

## Psalm 103

## Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

LAUDA ANIMA (Andrews)

1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en; to His feet thy  
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor to our fa - thers  
 3. Fa - ther - like He tends and spares us; well our fee - ble  
 4. Frail as sum - mer's flow'r we flour - ish, blows the wind and  
 5. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; ye be - hold Him

trib - ute bring. Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,  
 in dis - tress. Praise Him still the same as ev - er,  
 frame He knows. In His hands He gen - tly bears us,  
 it is gone; but while mor - tals rise and per - ish,  
 face to face; saints tri - um - phant, bow be - fore Him,

ev - er - more His prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 slow to chide, and swift to bless. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 God en - dures un - chang - ing on. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 gath - ered in from ev - 'ry race. Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the high e - ter - nal One!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

WORDS: Psalm 103; Henry Francis Lyte, 1834

8.7.8.7.8.7

MUSIC: Mark Andrews, 1930

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