1. We plow the fields and scatter the good seed on the land, But it is 

2. He only is the Maker of all things near and far, He paints the

3. We thank Thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good, The seed time

fed and watered by God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in 
way-side flower, He lights the evening star; The winds and waves o-
and the harvest, our life, our health, our food. No gifts have we to 

winter, the warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sunshine 
bey Him, by Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His children, 
of fer for all Thy love in parts; But that which Thou desirest:

and soft refreshing rain. He gives our daily bread. All good gifts a-round us are sent from 

our humble, thankful hearts.

Heav'n above; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love.