Praise the King

Cindy Morgan

Praise Him in the mornin'
For tall and lofty trees
And praise Him in the evening
For children on their kneesOh and praise Him in the noonday
For gentle birds that sing
Oh, praise Him all ye people
Praise the KingAnd praise Him for a peaceful porch
And rocking chairs that sway
And praise Him for the rollin' hills
Where children laugh and playOh and praise Him for the wandering soul
That never lost their way
Oh, praise Him all ye people
Praise the KingPraise the King, praise the King
Let it ring, praise the King
Praise the King, praise the King
Let it ring, praise the KingAnd praise Him for the blood that fell
And bloomed a rose that day
And praise Him that He suffered through
The guilt, the grief, the shameOh and praise Him that His tender love
Will still forgive today
Oh praise Him all ye people
Praise the KingPraise the King, praise the King
Let it ring, praise the King
Praise the King, praise the King
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Let it ring, praise the King
Praise the King, praise the King
Let it ring, praise the King

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