

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 146) 88. 88. 88.

Holden

No copyright.

C Major
William Billings, 1770

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath, And when my voice is lost in
2. Why should I make a man my trust? And Prin - ces must die and turn to

3. Hap - py Lord the man whose hopes re - ly blind; On The Lord sup - ports the sink - ing
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; On The Lord sup - ports the sink - ing

5. He loves praise His saints, He knows them well, But turns the wick - ed down to
6. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath; And when my voice is lost in

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

10 15

death, Praise shall em - ploy help my of nob - ler and powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be
dust; Vain is the help of flesh and blood; Their breath de - parts, their pomp and

sky, And earth and seas, with all con - their science train; His truth helps for the ev - er stands se -
mind; He sends the labor - ing all con - science peace; He helps for the stran - ger in dis -

8 hell; Thy God, O Zi - on! ev - er reigns: Let eve - ry tongue, let eve - ry
death, Praise shall em - ploy my nob - ler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

20 25

past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
power And thoughts all van - ish in an hour, Nor can they make their prom - ise good.

cure; He saves th'op - pressed, He feeds the poor, And none shall find His prom - ise vain.
tress, The wid - ow abd the fath - er - less, And grants the pris - oner sweet re - lease.

8 age, In this ex - al - ted work en - gage; Praise Him in ev - er - last - ing strains.
past, While life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.