

Praise to God for His Goodness and Truth

Isaac Watts; Psalm 146
(Praise Ye the Lord)

Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.