

Henry F. Lyte

Coronae, 8.7.8.7.4.7.

William H. Monk



1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fath - ers in dis - tress;
3. Fath - er - like, He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
4. An - gels in the height, a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;



Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, E - ver - more His prai - ses sing;  
 Praise Him still the same for - e - ver, Slow to chide and swift to bless;  
 In His hands He gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes;  
 Saint tri - um - phant, bow be - fore Him, Gath - ered in from ev - ery race;



Praise Him, praise Him! Praise the e - ver - last - ing King.  
 Praise Him, praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.  
 Praise Him, praise Him! Wide - ly yet His mer - cy flows.  
 Praise Him, praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace.

