

# EASTON L. P. M.

Key of Eb Major

G. W. Wood

1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath; And, when my voice is lost in death,  
2. How blest the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God— He made the sky,  
3. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath; And, when my voice is lost in death,

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Praise shall employ seas my nobl - er pow'rs;  
And earth, and seas with all their train;  
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While life, and tho't, and be - ing, last,  
He saves th'op - pressed, He feeds the poor,  
While life, and thought and be - ing last,

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

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While life, and thought and be - ing last,

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Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.  
And none shall find His prom - ise vain, And none shall find His prom - ise vain.  
Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.  
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