

Psalm 146

The Wittenberg Psalter

Chorale-Tone XI
after *Jesaia, dem Propheten*

Praise the LORD, O my soul. I will sing praise to my God as long as I live.

Do not put your trust in princes, in mortal men, who cannot save.

Blessed is he whose hope is in the LORD his God, the maker of heaven and earth.

The LORD gives food to the hungry, the LORD sets prisoners free.

The LORD gives sight to the blind, the LORD lifts up those who are bowed down.

The LORD watches over the outcast and sustains the fatherless and the widow.

The LORD remains faithful forever. He upholds the cause of the oppressed.

Glor - y be to the Father and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Spir - it,

as it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and will be for - ev - er. / A - men.