

PSALM 145  
(Text from the King James Bible)

Fourth Mode

N. Takis

Moderato



Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live will I praise the Lord; I will sing prai-ses un - to my God while I have my be - ing. Put not your trust in prin-ces, nor in the son of man in whom there is no help. His breath go-eth forth, he re - tur-neth to his earth; on that ve-ry day his thoughts pe-rish. Hap-py is he that hath the God of Ja-cob as his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God: which made Hea-ven and earth, and all that there-in is; which kee-peth truth for - e - ver; which e-xe-cu-teth judg-ment for the op-pressed: which gi-veth food to the hun-gry. The Lord o-pe-neth the eyes of the blind; the Lord rai-seth them that are bowed down; the Lord lo - veth the righ-teous. The Lord shall reign for - e - ver, e-ven thy God, O Zi - on, un-to all ge-ner - a - tions.