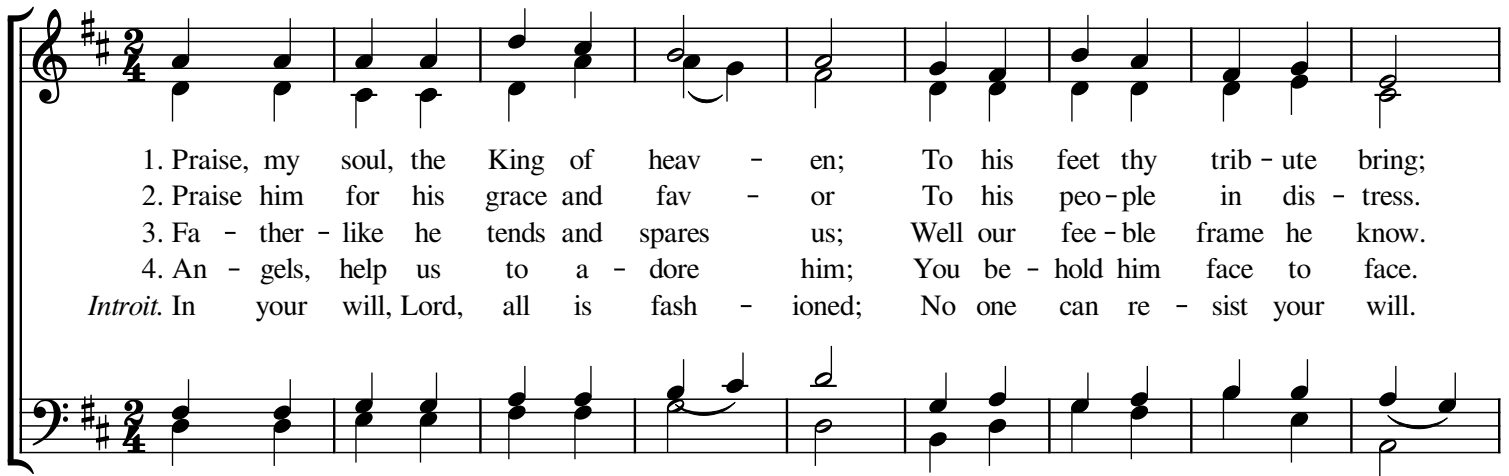
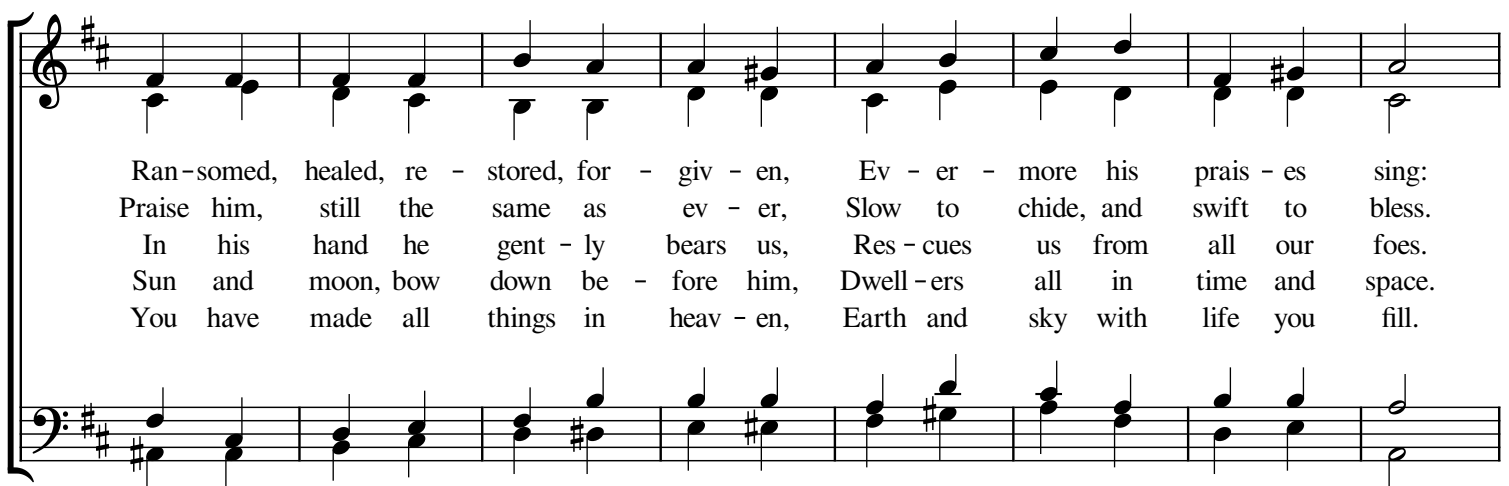


Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

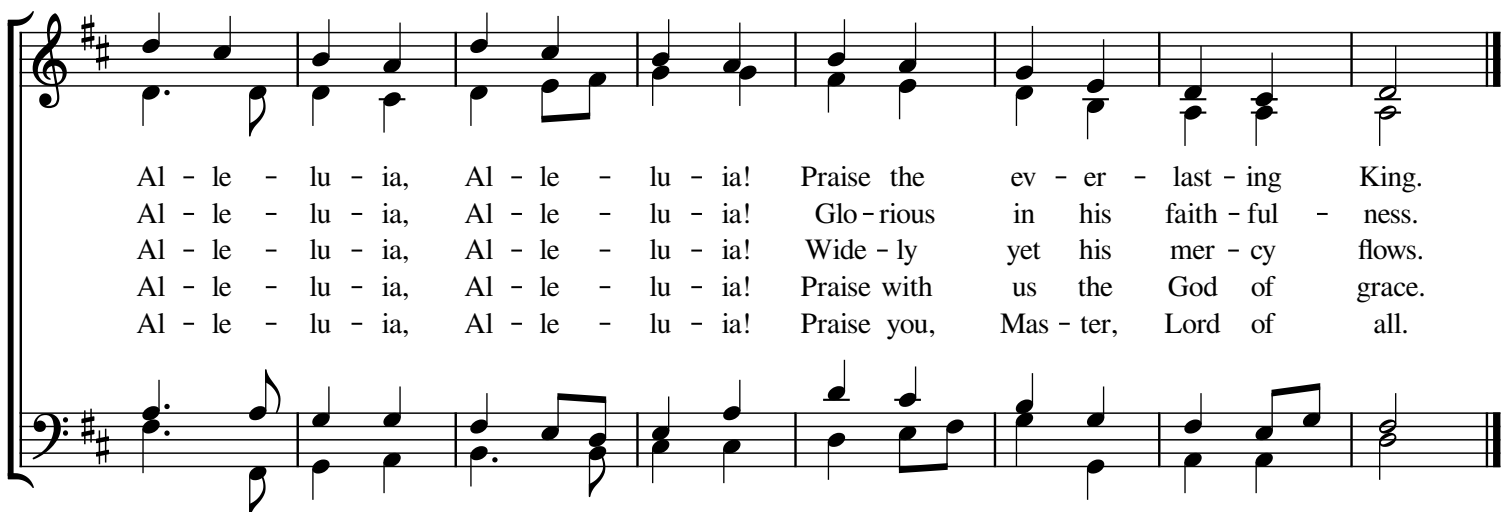
With the introit for the 27th Sunday in Ordinary Time



1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise him for his grace and fav - or To his peo - ple in dis - tress.
3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame he know.
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; You be - hold him face to face.
Introit. In your will, Lord, all is fash - ioned; No one can re - sist your will.



Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Ev - er - more his prais - es sing:
Praise him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
In his hand he gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, Dwell - ers all in time and space.
You have made all things in heav - en, Earth and sky with life you fill.



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly yet his mer - cy flows.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! Praise you, Mas - ter, Lord of all.