Praise to God, immortal praise





Praise to God, immortal praise, for the love that crowns our days; bounteous source of every joy, let thy praise our tongues employ: all to thee, our God, we owe, source whence all our blessings flow.

All the plenty summer pours; autumn's rich o'erflowing stores; flocks that whiten all the plain; yellow sheaves of ripened grain: Lord, for these our souls shall raise grateful vows and solemn praise. As thy prospering hand hath blessed, may we give thee of our best; and by deeds of kindly love for thy mercies grateful prove; singing thus through all our days praise to God, immortal praise.

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