Thanksgiving Day

1. We plow the fields and scatter the good seed on the land,
   But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand;

2. He only is the Maker of all things near and far;
   He paints the way-side flower, He lights the evening star.

3. We thank you then, O Father, for all things bright and good,
   The seed-time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food:

   He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
   The winds and waves obey him, by him, the birds are fed;

   No gifts have we to offer for all your love imparts,
   The breezes and the sunshine, the soft, refreshing rain.

   Much more to us, his children, he gives our daily bread.
   But that which You desire of us—our humble, thankful hearts.

Refrain

   For all good gifts around us are sent from heav'n above;
   Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His grace and love.

Text: Matthias Claudius, 1782; tr. J. M. Cambpell, 1861
Melody: Pod tvoj pokrov / We hasten to your patronage (traditional)