I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: MELITA

| d - | m - - m s - s - | l - l - s - s - |
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And

| d' - r' - t - s - | s - fe - s - r - |
when my voice is lost in death, Praise

| f - - f m - m - | s - - s fe - t - |
shall employ my nobler powers; My

| s - fe - m - l - | s - fe - m - m - |
days of praise shall ne'er be past, While

| m - - m f - f - | fe - - fe s - s - |
life, and thought, and being last, Or

| s - l - s - m - | r - - d d - |
immortali- ty endures.

The other verses

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppress, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, 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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