## Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

## Henry Francis Lyte John Goss =100 To 1.Praise, my soul, King of heav His feet thy trib the en; - ute 2.Praise Him for His grace and fa or To our fa - thers in dis 3.Ten - der - ly He shields and spares Well fee - ble frame He our us; 4.An - gels, help a - dore Him: Ye be hold Him face us to to healed, re-stored, for Ran-somed, Who like His praise should bring; thee giv - en tress; Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to In His gent - ly all knows; hands He bears us, Res - cues from our us face; Sun and moon bow down be fore Him: Dwell-ers all in time and Praise sing? Him, Praise Him, bless; Praise Him, Praise Him, al le Praise Praise al le foes: Him, Him, Praise Him Praise Him, space, al le



