Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, to the throne thy praises sing. Alleluia! slow to chide, and swift to bless. Alleluia! collected in from every race. Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.

2. Praise the Lord for grace and favor to all people. Tributes bring; ransom, healed, restored, forgiven, in distress; praise God, still the same as ever, frame God knows; mother-like, God gently bears us, face to face; saints tri-phant, now adoring, nevermore God's praises sing. Alleluia! slow to chide, and swift to bless. Alleluia! collected in from every race. Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.

3. Father-like, God tends and spares us; well our feeble faith flows. Healed, still like, God gently bears us, face to face; saints triumphant, now adoring, nevermore God's praises sing. Alleluia! slow to chide, and swift to bless. Alleluia! collected in from every race. Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.

4. Angels in the heights, adoring, you behold God. Grace, tenderly, God gently bears us, face to face; saints triumphant, now adoring, nevermore God's praises sing. Alleluia! slow to chide, and swift to bless. Alleluia! collected in from every race. Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.