

Tolland

Isaac Watts, 1719 (Psalm 146)

88. 88. 88.

Transcribed from *The Hartford Collection*, 1807.

C Major

Stephen Jenks, 1803

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 past, While life and thought and
 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 breath departs, their pomp and power, And thoughts, all va - nish
 3. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace; He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the

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being last, While life and thought and being last, _____ Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures. Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures. My
 in an hour, And thoughts all vanish in an hour, _____ Nor can they make their promise good. Nor can they make their promise good. Their
 fatherless, The widow and the fatherless, _____ And grants the prisoner sweet release. And grants the prisoner sweet re - lease. He

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