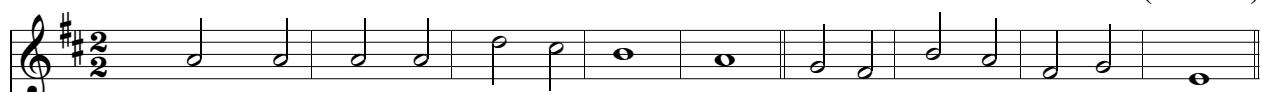


Praise, my soul

John Goss
(1800-80)

Praise my soul (87. 87. 87)



1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven, To his feet thy tri-bute bring;

Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - gi - ven, Who like me his praise should sing?

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the e - ver - last - ing King.

2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in di - stress;

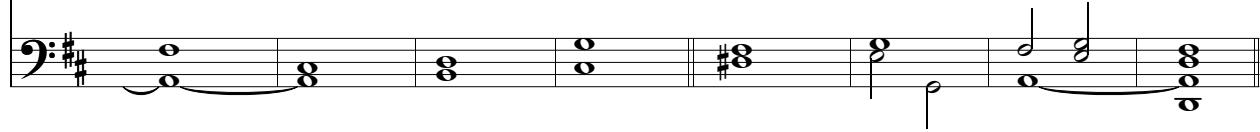
Praise him still the same as ever, Slow to chide and swift to bless:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glori - ous in his faith - ful - ness.

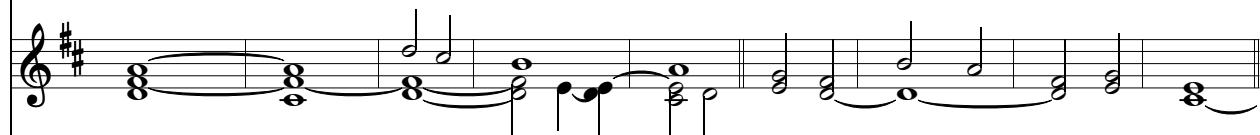
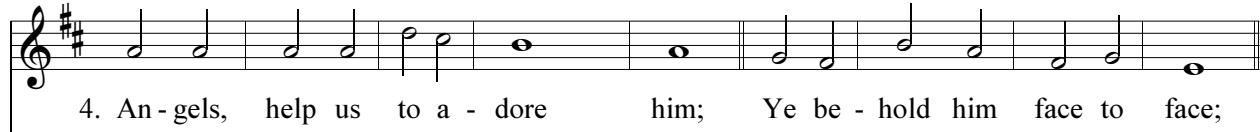
Trebles

3. Fa-ther - like, he tends and spares us, Well our fee-ble frame he knows;

In his hands he gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes:



Unison



Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, Dwel-lers all in time and space:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

