

Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven

Words by Henry Lyte
Music by Christopher Miner
Arranged by Joel Littlepage

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
2. Praise Him for His grace and favour;
3. Frail as summer's flower we flourish

To His feet thy tribute bring.
To our fathers in distress.
Blows the wind and it is gone
Ransomed, healed, rest,
Praise Him still the
But while mortals

stored, for-giv-en,
same for-ev-er,
rise and per-ish
Who like me His praise should sing?
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
God endures un-chang-ing on

Praise Him, praise Him,
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Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.
Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness.
Praise the high e-ter-nal One.

13

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