

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath

Hymnal 1982 no. 429, Melody: Old 113th

Isaac Watts (1674-1748),
altered by John Wesley (1703-1791)

Strasbourg, 1525



1. I'll praise my Ma - ker 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 him while he lends me breath; and when my voice



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



My days of praise shall ne'er be past while life and thought
whose truth for ev - er stands se - cure, who saves th' op - pressed,
He 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 his prom - ise vain.
the fa - ther - less, and grants the pris - 'ner sweet re - lease.
and be - ing last, or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.