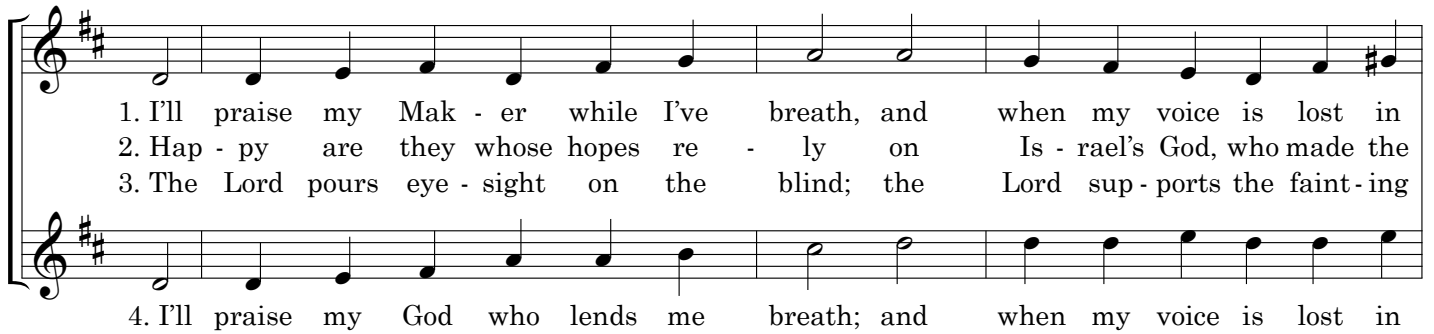


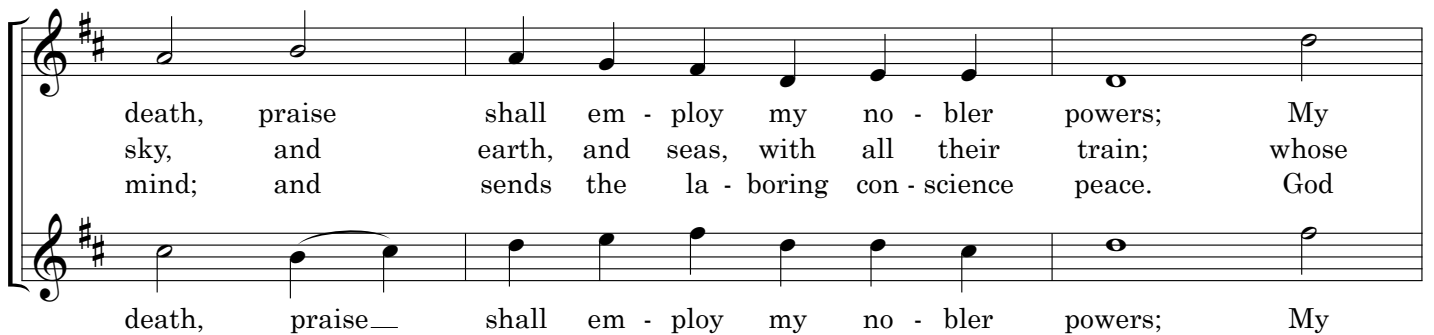
I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath

Soprano Descant



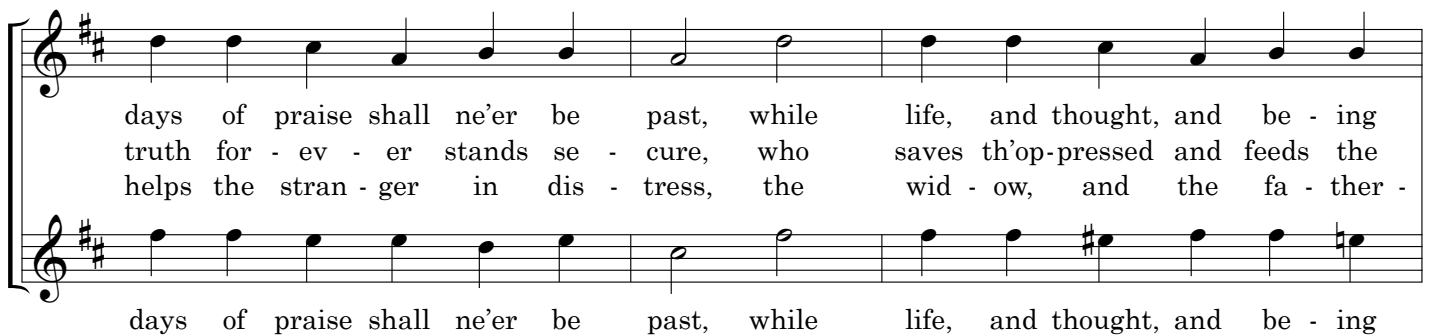
1. I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath, and when my voice is lost in
2. Hap - py are they whose hopes re - ly on Is - rael's God, who made the
3. The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; the Lord sup - ports the faint - ing

4. I'll praise my God who lends me breath; and when my voice is lost in



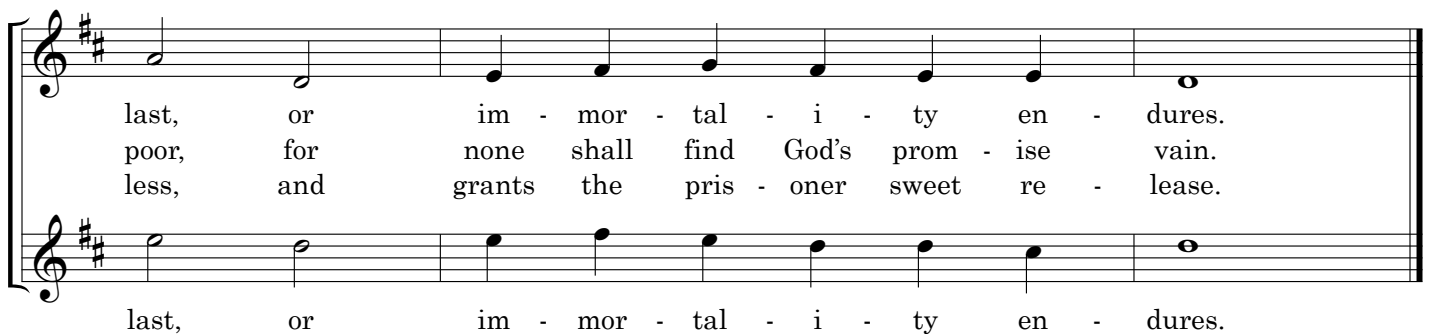
death, praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; My
sky, and earth, and seas, with all their train; whose
mind; and sends the la - boring con - science peace. God

death, praise— shall em - ploy my no - bler powers; My



days of praise shall ne'er be past, while life, and thought, and be - ing
truth for - ev - er stands se - cure, who saves th'op-pressed and feeds the
helps the stran - ger in dis - tress, the wid - ow, and the fa - ther -

days of praise shall ne'er be past, while life, and thought, and be - ing



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

last, or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.