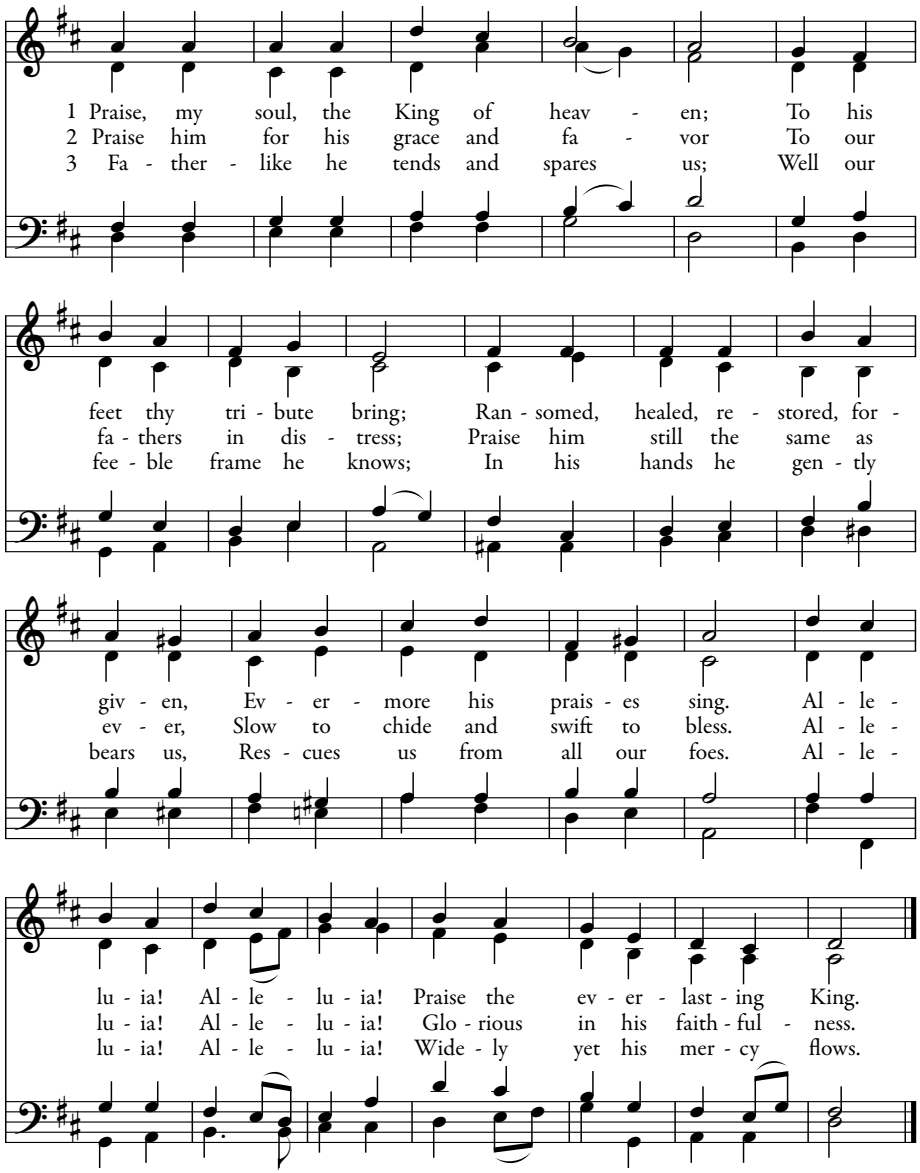
226 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

87 87 87

LAUDA ANIMA — JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880



4 Frail as summer's flow'r we flourish;
Blows the wind and it is gone.
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the high eternal one.

5 Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1793–1847, ALT.