Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Soprano Descant

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring. Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, in distress. Praise Him still the same as ever, it is gone; But while mortals rise and perish, face to face; Saints triumphant, bow before Him,

2. Praise Him for His grace and favor To our fathers and for all we inherit. Slow to chide, and swift to bless. God endures unchanging on, Gathered in from every race. Alleluia!

3. Frail as summer’s flow’r we flourish, Blows the wind and sweep us away. Ev’rymore His praises sing; Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King. Alleluia! Alleluia! Glorious in His faithfulness. Alleluia! Praise the High Eternal One! Alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace.

4. An-gels in the height adore Him; Ye behold Him and praise, My soul, the King of Heaven. God of grace. Descant © 1998 Jeff Whitmill
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