

806 I'll Praise My Maker

(Psalm 146)

1 I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath; and when my voice
 2 How hap - py they whose hopes re - ly on Is - rael's God,
 3 The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; the Lord sup - ports
 4 I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath; and when my voice

is lost in death, praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers.
 who made the sky and earth and seas with all their train;
 the faint - ing mind and sends the la - boring con - science peace.
 is lost in death, praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers.

My days of praise shall ne'er be past while life and thought
 whose truth for - ev - er stands se - cure, who saves the op - pressed
 God helps the strang - er in dis - tress, the wid - owed and
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past while life and thought

and be - ing last, or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
 and feeds the poor, and none shall find God's prom - ise vain.
 the par - ent - less, and grants the pris - oner sweet re - lease.
 and be - ing last, or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

This paraphrase of Psalm 146 was a great favorite of John Wesley: it appeared in his first hymn collection in 1737 (published in Charleston, South Carolina) and was on his lips when he died. The 16th-century tune to which it is set here is the one Watts had in mind for it.