

The Hymnal 1982 - #429 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath



1 I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath; and when my voice is lost in
2 How hap - py they whose hopes re - ly on Is - rael's God, who made the
3 The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; the Lord sup - ports the faint-ing
4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath; and when my voice is lost in



death, praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers. My
sky and earth and seas with all their train; whose
mind and sends the la - boring con - science peace. He
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
truth for ev - er stands se - cure, who saves the op - pressed, and feeds the
helps the strang - er in dis - tress, the wid - owed and the fa - ther -
days of praise shall ne'er be past while life and thought and be - ing



last, or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
poor. And none shall find his prom - ise vain.
less, and grants the pris - oner sweet re - lease.
last, or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); alt. John Wesley (1703-1791), alt.; para. of Psalm 146. Music: *Old 113th*, melody from *Strassburger Kirchenamt*, 1525; harm. Vicar Earle Copps (b. 1921) Copyright ©1964, Abingdon Press. All rights reserved. Used with permission.

- 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 How happy they whose hopes rely
on Israel's God, who made the sky
and earth and seas with all their train;
whose truth for ever stands secure,
who saves the oppressed, and feeds the poor.
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
the Lord supports the fainting mind
and sends the laboring conscience peace.

He helps the stranger in distress,
the widowed and the fatherless,
and grants the prisoner sweet release.
4 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.

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