Praise To God, Immortal Praise

Words: Mrs. A. L. Barbauld
Music: R. Menthal

1. 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.

2. All the plenty summer pours; Autumn's rich overflowing stores;
   Flocks that whiten all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
   Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3. Peace, prosperity, and health, Private bliss, and public wealth,
   Knowledge with its glad'ning streams, Pure religion's holier beams;
   Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4. As Thy prospering hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best;
   And by deeds of kindly love For Thy mercies grateful prove;
   Singing thus thru all our days, Praise to God, immortal praise. Amen.