1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, and when my voice is lost in death, praise shall employ my nobler powers; My mind; and sends the laboring conscience peace. God

2. Happy are they whose hopes rely on Israel's God; he made the sky, and earth, and seas, with all their train; whose

3. The Lord pours eyesight on the blind; the Lord supports the fainting days of praise shall ne'er be past, while life, and thought, and being helps the stranger in distress, the widow, and the father -

4. I'll praise my God who lends me breath; and when my voice is lost in days of praise shall ne'er be past, while life, and thought, and being poor, for none shall find God's promise vain.

last, or immortality endures.

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I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath
Soprano Descant

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