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.

2. Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's ports that fain-ing mind; He sends the lab'ring cons-ei-ence peace;

3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind; The Lord sup-

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 th'o't, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty endures.

His truth forever stand se-cure; He saves th'o-p pressed, He feeds the poor. And none shall find His prom-ise vain. and the fa-th-er less, And grants the pris'-ner sweet re-lease.

He helps the stran-ger in dis-tress, The widow and the fa-th-er less, And grants the pris'-ner sweet re-lease.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and th'o't, and be-ing last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty endures.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748; alt. John Wesley, 1703-1791
Tune: Matthäus Greiter, 1500-1552

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