

I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath

Isaac Watts

PSALMS (of Isaac Watts), Psalm 146

I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath;

And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
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His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
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