

Psalm 146

Tr. 5 10

C.

1. I'll praise my Ma-ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my no-bler powers;
2. Why should I make a man my trust? Princes must die and turn to dust; Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
3. Hap-py the man whose hopes re-ly On Israel's God: he made the sky, And earth and seas with all their train:

T.

B.

1. My
2. Their
3. His

Tr. 15 20 25

C.

1. My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or im-mor-ta-li-ty endures.
2. Their breath departs, their pomp and power And thoughts all va-nish in an hour, Nor can they make their promise good.
3. His truth for ev-er stands se-cure; He saves th'op-pressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.

T.

B.

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