

Tolland

Transcribed from *The Hartford Collection*, 1807.

1. I'll praise my Ma-ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no-bler powers; My

days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and be-ing last, While life and thought and be-ing last, —
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and
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My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and be-ing last, —

Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures. My
being last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.
being last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.
Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.

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 power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3. 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 prisoner sweet release.

4. 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.

5. 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,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.