## Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven

Mark Andrews



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 as ever, Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Alleluia! Alleluia! Glorious in His faithfulness. Fatherlike He tends and spares us; Well our feeble frame He knows. In His hands 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 Our God lives unchanging on, Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the High Eternal One!

Henry F. Lyte