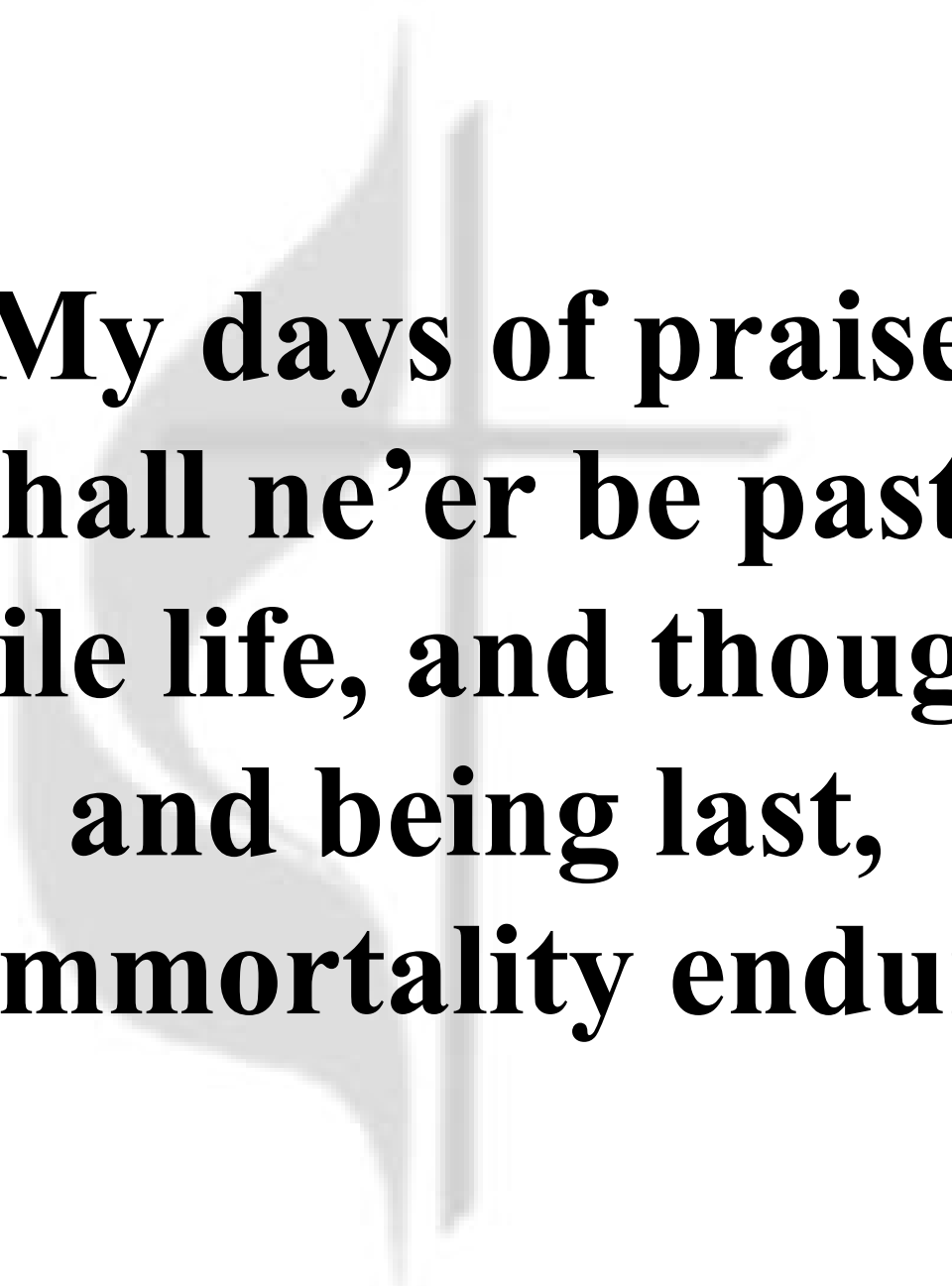



I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1719; alt. by John Wesley, 1737; alt. 1989 (Ps. 146)

**1. I'll praise my Maker
while I've 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.**



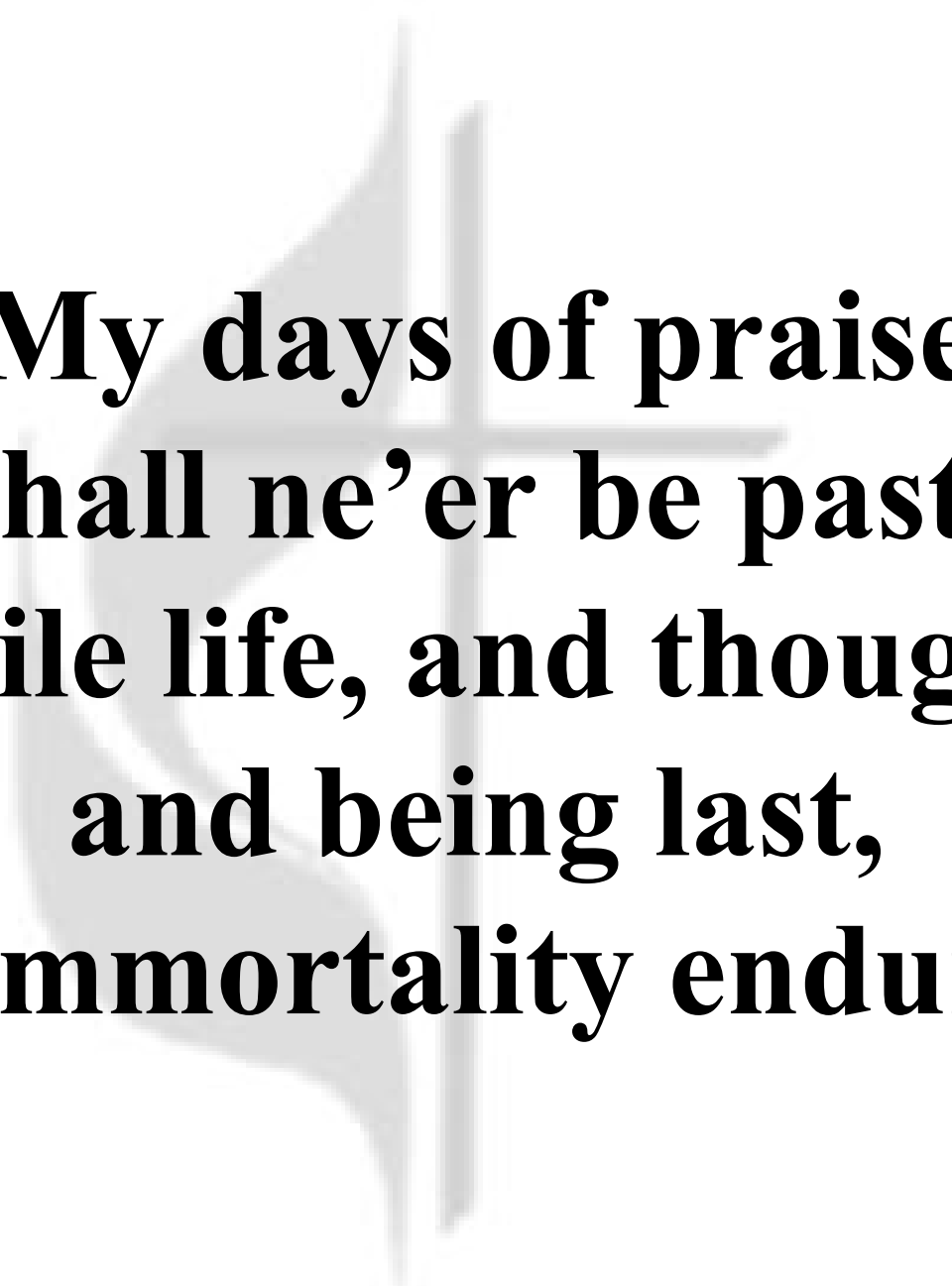
**2. Happy are they
whose hopes rely
on Israel's God,
who makes the sky
and earth and seas,
with all their train;**

**whose truth forever
stands secure,
who saves th' oppressed
and feeds the poor,
for none shall find
God's promise vain.**

**3. The Lord pours eyesight
on the blind;
the Lord supports
the fainting mind
and sends the laboring
conscience peace.**

**God helps the stranger
in distress,
the widow and
the fatherless,
and grants the prisoner
sweet release.**

**4. I'll praise my God
who 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.**