Praise, My Soul, The King Of Heaven

Henry F. Lyte

John Goss

C G7/D C/E F C F/A C F C/E

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, to the throne thy
Praise the Lord for grace and favor to all people
Fa-ther-like, God tends and spares us; well our fee-ble
An-gels in the heights ador-ing, you be-hold God

Am Dm G G7 E7/G# Am E7/B Am/C A7/C# D7(sus4) E♭

trib-ute bring; ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-given,
in dis-ress; praise God, still the same as ev-er,
frame God knows; moth-er-like, God gen-tly bears us,
face to face; saints tri-um-phant, now ador-ing,

Em D7/F# G C/E Am/C D7 G C/E F G7

ev-er-more God’s prais-es sing. Al-le-lu-ia!
slow to chide, and swift to bless. Al-le-lu-ia!
res-cues us from all our foes. Al-le-lu-ia!
gath-ered in from ev’ry race. Al-le-lu-ia!

Am G7/B Am/C Em7 F Dm/F C/G G7 C

Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.
Al-le-lu-ia! Glo-ri-ous now God’s faith-ful-ness.
Al-le-lu-ia! Wide-ly yet God’s mer-cy flows.
Al-le-lu-ia! Praise with us the God of grace.