

# Thanksgiving Day

THURSDAY AFTER NOVEMBER 21



1. We plow the fields and scat - ter the good seed on the land,  
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er of all things near and far;  
3. We thank you then, O Fa - ther, for all things bright and good,



But it is fed and wa - tered by God's al - might - y hand;  
He paints the way-side flow - er, He lights the ev'n - ing star.  
The seed-time and the har - vest, our life, our health, our food:



He sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the grain,  
The winds and waves o - bey him, by him, the birds are fed;  
No gifts have we to of - fer for all your love im - parts,



The breez - es and the sun - shine, the soft, re - fresh - ing rain.  
Much more to us, his chil - dren, he gives our dai - ly bread.  
But that which You de - sire of us— our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts.

## Refrain



For all good gifts a - round us are sent from heav'n a - bove;



Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His grace and love.

Text: Matthias Claudius, 1782; tr. J. M. Campbell, 1861

Melody: *Pod tvoj pokrov / We hasten to your patronage* (traditional)