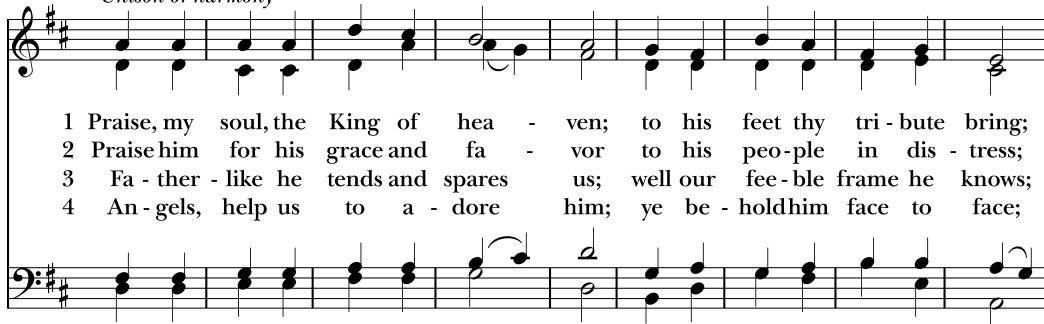
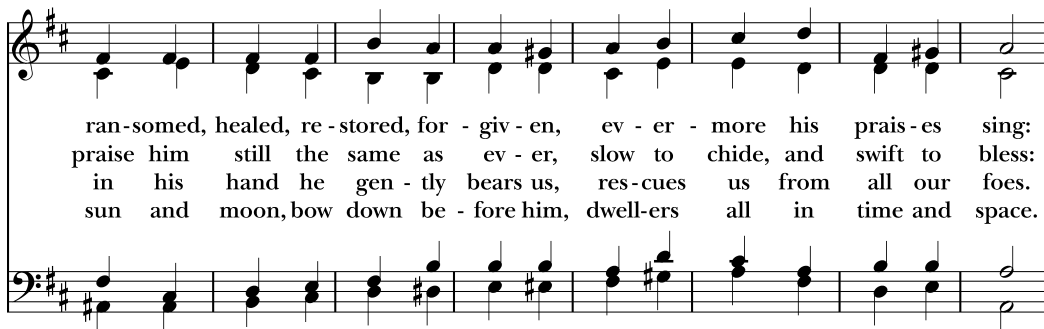


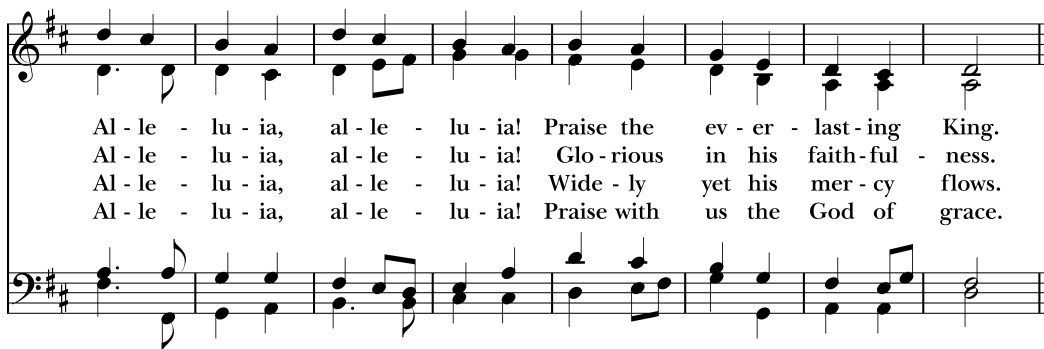
*Unison or harmony*



1 Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; to his feet thy tri - bute bring;  
 2 Praise him for his grace and fa - vor to his peo - ple in dis - tress;  
 3 Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; well our fee - ble frame he knows;  
 4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; ye be - hold him face to face;

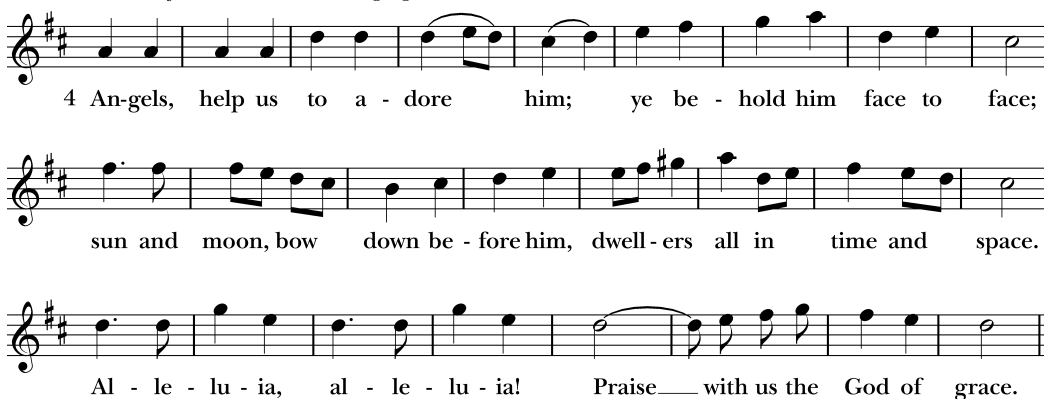


ran - sored, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, ev - er - more his prais - es sing:  
 praise him still the same as ev - er, slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
 in his hand he gen - tly bears us, res - cues us from all our foes.  
 sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell - ers all in time and space.



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, 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.

*Descant for use with unison singing*



4 An - gels, help us to a - dore him; ye be - hold him face to face;  
 sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, dwell - ers all in time and space.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

1 I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew he  
 2 Thou didst reach forth thy hand and mine en - fold; I  
 3 I find, I walk, I love, but oh, the whole of

moved my soul to seek him, seek - ing me; it was not  
 walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea; 'twas not so  
 love is but my an - swer, Lord, to thee: for thou wert

I that found, O Sa - vior true; no, I was found of thee.  
 much that I on thee took hold, as thou, dear Lord, on me.  
 long be - fore - hand with my soul, al - ways thou lov - edst me.

Words: Anon., Pilgrim Hymnal, 1904. Music: *Faith*, J. Harold Moyer (b. 1927). Mennonite Publishing House.

1 Lord, whose love through hum - ble ser - vice bore the weight of hu - man  
 2 Still your chil - dren wan - der home - less; still the hun - gry cry for  
 3 As we wor - ship, grant us vi - sion, till your love's re - veal - ing  
 4 Called by wor - ship to your ser - vice, forth in your dear name we

need, who up - on the cross, for - sak - en, of - fered mer - cy's  
 bread; still the cap - tives long for free - dom; still in grief we  
 light, in its height and depth and great - ness, dawns up - on our  
 go, to the child, the youth, the a - ged love in liv - ing

per - fect deed, we, your ser - vants, bring the wor - ship  
 mourn our dead. As, O Lord, your deep com - pas - sion  
 quick - ened sight, mak - ing known the needs and bur - dens  
 deeds to show; hope and health, good will and com - fort,

not of voice a - lone, but heart, con - se - crat - ing  
 healed the sick and freed the soul, use the love your  
 your com - pas - sion bids us bear, stir - ring us to  
 coun - sel, aid, and peace we give, that your ser - vants,

to your pur - pose ev - ery gift that you im - part.  
 Spi - rit kin - dles still to save and make us whole.  
 tire - less striv - ing, your a - bun - dant life to share.  
 Lord, in free - dom may your mer - cy know and live.

Words: Albert F. Bayly (1901-1984), alt. Copyright © 1961, Albert Bayly. Used by permission of Oxford University Press.  
 Music: *Blaenhafren*, Welsh melody.