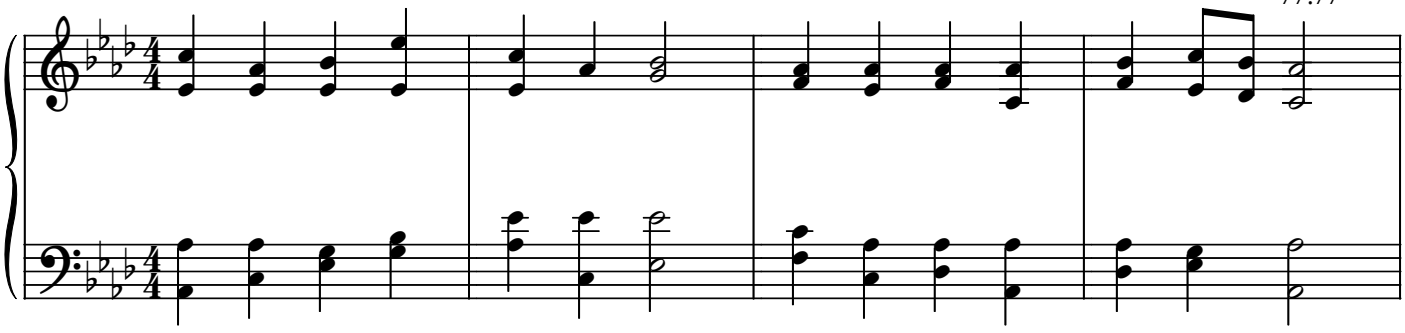
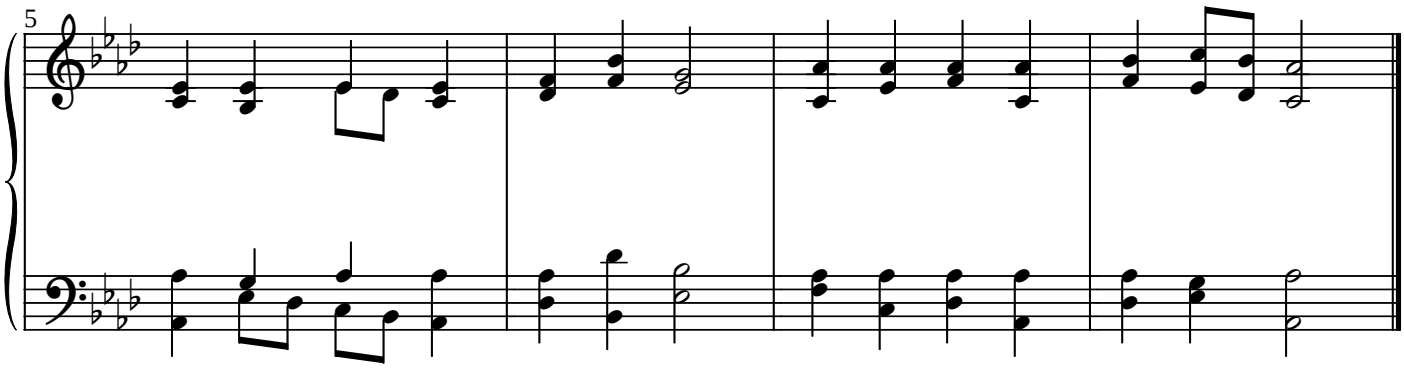
Praise to God, immortal praise

Johann R. Able, 1664

Nuremberg
77.77





Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet to Thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

Anna L. Barbauld