Praise ye the Lord! My heart shall join In work so pleasant, so divine,

Now, while the flesh is dying and turn to dust. Their breath departs; their God! He made the sky And earth and seas with

my abode, And when my soul ascends to God. ne'er be past While life and thought and being last. pomp and pow'r And thoughts all vanish in an hour. all their train, And none shall find his promise vain.

5. His truth forever stands secure. 6. The Lord gives eyesight to the blind; He saves th'oppressed; he feeds the poor; The Lord supports the sinking mind. He sends the troubled conscience peace He helps the stranger in distress, And grants the captive sweet release. 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.