

Desertion

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 146) 88. 88. 88.

Treble-Tenor-Bass from *The Psalmist's Assistant*, 1806;
Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2016.

C minor
Oliver Holden, 1806

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
2. Why should I make a man my trust? Prin - ces must die and turn to dust;

3. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God: he made the sky,
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord sup - ports the sin - king mind;

5. He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the wick - ed down to hell;
6. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,

10 Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler and powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood: Their breath de - parts, their pomp and power,
And earth, and seas, with all their train: His truth for ev - er stands se - cure;
He send the la - boring con - science peace; He helps the stran - ger in di - tress,

8 Thy God, O Zi - on! ev - er reigns: Let eve - ry tongue, let eve - ry age,
Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

20 While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dures.
And thoughts, all va - nish in an hour, Nor can they make their pro - mise good.

8 He saves th'op - pressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his pro - mise vain.
The wi - dow and the fa - ther - less, And grants the pri - soner sweet re - lease.

8 In this ex - al - ted work en - gage; Praise him in ev - er - las - ting strains.
While life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - ta - li - ty en - dure.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2016.

Top line, labeled "Air" in original, moved to *Tenor*, down one octave.

Second line moved to top line, *Treble*.

Counter part added.

Isaac Watts' paraphrase of Psalm 146 substituted for original words, by Joseph Hart.