

Hymn Lyrics

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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.

PART I.

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 blessings of the fields.
All the stores the garden yields.
Flocks that whiten all the plain.
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours.
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health.
Private bliss and public wealth.
Knowledge, with its gladd'ning streams.
Pure religion's holier beams;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise

Gratefid vows and solema piavae.

PART II.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Should thine altered hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain.
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroys
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

7 Life and grace, whatever our woe,
Still to thee, our God, we owe;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heaven is left;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

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or a four-line version set to Monkland, click