Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; to his feet your tribute bring. Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, in distress. Praise him, still the same as ever, frame he knows. In his hand he gently bears us, face to face. Sun and moon, bow down before him, evermore his praises sing. Alleluia, slow to chide, and swift to bless. Alleluia, rescues us from all our foes. Alleluia, dwellers all in time and space. Alleluia, alleluia! Praise the everlast- ing King! alleluia! Glorious in his faithfulness! alleluia! Widely yet his mercy flows! alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace!

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