

Tr
1. Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join In work so plea - sant, so di - vine; Now, while the flesh is

C
2. Why should I make a man my trust? Princes must die and turn to dust; Their breath de-parts, their

T
3. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord sup - ports the sin - king mind; He helps the stran - ger

B

Tr
1. mine a - bode, And when my soul a - scends to God. Praise shall employ my noblest powers, While im-mor-

C
2. pomp, and power; And thoughts, all va - nish in an hour. Hap-py the man whose hopes re - ly On Israel's

T
3. in dis - tress, The wi - dow and the fa-ther-less. He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the

B

Tr
1. -tal - i - ty en - dures; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and be - ing last.

C
2. God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train, And none shall find his pro - mise vain.

T
3. wick - ed down to hell: Thy God, O Zi - on! ev - er reigns; Praise him in ev - er - las - ting strains.

B

Edited by B.C. Johnston, 2016

1. Counter: Converted all Alto-clef to Treble-Clef; Measures 1-17 moved down one octave; Measures 28-34 as written.

2. Measure 18: All parts: Leading Half-rest changed to Quarter-rest.