

# 620 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

(Psalm 103)

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; to his  
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to his  
 3 Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us; well our  
 4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; you be -

feet your trib - ute bring; ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for -  
 peo - ple in dis - tress; praise him still the same as  
 fee - ble frame he knows; in his hands he gent - ly  
 hold him face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be -

giv - en, ev - er - more his prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 ev - er, slow to chide, and swift to bless: Al - le - lu - ia!  
 bears us, res - cues us from all our foes. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 fore him, 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.

This free paraphrase of Psalm 103 gains much energy and conviction by including the double "Alleluia!" before the final line of text. That repeated four-note figure descending from the tune's highest note gives voice to the praise that the rest of the hymn evokes.