

Praise, O praise our God and King

Praise, O praise our God and King;
hymns of adoration sing;
for his mercies still endure
ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him that he made the sun
day by day his course to run;
for his mercies still endure
ever faithful, ever sure;

and the silver moon by night,
shining with her gentle light;
for his mercies still endure
ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him that he gave the rain
to mature the swelling grain;
for his mercies still endure
ever faithful, ever sure;

and hath bid the fruitful field
crops of precious increase yield;
for his mercies still endure
ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him for our harvest-store,
he hath filled the garner-floor;
for his mercies still endure
ever faithful, ever sure.

And for richer food than this,
pledge of everlasting bliss;
for his mercies still endure
ever faithful, ever sure.

Glory to our bounteous King;
glory let creation sing;
glory to the Father, Son,
and blest Spirit, Three in One.

Words: Henry Williams Baker, 1861
Music: Monkland, Harts, Keine Schönheit
Meter: 77 77