

9. PRAISE MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN.

Tune A. & M. 298, 232; C. H. 484.

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our woes ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gather'd in from every race :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

10.

THE DAY THOU GAVEST, LORD, IS ENDED.

Tune, A. & M. 477, C. H. 32.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord, Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
Thy kingdom stands and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy away.

Amen.