

52 — Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

From Psalm 103
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

JOHN GOSS

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. An - gels in the height, 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,
face to face; Sun and moon, bow down 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!
Dwell - ers all in time and space: 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 with us the God of grace!*

Tune: PRAISE MY SOUL
WORSHIP: THE FATHER

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee — 53

Melody from Ninth Symphony
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

HENRY VAN DYKE

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
2. All Thy works with joy sur - round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,
3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,
4. Mor - tals, join the might - y cho - rus Which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Hail Thee as the sun a - bove.
Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean depth of hap - py rest!
Fa - ther - love is reign - ing o'er us, Broth - er - love binds man to man.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, Drive the dark of doubt a - way;
Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, Flow - ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,
Thou the Fa - ther, Christ our Broth - er— All who live in love are Thine;
Ev - er sing - ing, march we on - ward, Vic - tors in the midst of strife;

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day!
Chant - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain Call us to re - joice in Thee.
Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the joy di - vine.
Joy - ful mu - sic lifts us sun - ward In the tri - umph song of life.

Tune: HYMN TO JOY

WORSHIP: THE FATHER