1 We plow the fields, and scatter the good seed on the land,
2 He only is the Maker of all things near and far;
3 We thank thee, then, O Father, for all things bright and good,

but it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand;
he paints the way-side flower, he lights the evening star;
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;
the gifts we have to offer are what thy love imparts,

the breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain.
much more to us, his children, he gives our daily bread.
but chiefly thou desirest our humble thankful hearts.

All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above;
then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all his love.

Thanksgiving Day.
Words: Matthias Claudius (1740-1815); tr. Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817-1876), alt.
Music: Wir pflegen, Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (1747-1800)

76. 76. D with Refrain
Praise to God

1 All creatures of our God and King, lift up your voices, let us sing:
   Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia! Bright burning sun with golden beams, pale silver moon that gently gleams,

2 Great rushing winds and breezes soft, you clouds that ride the heavens afar off.
   O praise him, Al-le-lu-ia! Fair rising morn with praise rejoice, stars nightly shining, find a voice,

3 Swift flowing water, pure and clear, make music for your Lord to hear.
   Al-le-lu-ia! Fire, so in tense and fierce bright, you give to us both warmth and light,

4 Dear mother earth, you day by day unfold your blessings on our way.
   O praise him, Al-le-lu-ia! All flowers and fruits that in you grow, let them their glory all so show:

5 All you with mercy in your heart, for giving others, take your part.
   O sing now: Al-le-lu-ia! All you that home the child of God, for Christ our Lord that way has trod:

6 And even you, most gentle death, waiting to hush our final breath.
   O praise him, Al-le-lu-ia! You lead back Father, praise the Son, and praise the Spirit, Three in One:

7 Let all things their creator bless, and worship him in humble
   O praise him, O praise him, Al-le-lu-ia,

Refrain

The refrain may be sung antiphonally, by phrase; all join in the final Alleluia.

Words: Francis of Assisi (1182-1226); tr. William H. Draper (1855-1933), alt.
Music: Lassu us ergemeus, melody from Ausserlesene Catholische Geistliche Kirchengesang, 1623; adapt. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

88. 44. 88 with Refrain
Unison or harmony

1 As those of old their first fruits brought of vine-yard, flock, and
2 A world in need now summons us to la-bor, love, and
3 With grat-i-tude and hum-ble trust we bring our best to

field to God, the giv-er of all good, the
give; to make our life an of-fer-ing to
thee to serve thy cause and share thy love with

source of boun-teous yield; so we to-day our
God that all may live; the Church of Christ is
all hu-man-i-ty. O thou who gav-est

first fruits bring, the wealth of this good land, of
calling us to make the dream come true: a
us thy-self in Je-sus Christ thy Son, help

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