Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, to the throne thy
   praise ascend; let us all with one accord thy
   name magnify.

2. Praise the Lord for grace and favor to all people
   in need; let us now thee recognize as our Father kind.

3. Father like, God tends and spares us; well our feeble
   frame God knows; mother like, God gently bears us,
   face to face; saints triumphant, now adoring,

4. Angels in the heights, adoring, you behold God
   e'er more God's praises sing. Alleluia!
   slow to chide, and swift to bless. Alleluia!
   rescues us from all our foes. Alleluia!
   gathered in from every race. Alleluia!

Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.
Alleluia! Glorious now God's faithfulness.
Alleluia! Wide yet God's mercy flows.
Alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace.

Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1834
Tune: John Godd, 1869

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