

164 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

D A7 D G D G (D G D) Em A A7

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; to his feet your trib - ute bring;
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vour to our fa - thers in dis - tress.
 3 Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble frame he knows.

F#7 (Bm F#7) Bm B7 E#o F#m (E7) A D E7 A

ran - sored, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, who like me his praise should sing?
 Praise him, still the same for - ev - er, slow to chide, and swift to bless:
 In his hand he gen - tly bears us, res - cues us from all our foes:

D G A7 Bm Em A7 Bm A G D A D

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness!
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! wide - ly as his mer - cy flows!

- 4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
 blows the wind and it is gone;
 but while mortals rise and perish
 God endures unchanging on:
 Alleluia, alleluia!
 praise the high eternal One!
- 5 Angels, help us to adore him;
 you behold him face to face.
 Sun and moon, bow down before him,
 dwellers all in time and space:
 Alleluia, alleluia!
 praise with us the God of grace!