

We plough the fields and scatter
the good seed on the land,
but it is fed and watered
by God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
the warmth to swell the grain,
the breezes and the sunshine,
and soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
are sent from heav'n above,
then thank the Lord,
O thank the Lord, for all His love.*

He only is the Maker
of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the ev'ning star.
The winds and waves obey Him,
by Him the birds are fed:
much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
for all things bright and good:
the seed-time and the harvest,
our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
for all Thy love imparts,
but that which Thou desirest,
our humble, thankful hearts.