Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Praise the Lord, all his works everywhere in his dominion. Praise the Lord, 
O my soul. Ps. 103:22

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, to his feet your tribute bring;  
2. Praise him for his grace and favor to our fathers in distress;  
3. Father-like, he tends and spares us; well our feeble frame he knows;  
4. Frail as summer's flower, we flourish, blows the wind and it is gone;  
5. Angels, help us to adore him; you behold him face to face;  

ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, who, like me, his praise should sing?  
praise him, still the same forever, slow to chide and swift to bless;  
in his hands he gently bears us, rescues us from all our foes;  
but while mortals rise and perish, God endures unchanging on.  
sun and moon, bow down before him, dwellers all in time and space,

Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise the everlasting King.  
praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, glorious in his faithfulness.  
praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, widely as his mercy goes.  
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise the High Eternal One.  
praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, praise with us the God of grace.

From Psalm 103
Henry F. Lyte, 1834; mod.

LAUDA ANIMA 8.7.6.7.8.7.
John Goss, 1869
The Day You Gave Us, Lord, Is Ended

From the rising of the sun to the place where it sets, the name of the Lord is to be praised. Ps. 113:3

1. The day you gave us, Lord, is ended, the darkness falls at your behest; to you our morning hymns ascend.
2. We thank you that your church, un-sleeping while earth rolls on, into light, through all the world her watch is keeping, and rests not now by day or night.
3. As o'er each continent and is land the dawn leads on another day, the voice of prayer is never silent, nor dies the strain of praise away.
4. The sun, that bids us rest, is waking our brethren em-pires, pass away: but stand, and rule, and grow for-mer the western sky, and hour by hour fresh lips are making your wondrous doings heard on high.
5. So be it, Lord; your throne shall never, like earth's proud ever, till all your creatures own your sway.

John Ellerton, 1970
Alt. 1990, mod.