We give immortal praise



We give immortal praise To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And better hopes above; He sent His own eternal Son, To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs Immortal glory too, Who bought us with His blood From everlasting woe: And now He lives, and now He reigns, And sees the fruit of all His pains. To God the Spirit's name Immortal worship give, Whose new-creating power Makes the dead sinner live; His work completes the great design, And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee Be endless honors done, The undivided Three, And the mysterious One: Where reason fails, with all her powers, There faith prevails, and love adores.

Isaac Watts