I'll praise my maker while I've breath

Text by Isaac Watts, John Wesley
Music by Nigel Williams

Verse 1: I'll praise my maker while I've breath and when my voice is made
Verse 2: Happy are they whose hopes rely on Israel's God who

lost in death, praise shall employ my no bler powers. My days of praise shall
made the sky and earth and seas with all their train. Whose truth for ever

ne'er be past, while life and thought and being last, or immor tal ity en
stands secure, who saves tho' oppressed and feeds the poor, for none shall find God's prom ise

dures. vain verse 3 The Lord pours eye sight on the blind, the Lord sup ports the

1. 2. 1. 2. (men's voices)
fainting mind and sends the lab'ring conscience peace. God helps the stranger

organ, manuals only

in distress, the widow and the father less, and grants the pris'ner sweet release.

ped

verse 4 I'll praise my God who lends me breath, and when my voice is lost in death, praise

Unison voices

shall employ my nobler powers. My days of praise shall ne'er be past, while

broader tempo

life and thought and being last, or immortality endures My

rall.
days of praise shall ne'er be past, while life and thought and being last, or

im mortality endures.

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