

# Praise Ye the Lord

*Joyfully* ♩ = 60-80

1. Praise ye the Lord! My heart shall join In work so  
 2. Praise shall em-ploy my no-blest pow'rs While im-mor-  
 3. Why should I make a man my trust? Princ-es must  
 4. Hap-py the man whose hopes re-ly On Is-rael's  
 5. His truth for-ev-er stands se-cure. He saves th'op-

pleas-ant, so di-vine, Now, while the flesh is  
 tal-i-ty en-dures; My days of praise shall  
 die and turn to dust. Their breath de-parts; their  
 God! He made the sky And earth and seas with  
 pressed; he feeds the poor; He sends the trou-ble

my a-bode, And when my soul as-cends to God.  
 ne'er be past While life and thought and be-ing last.  
 pomp and pow'r And thoughts all van-ish in an hour.  
 all their train, And none shall find his prom-ise vain.  
 con-science peace And grants the cap-tive sweet re-lease.

6. The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;  
 The Lord supports the sinking mind.  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow, and the fatherless.

7. He loves the Saints—he knows them well,  
 But turns the wicked down to hell.  
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;  
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

*Text:* Isaac Watts, 1674-1748; based on Psalm 146  
*Music:* Peter C. Lutkin, 1905

THEODORE  
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