

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
to his feet thy tribute bring.
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore his praises sing:

Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favor
to our fathers in distress.
Praise him still the same for ever,
slow to chide and swift to bless:

Alleluia, alleluia!
Glorious is His faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us;
well our feeble frame he knows.
In his hand he gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes:

Alleluia, alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

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.

Angels in the heights adore him;
ye behold him face to face.
Saints triumphant, bow before him,
gathered in from every race:

Alleluia, alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.