

Praise ye the Lord

Praise the Lord, O my soul.
While I live will I praise the Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God while
I have any being. Put not your trust in princes,
nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.
His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;
in that very day his thoughts perish.
Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
whose hope is in the Lord his God:
Which made heaven, and earth, the sea,
and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever:
Which executeth judgment for the oppressed:
which giveth food to the hungry.
The Lord looseth the prisoners:
The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind:
the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down:
the Lord loveth the righteous:
The Lord preserveth the strangers;
he relieveth the fatherless and widow:
but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
The Lord shall reign for ever,
even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.

Praise ye the Lord

Psalm 146

