

# Psalm 146

"My soul praise thou the Lord always"

Text by John Hopkins

Harmonised by  
David Peebles

1. My soul praise thou the Lord al - ways: my God I will con - fess: While  
2. For why? Their breath doth soon de - part, to earth a - non they fall: And  
3. Which made the earth and wa - ters deep, the hea - vens high with all: Which

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breath and life pro - long my days, my tongue no time shall cease. Trust not in  
then the coun - sels of their heart de - cay and per - ish all. O hap - py  
doth his word and prom - ise keep, in truth and ev - er shall. With right al -

13

world - ly prin - ces then, though they a - bound in wealth:  
is that man, I say, whom Ja - cob's God doth aid,  
ways doth he pro - ceed, for such as suf - fer wrong:

17

Nor in the sons of mor - tal men, in whom there is no health.  
And he whose hope doth not de - cay, but on the Lord is staid.  
The poor and hun - gry he doth feed, and loose the fet - ters strong.