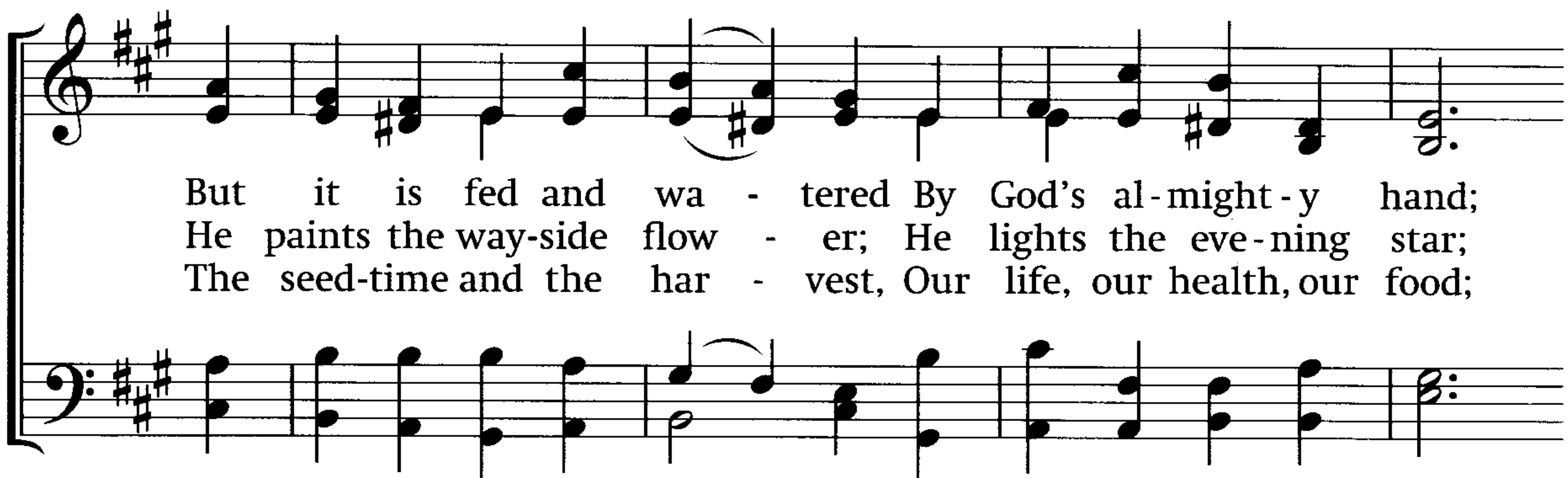
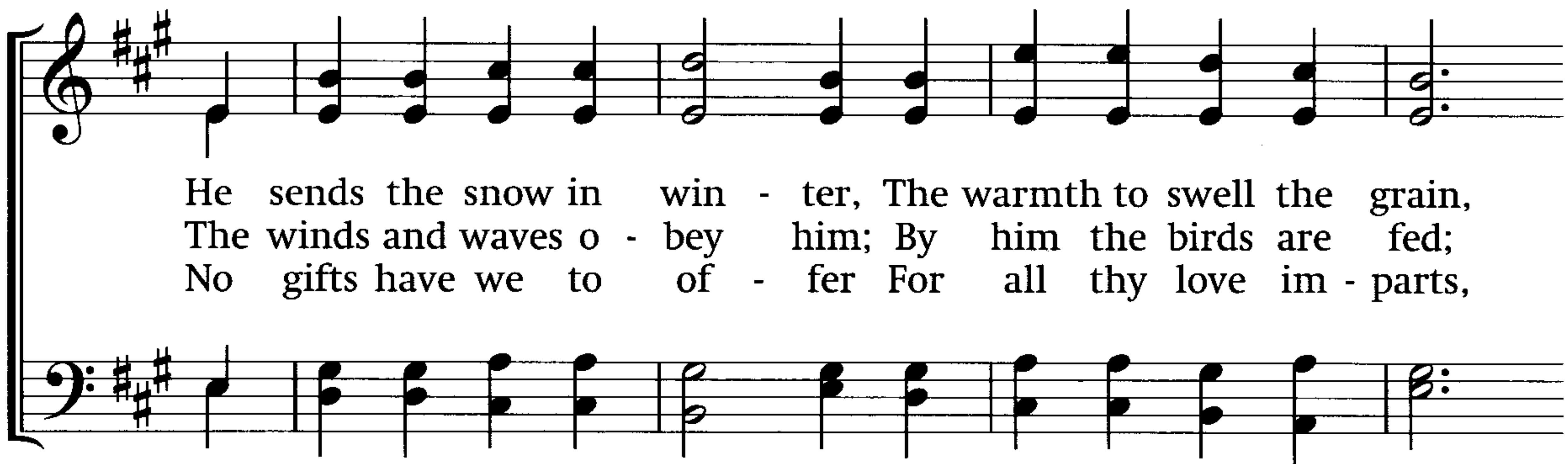


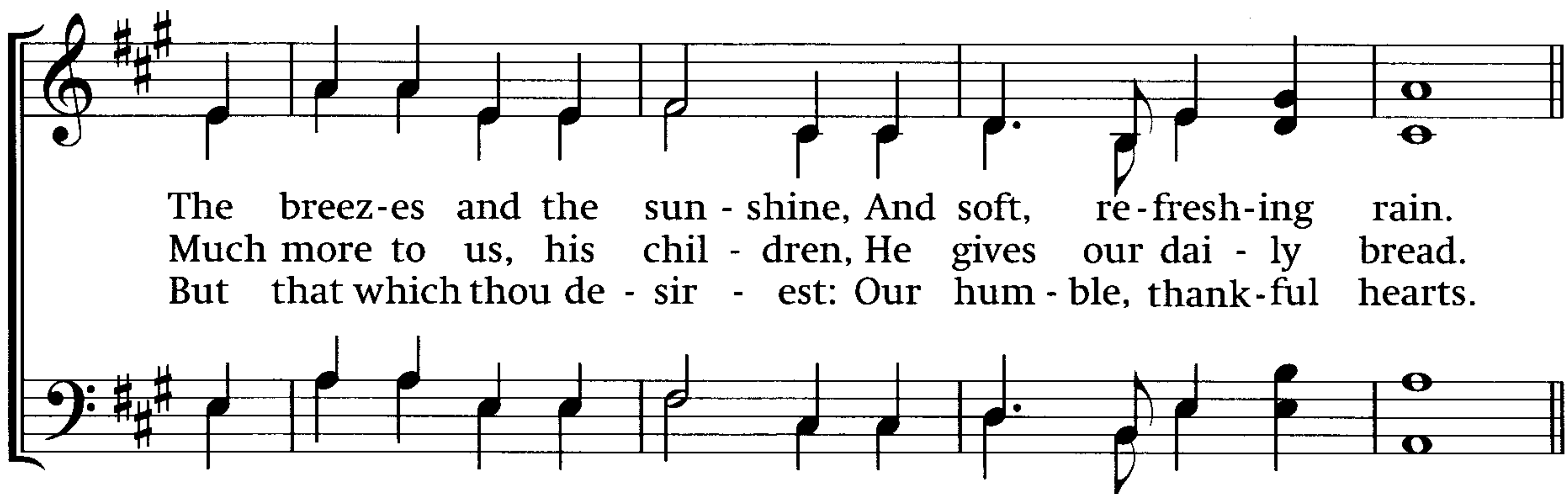
1. We plow the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
 2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far;
 3. We thank thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good,



But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand;
 He paints the way-side flow - er; He lights the eve-ning 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 thy love im - parts,



The breez-es and the sun - shine, And soft, re-fresh-ing rain.
 Much more to us, his chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread.
 But that which thou de - sir - est: Our hum - ble, thank-ful hearts.

refrain

All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove;

Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all his love.

Text: Matthias Claudius, 1782; tr. Jane M. Campbell
Tune: Johann A.P. Schulz, 1800

CLAUDIUS
7.6.7.6 D with refrain

205

HYMNS OF THANKSGIVING

1. Thank you, Lord, thank you, Lord,
2. Been so good, been so good,

thank you, Lord,
been so good, I just want to thank you, Lord.

Text: anonymous
Tune: Negro spiritual; arr. Stephen Key, 2000, alt. Arr. ©2000, GIA Publications, Inc.

His eye is on the spar-row, And I know he watch - es

me. His eye is on the spar-row,

And I know he watch-es me. I sing be-cause I'm

hap - py; I sing be-cause I'm free;

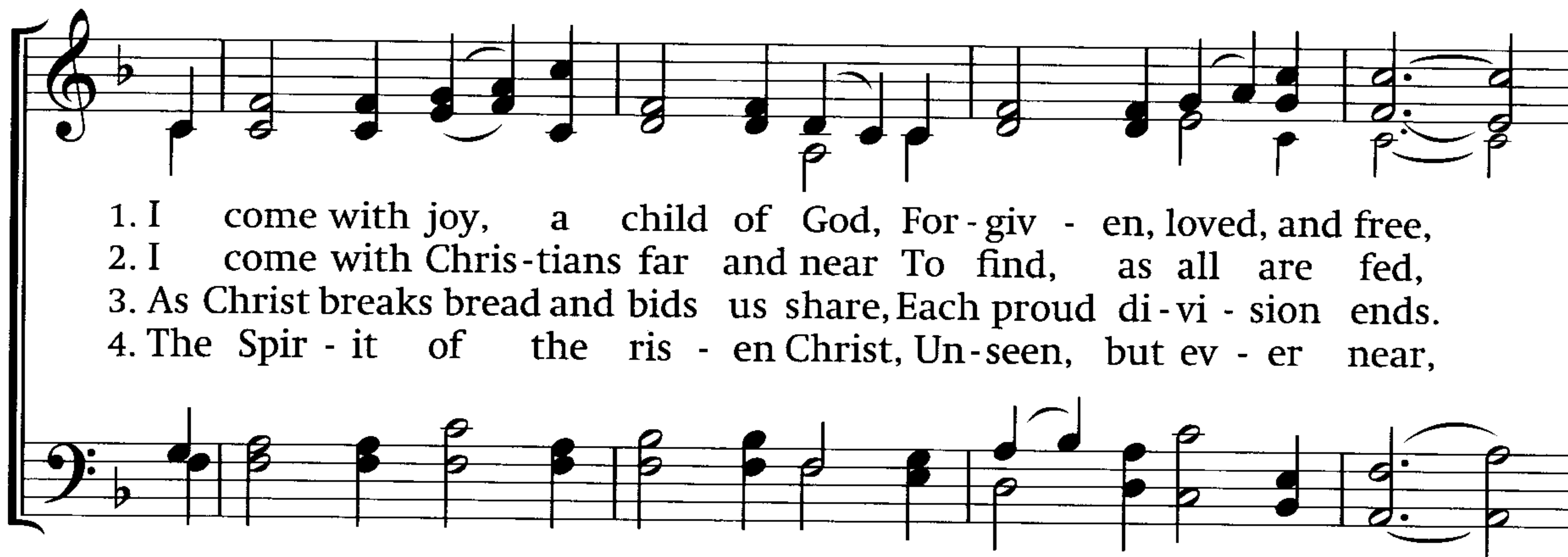
For his eye is on the spar-row, And I know he watches me.

Text: Civilla D. Martin, 1905

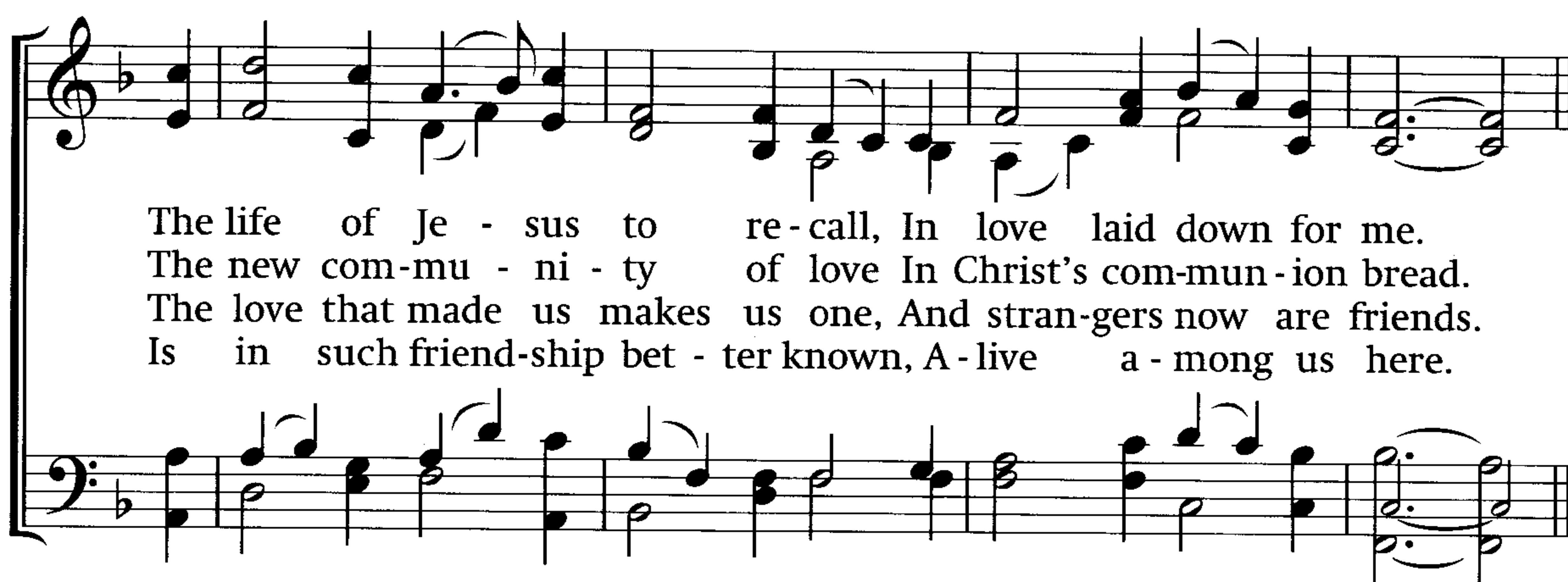
Tune: Charles H. Gabriel, 1905; arr. Horace Boyer (1935-), alt.

SPARROW

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.7.7.7 with refrain



1. I come with joy, a child of God, For-giv - en, loved, and free,
 2. I come with Chris-tians far and near To find, as all are fed,
 3. As Christ breaks bread and bids us share, Each proud di-vi - sion ends.
 4. The Spir - it of the ris - en Christ, Un-seen, but ev - er near,



The life of Je - sus to re-call, In love laid down for me.
 The new com-mu - ni - ty of love In Christ's com-mun-ion bread.
 The love that made us makes us one, And stran-gers now are friends.
 Is in such friend-ship bet - ter known, A-live a-mong us here.

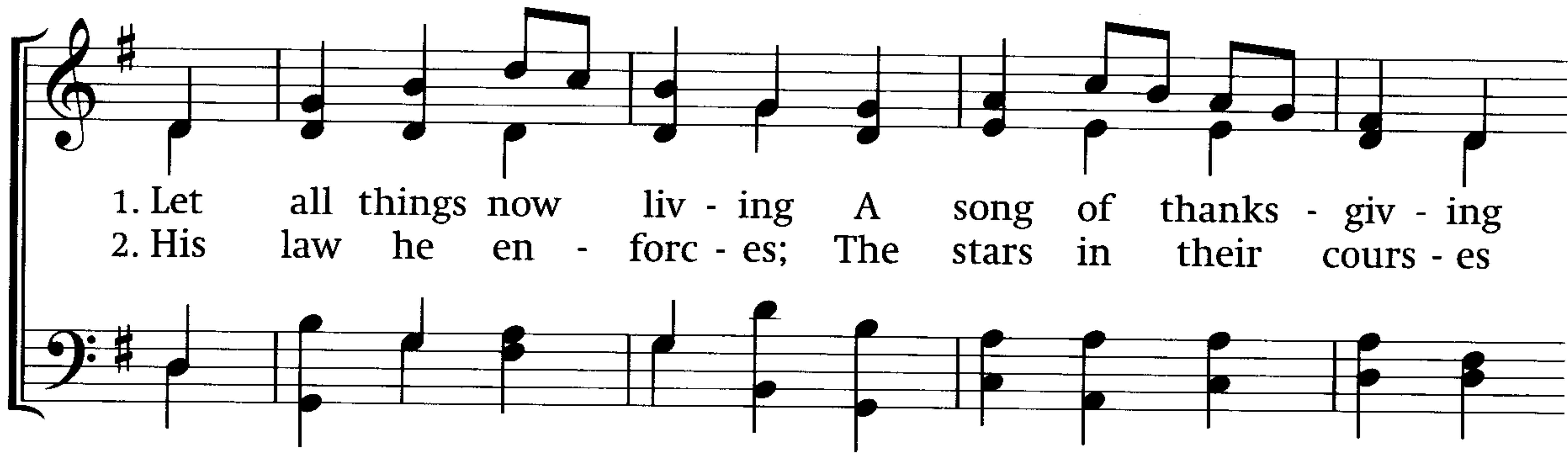
5. Together met, together bound
 By all that God has done,
 We'll go with joy to give the world
 The love that makes us one.

Text: Brian A. Wren, 1970. ©1971, rev. 1995 Hope Publishing Company.


Tune: American melody; arr. Annabel Morris Buchanan, 1938.

©1938 (renewed), by J. Fischer & Bro.

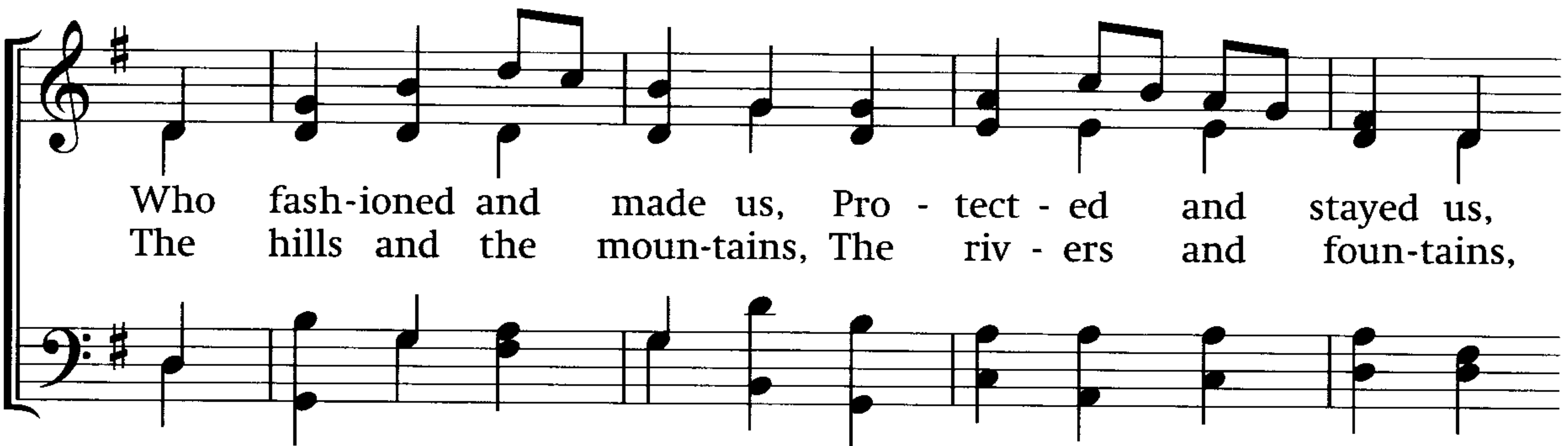
LAND OF REST
 CM



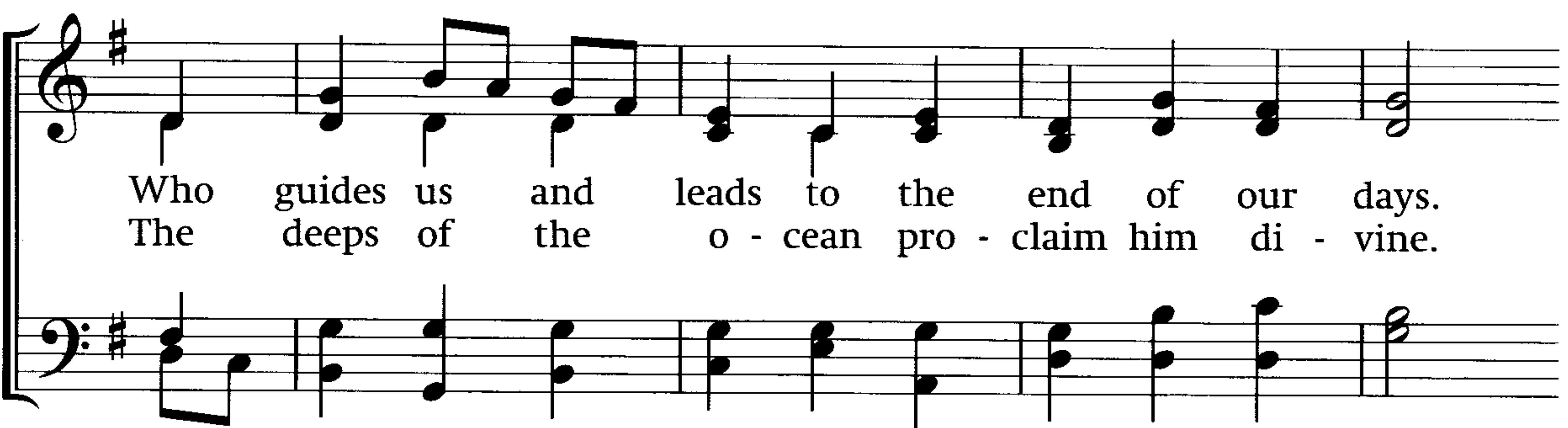
1. Let all things now liv - ing A song of thanks - giv - ing
2. His law he en - forc - es; The stars in their cours - es



To God our Cre - a - tor tri - umph - ant - ly raise,
And sun in its or - bit o - be - dient - ly shine;



Who fash - ioned and made us, Pro - tect - ed and stayed us,
The hills and the moun - tains, The riv - ers and foun - tains,



Who guides us and leads to the end of our days.
The deeps of the o - cean pro - claim him di - vine.



His ban - ners are o'er us; His light goes be - fore us,
We too should be voic - ing Our love and re - joic - ing;

A pil - lar of fire shin - ing forth in the night,
 With glad ad - o - ra - tion a song let us raise,

Till shad - ows have van - ished And dark - ness is ban - ished,
 Till all things now liv - ing U - nite in thanks - giv - ing:

As for - ward we trav - el from light in - to light.
 To God in the high - est, ho - san - na and praise!