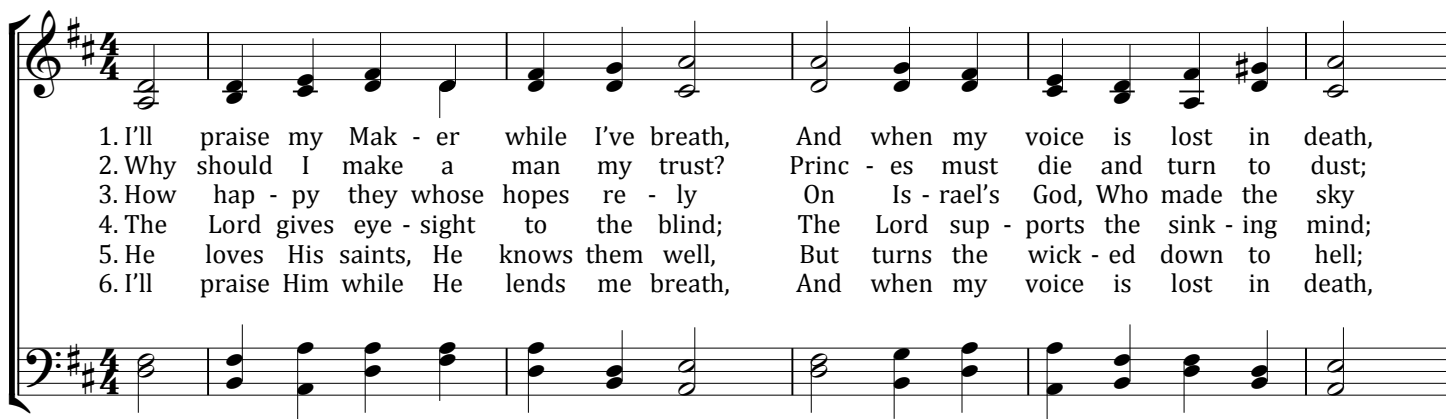
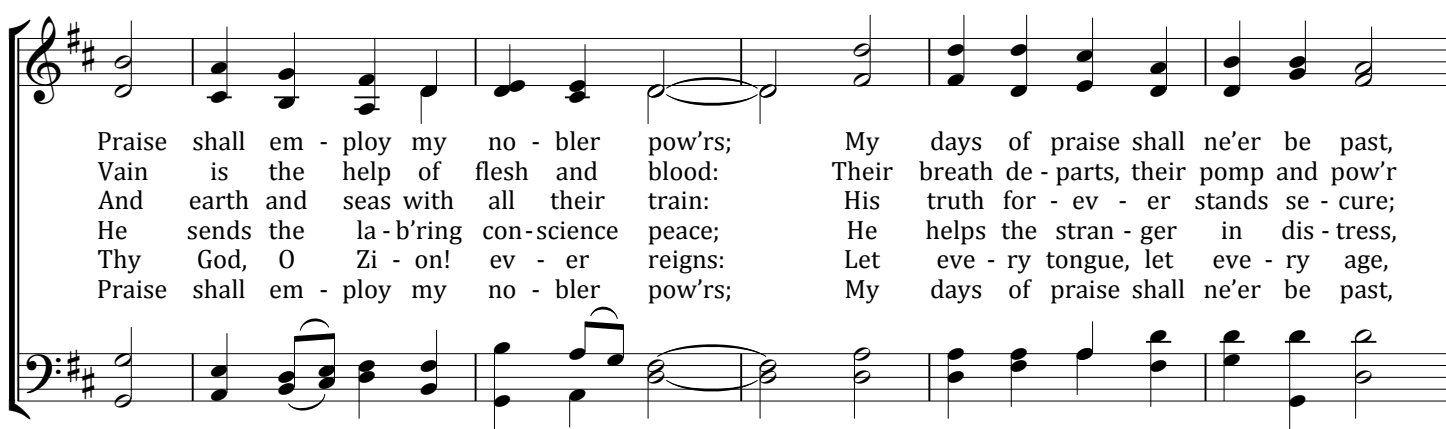


I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath

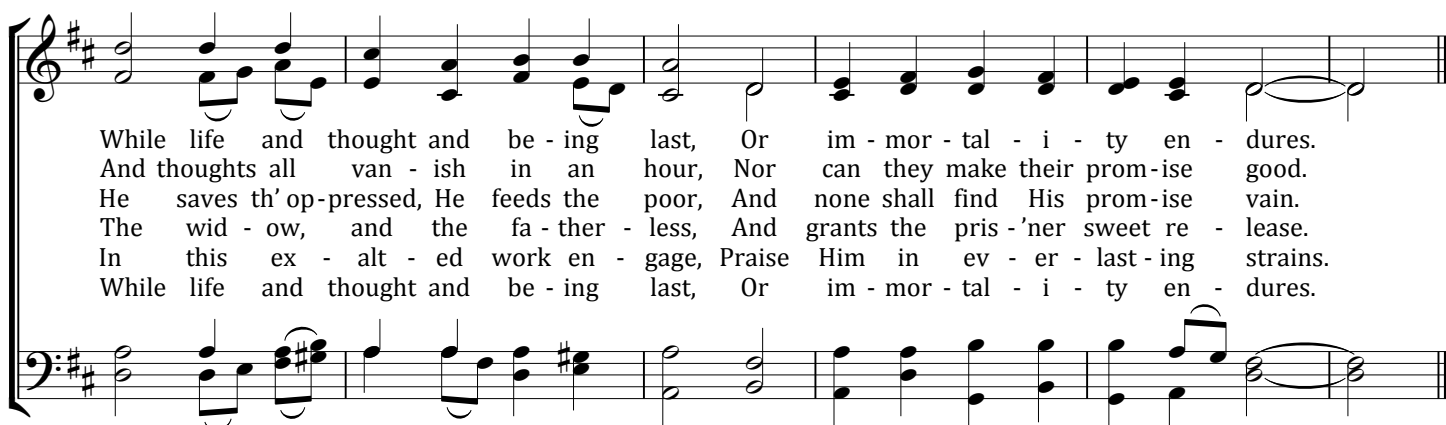
Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul. Psa. 146:1



1. I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
2. Why should I make a man my trust? Princ - es must die and turn to dust;
3. How hap - py they whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God, Who made the sky
4. The Lord gives eye - sight to the blind; The Lord sup - ports the sink - ing mind;
5. He loves His saints, He knows them well, But turns the wick - ed down to hell;
6. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath, And when my voice is lost in death,



Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood: Their breath de - parts, their pomp and pow'r
And earth and seas with all their train: His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure;
He sends the la - b'ring con - science peace; He helps the stran - ger in dis - tress,
Thy God, O Zi - on! ev - er reigns: Let eve - ry tongue, let eve - ry age,
Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,



While life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
And thoughts all van - ish in an hour, Nor can they make their prom - ise good.
He saves th'op - pressed, He feeds the poor, And none shall find His prom - ise vain.
The wid - ow, and the fa - ther - less, And grants the pris - 'ner sweet re - lease.
In this ex - alt - ed work en - gage, Praise Him in ev - er - last - ing strains.
While life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

WORDS: Scripture; *alt.* by Isaac Watts, 1719; *alt.* by John Wesley, 1727; *alt.* MUSIC: "Old 113th"; *attr.* to Matthäus Greiter, pub.1525. Public Domain.