

# Bolton

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-  
 2. Why should I make a man my trust? Prin - ces must die and turn to dust; Vain is the

3. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Israel's God: he made the sky, And earth, and  
 4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sin - king mind; He sends the

5. He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell; Thy God, O  
 6. I'll praise him while he lends me breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

-ploy my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past \_\_\_ While life, and thought, and being  
 help of flesh and blood: Their breath departs, their pomp, and power, \_\_\_ And thoughts, all vanish in an

seas, with all their train: His truth for e - ver stands se - cure; \_\_\_ He saves th'oppressed, he feeds the  
 labo - ring conscience peace; He helps the stran - ger in dis - tress, \_\_\_ The widow and the fa - ther -

Zi - on! e - ver reigns: Let ev - ery tongue, let ev - ery age, \_\_\_ In this ex - al - ted work - en -  
 -ploy my nobler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, \_\_\_ While life, and thought, and being

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

last, Or im - mor - ta - - - li - ty \_\_\_ en - dures.  
 hour, Nor can they make \_\_\_ their pro - - - mise good.

poor, And none shall find \_\_\_ his pro - - - mise vain.  
 -less, And grants the pri - - - soner sweet \_\_\_ re - lease.

-gage; Praise him in e - - - ver - las - - - ting strains.  
 last, Or im - mor - tal - - - i - ty \_\_\_ en - dures.