Praise To God, Immortal Praise

Anna Laetitia Barbauld

Praise to God, immortal praise,
for the love that
All the plenty summer pours;
autumn's rich o'er-
As Thy pros'ring hand hath blessed,
may we give Thee
crowns our days:
bounteous source of every joy,
flowing stores;
flocks that whiten all the plain;
of our best;
and by deeds of kindly love
let Thy praise our tongues employ:
all to Thee, our
yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our
for Thy mercies grateful prove;
singing thus through
God, we owe, source whence all our blessings flow.
souls shall raise grateful vows and solemn praise.
all our days praise to God, immortal praise.