

Praise My Soul The King Of Heaven

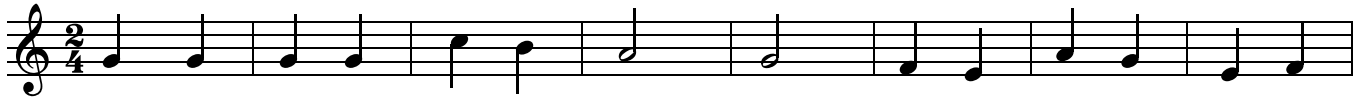
Words by
Henry Francis Lyte

Music by
John Goss

♩ = 88

VERSE

C G⁷/D C/E F C F/A C F C/E Am Dm



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy trib - ute
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour to our fa - thers in dis -
 3. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He
 4. An - gels in the height, a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to

9 G⁷ E⁷/G[#] Am E⁷/B Am/C A⁷/C[#] D^{sus} D[#]°7 Em D⁷/F[#] G C/E Am/C D⁷



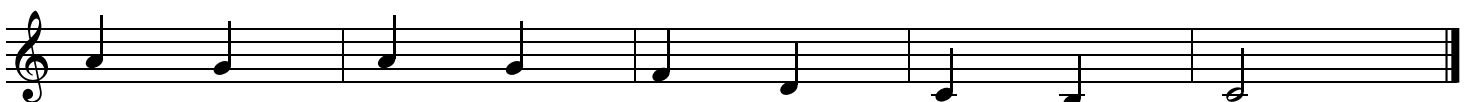
bring. Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, who like thee His praise should
 -tress. Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er, slow to chide and swift to
 knows. In His hands He gen - tly bears us, res - cues us from all our
 face. Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him, dwell - ers all in time and

17 G C/E F G⁷ Am



sing? Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!
 bless. Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!
 foes. Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!
 space. Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!

21 G⁷/B Am/C G/D F Dm/F C/G G⁷ C



Praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
 Praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
 Praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
 Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace.

CCLI Song # 800443

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