

Hymn 66

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, to the throne thy tribute bring;
ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
evermore God's praises sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.

Praise the Lord for grace and favor to all people in distress;
praise God, still the same as ever,
slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Glorious now God's faithfulness.

Father-like, God tends and spares us; well our feeble frame God knows;
mother-like God gently bears us,
rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Widely yet God's mercy flows.

Angels in the heights, adoring, you behold God face to face;
saints triumphant, now adoring,
gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace.

(Words: Henry F. Lyte, 1834)

Hymn

How Can I Keep from Singing

My life flows on in endless song; above earth's lamentation.
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn that hails a new creation.
*(Refrain) No storm can shake my inmost calm while to that Rock I'm clinging.
Since Love is lord of heav'n and earth, how can I keep from singing?*

Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear that music ringing.
It finds an echo in my soul. How can I keep from singing? *(Refrain)*

What though my joys and comforts die, I know my Savior liveth.
What though the darkness gather round? Songs in the night he giveth. *(Refrain)*

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, a fountain ever springing!
All things are mine since I am his! How can I keep from singing? *(Refrain)*

(Words: Robert Lowry, 1826-1899)