

Praise we our God with joy
and gladness never ending;
angels and saints with us
their grateful voices blending.
He is our Father dear,
o'er filled with parent's love;
mercies unsought, unknown,
He showers from above.

He is our Shepherd true;
with watchful care unsleeping,
on us, His erring sheep
an eye of pity keeping;
He with a mighty arm
the bonds of sin doth break,
and to our burden'd hearts
in words of peace doth speak.

Graces in copious stream
from that pure fount are welling,
where, in our hearts of hearts,
our God hath set His dwelling.
His word our latern is;
His peace our comfort still;
His sweetness all our rest;
our law, our life, His will.