

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.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
private bliss and public wealth,
knowledge with its gladdening streams,
pure religion's beams:
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.

Words: Anna Laetitia Barbauld, 1772 (US version)

Music: Dix

for a four-line version set to Monkland, .

Meter: 77 77 77