

Magdala

Treble
Tenor
Bass

1. I'll praise my ma-ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-

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My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
ploy my no - bler powers; While

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life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures.
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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.

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.

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.

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.

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.