

- I'LL praise my Maker while I've 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.
- 2 Why should I place in 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,  
Their thoughts are gone within an hour,  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy are they 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 the oppressed, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 4 The Lord has eyes to give the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace:  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 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.