

F C F Am Bb C F  
Praise to the Lord, the Al-mighty, the king of cre – a - tion!

F C F Am Bb C F  
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and sal – va - tion.

F/A Bb F F/A C  
All ye who hear, now to his temple draw near.

F/A Bb C F  
Join me in glad ador – a - tion.

F C F Am Bb C F  
Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reig-neth—

F C F Am Bb C F  
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sus - tain - eth.

F/A Bb F F/A C  
Hast thou not seen how thy de-sires e'er have been

F/A Bb C F  
Granted in what he or - dain - eth?

F C F Am Bb C F  
Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and de - fend thee.

F C F Am Bb C F  
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily at - tend thee.

F/A Bb F F/A C  
Ponder a - new what the Al - mighty can do

F/A Bb C F  
If with his love he be - friend thee.

F C F Am Bb C F  
Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore him!

F C F Am Bb C F  
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises be - fore him.

F/A Bb F F/A C  
Let the "A - men!" sound from his people a - gain—

F/A Bb C F  
Gladly for - ever a - dore him!