

Desertion

Treble-Tenor-Bass from *The Psalmist's Assistant*, 1806; Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2016.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers. My
2. Why should I make a man my trust? Prin-ces must die and turn to dust; Vain is the help of flesh and blood: Their
3. Happy the man whose hopes re-ly On Is-rael's God: he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train: His
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord sup-ports the sin-king mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace; He
5. He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the wick-ed down to hell; Thy God, O Zion! ev-er reigns: Let
6. I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers. My

1. days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.
2. breath departs, their pomp, and power, And thoughts, all va-nish in an hour, Nor can they make their pro-mise good.
3. truth for ev-er stands se-cure; He saves th'op-pressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.
4. helps the stranger in dis-tress, The widow and the fa-ther-less, And grants the pri-soner sweet re-lease.
5. eve-ry tongue, let eve-ry age, In this ex-al-ted work en-gage; Praise him in ev-er-las-ting strains.
6. days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.