I'll Praise My Maker

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath; And when my
   voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my
   no bler pow'rs.
   My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
   While life, and tho't, and being
   last, Or immorta lity endures.
   poor: And none shall find His promise vain.
   less, And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

2. Hap py the man whose hopes rely On Israel's
   ports that fainting mind; He send the lab'ring
   no bler pow'rs. My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
   While life, and tho't, and being
   last, Or immorta lity endures.

3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind; The Lord sup-
   voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my
   all their train: His truth forever stand secure;
   cons cience peace; He helps the stranger in distress,
   While life, and tho't, and being
   last, Or immorta lity endures.

4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath; And when my
   voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my
   no bler pow'rs. My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
   While life, and tho't, and being
   last, Or immorta lity endures.

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