PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN

Words by Henry Lyte Music by Christopher Miner



4. 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. Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, widely as His mercy goes. Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, widely as His mercy goes.

5. Angels help us to adore Him; Ye behold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down before Him, Dwellers all in time and space. Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace. Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace.

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