

PRAISE TO GOD, IMMORTAL PRAISE

Verse 1

Praise to God, immortal praise,
for the love that crowns our days;
bounteous Source of every joy,
let thy praise our tongues employ:

Verse 2

for the blessings of the fields,
for the stores the garden yields,
flocks that whiten all the plain;
yellow sheaves of ripened grain,

Verse 3

All that spring with bounteous hand
scatters o'er the smiling land,
all that liberal autumn pours
from its rich o'erflowing stores.

Verse 4

These, to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
and for these our souls shall raise
grateful vows and solemn praise.