

# I'll Praise My Maker



1. I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath; And when my  
 2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's  
 3. The Lord pours eye - sight on the blind; The Lord sup -  
 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.\_\_\_\_  
 God! He made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train:\_\_\_\_  
 ports tha fain - ting mind; He send the lab' - ring cons eience peace;\_\_\_\_  
 voice 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  
 His truth for - e - ver stand se - cure; He saves th'op -  
 He helps the stran - ger in dis - tress, The wi - dow -  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and



tho't, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures.  
 pressed, He feeds the poor. And none shall find His pro - mise vain.  
 and the fa - ther - less, And grants the pris' - ner sweet re - lease.  
 tho't, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748;  
 alt. John Wesley, 1703-1791  
 Tune: Matthäus Greiter, 1500-1552



88 88 88  
 OLD 113th  
[www.hymnary.org/text/ill\\_praise\\_my\\_maker\\_with\\_my\\_breath](http://www.hymnary.org/text/ill_praise_my_maker_with_my_breath)