

# Praise My Soul, The King of Heaven

Words by Henry Lyte  
Music by Ross Byrd

♩ = 95

G

G/B



Praise \_\_\_ my soul the King of Hea ven  
 Praise \_\_\_ Him for His grace and fa vor  
 Fat \_\_\_ her like He tends to and a spares dore us  
 An \_\_\_ gels help us to a dore Him

C

D



to \_\_\_ his feet thy tri \_\_\_ bute \_\_\_ bring \_\_\_  
 to \_\_\_ his peo ple in \_\_\_ dis \_\_\_ tress \_\_\_  
 well \_\_\_ our feeb le frame \_\_\_ He \_\_\_ knows \_\_\_  
 ye \_\_\_ be hold Him face \_\_\_ to \_\_\_ face \_\_\_

G

G/B



ran \_\_\_ some d healed re stored for giv en  
 praise \_\_\_ Him still the same as ev er  
 in \_\_\_ His hand He gent ly bears us  
 sun \_\_\_ and moon bow down be fore Him

C

D



ev \_\_\_ er more his prais \_\_\_ es \_\_\_ sing \_\_\_  
 slow \_\_\_ to chide and swift \_\_\_ to \_\_\_ bless \_\_\_  
 res \_\_\_ cues us from all \_\_\_ our \_\_\_ foes \_\_\_  
 dwel \_\_\_ lers all in time \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ space \_\_\_

G

B

A m

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Al \_\_\_ le lu ia Al \_\_\_ le \_\_\_ lu \_\_\_ ia \_\_\_ praise the ev er las \_\_\_ ting \_\_\_ King \_\_\_  
 glo rious in his faith \_\_\_ ful \_\_\_ ness \_\_\_  
 wide ly yet his mer \_\_\_ cy \_\_\_ flows \_\_\_  
 praise with us the God \_\_\_ of \_\_\_ grace \_\_\_