

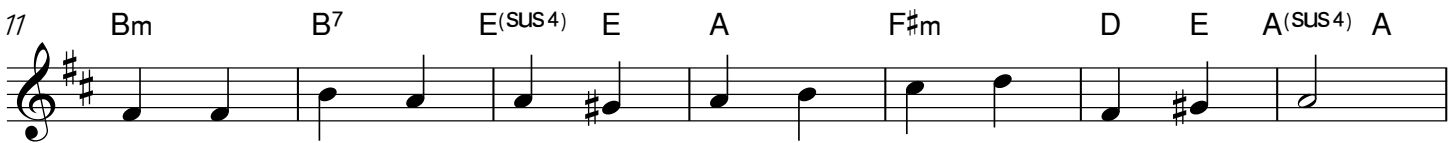
239 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

LAUDA ANIMA 8.7.8.7.8.7.

arr. Scott M. Finch 2026



1.Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, to his feet your trib - ute bring; ran somed,
 2.Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to our fa - thers in dis - tress; praise him,
 3.Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble frame he knows; in his
 4.Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the wind and it is gone; but while
 5.An - gels, help us to a - dore him; you be - hold him face to face; sun and



healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, who, like me, his praise should sing?
 still the same for - ev - er, slow to chide and swift to bless.
 hands he gent - ly bears us, res - cues us from all our foes,
 mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.
 moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell - ers all in time and space.



Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him. Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
 Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
 Wide - ly as his mer - cy goes.
 Praise the High E - ter - nal One.
 Praise with us the God of grace.