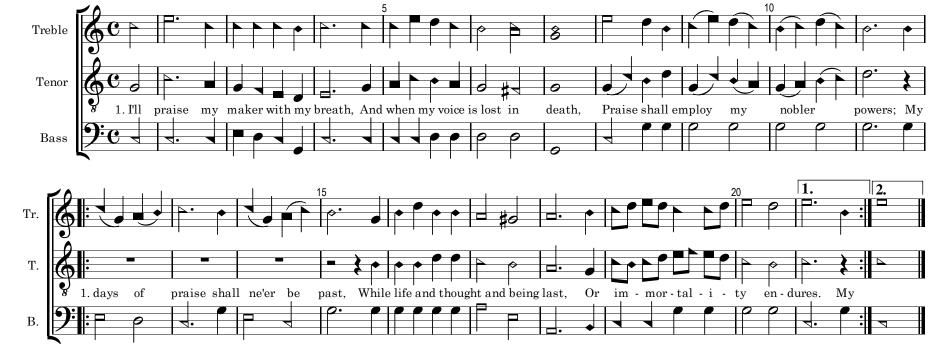
## Magdala

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 $\begin{array}{c} {\rm C~Major} \\ {\rm Oliver~Holden,~1796} \end{array}$ 



- 2. Why should I make a man my trust? Princes must die and turn to dust; Vain is the help of flesh and blood: Their breath departs, their pomp, and power, And thoughts, all vanish in an hour, Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
  On Israel's God: He made the sky,
  And earth, and seas, with all their train:
  His truth for ever stands secure;
  He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
  And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace; He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless, And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5. He loves his saints, He knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell; Thy God, O Zion! Ever reigns: Let every tongue, let every age, In this exalted work engage; Praise him in everlasting strains.
- 6. I'll praise Him while he lends me breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immortality endures.