

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 146) 88. 88. 88.

Holden

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C Major
William Billings, 1770

Treble

1. I'll praise my mak - er with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nob - ler powers; My
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

Counter

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel'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 supports the sinking mind; He sends the labor - ing conscience peace; He

Tenor

5. He loves His saints, He knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell; Thy God, O Zi - on! ev - er reigns: Let
6..I'll praise Him while He lends me breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nob - ler powers: My

Bass

Tr.

1. days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
2..breath de - parts, their pomp and power, And thoughts, all vanish in an hour, Nor can they make their promise good.

C.

3. truth for ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th'oppressed, He feeds the poor, And none shall find His promise vain.
4..helps the stran - ger in dis - tress, The wid - ow and the fath - er - less, And grants the pris - o - ner sweet re - lease.

T.

5. eve - ry tongue, let eve - ry age, In this ex - alt - ed work engage; Praise Him in ev - er - last - ing strains.
6..days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

B.