

A Thanksgiving

Lucy Larcom, 1891.

19th Century American camp meeting tune.

For the wealth of pathless forests,  
Whereon no axe may fall;  
For the winds that haunt the branches,  
The young bird's timid call;  
For the red leaves dropped like rubies  
Upon the dark green sod;  
For the waving of the forests,  
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the sound of waters gushing  
In bubbling beads of light;  
For the fleets of snow white lilies  
Firm anchored out of sight;  
For the reeds among the eddies,  
The crystal on the clod;  
For the flowing of the rivers,  
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty  
Along the toiler's way;  
For the violet's eye that opens  
To bless the newborn day;  
For the bare twigs that in summer  
Bloom like the prophet's rod;  
For the blossoming of flowers,  
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,  
In brightness and in dread;  
For the peaks where snow and sunshine  
Alone have dared to tread;  
For the dark of silent gorges,  
Whence mighty cedars nod;  
For the majesty of mountains,  
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,  
Vast mirrored on the sea;  
For the gold fringed clouds that curtain  
Heaven's inner mystery;  
For the molten bars of twilight,  
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;  
For the glory of the sunsets,  
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth, and all its beauty,  
The sky, and all its light;  
For the dim and soothing shadows  
That rest the dazzled sight;  
For unfading fields and prairies,  
Where sense in vain has trod;  
For the world's exhaustless beauty,  
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll o'erwritten  
With one dear Name adored;  
For the heav'nly in the human,  
The Spirit in the Word;

For the tokens of Thy presence  
Within, above, abroad;  
For Thine own great gift of Being,  
I thank Thee, O my God!