1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favor To our fath- ers in dis-tress. Praise Him still the same as wind and it is gone;

3. Frail as sum-mer’s flow’r we flour-ish, Blows the hold Him face to face; Saints triumphant, bow be-

4. An-gels in the height adore Him; Ye be-
given, Ever more His prais-es sing; Al-le-
ev-er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Al-le-
per-ish God en-dures un-chang-ing on, Al-le-

fore Him, Gathered in from ev’ry race. Al-le-

lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.
lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness.
lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise the High E-ter-nal One!
lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Praise with us the God of grace.