

Praise Ye the Lord

Brightly ♩ = 110-120

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 my a -
 tal - i - ty en - dures; My days of praise shall ne'er be
 die and turn to dust. Their breath de - parts; their pomp and
 God! He made the sky And earth and seas with all their
 pressed; he feeds the poor; He sends the trou - bled con - science

bode, And when my soul as - cends to God.
 past While life and thought and be - ing last.
 pow'r And thoughts all van - ish in an hour.
 train, And none shall find his prom - ise vain.
 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

Music: Frederick C. Maker, 1844-1927

MELROSE
 L.M.