

Praise Ye the Lord, My Heart Shall Join
Isaac Watts, 1719.
George Burder, 1774.

Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find His promise vain.

His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

He loves his saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.