I’ll Praise My Maker While I’ve Breath

Soprano Descant

1. I’ll praise my Maker while I’ve breath, and when my voice is lost in death, praise and praise my Maker while I’ve breath, and when my voice is lost in death, praise and praise my Maker while I’ve breath, and when my voice is lost in death, praise and praise my Maker while I’ve breath, and when my voice is lost in death, praise and praise my Maker while I’ve breath, and when my voice is lost in death, praise and praise my Maker while I’ve breath, and when my voice is lost in death, praise

2. Happy are they whose hopes rely on Israel’s God, who 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 mind; sends the laboring conscience peace. God

4. I’ll praise my God who lends me breath; and when my voice is lost in life, and thought, and being

days of praise shall ne’er be past, while life, and thought, and being

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last, or immortality endures.

poor, for none shall find God’s promise vain.

less, and grants the prisoner sweet release.

last, or immortality endures.