al le-
lu -ia! Praise the e-ver-las-ting King!
lu -ia! Glo-rious in his faith-ful-
lu -ia! Wide-ly as his mer-cy flows!
lu -ia! Praise with us the God of grace!

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