



## “A THANKSGIVING PRAYER”

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We come, O Lord, these Autumn days, With hymns of gratitude and praise.  
Harvest of gold the plains adorn, Rich fruits roll forth from Plenty's horn;  
Thou givest treasures from the rocks; The little hills are clothed with flocks;  
The seas are with their burden white, And new Thy mercies day and night.

For changing seasons as they go, For Autumn's leaf, for Winter's snow,  
For the green verdure of the Spring, For life in plant and life on wing,  
For Summer with its ripening heat, For hopes the rounded years complete,  
For morn and noon, for night and day, For light that marks our onward way;

For all the blessings of Thy hand, For freedom in fair freedom's land,  
Pursuits of thrift that bring us wealth, For schools and churches, peace and health,  
For commerce, yielding up her stores, Brought for man's use from distant shores;  
For countless gifts, O Lord, we raise Our hymns of gratitude and praise.

Thou settest man in families, And all his wants the earth supplies;  
Of children, be they far or near, Of children's children gathered here,  
We thank Thee for Thy gracious care, And lift for them the secret prayer,  
As clustered 'round each social board We eat and drink, and praise the Lord.