

Isaac Watts, 1719

(Psalm 146)

88. 88. 88.

Bolton

Transcribed from Brownson's *Select Harmony*, 1783.

A Major

Oliver Brownson, 1783

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. 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
2. 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
3. Hap-py the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God: he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train: His truth for e - ver stands se-
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace; He helps the stran- ger in dis-
5. He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell; Thy God, O Zi - on! ever reigns: Let ev-ery tongue, let ev-ery
6. 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

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

past ____ While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mor - ta - - li - ty ____ en - dures.
power, ____ And thoughts, all vanish in an hour, Nor can they make ____ their pro - - mise good.
-cure; ____ He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find ____ his pro - - mise vain.
-tress, ____ The widow and the fa - ther-less, And grants the pri - - soner sweet ____ re - lease.
age, ____ In this ex - al - ted work engage; Praise him in e - - ver - las - - ting strains.
past, ____ While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - - i - ty ____ en - dures.