PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Words by Henry Lyte
Music by John Goss

1. Praise, my soul, for His grace and Heav’ns favor,
   To our feet he brings the tribute of distress.

2. Praise Him for summer’s flow’r and spares us;
   Blow our faith, and it is gone.

3. Frail as a summer, He tends and
   Keeps the frame He knows.

4. Father like, He restored, forgiven
   Who like thee? His praise should sing?

5. Angels help us to adore Him;
   Ye behold Him face to face;
   Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
   Dwellers all in time and space.

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

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