

Great Giver of All Good

Ann Gilbert, 1827.

Johann Spiess, 1745.

Great Giver of all good,
To Thee our thanks we yield
For all the beauties of the wood,
Of hill, and dale, and field.

Ten thousand various flowers
To Thee sweet offerings bear,
And joyous birds in woodlands bowers
Sing forth Thy tender care.

The fields on every side
The trees on every hill,
The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
Proclaim Thy wonders still.

But trees, and fields, and skies
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

These living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossoms of the thousand flowers
Would please the Savior less.

While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die;
O tune them all to sing Thy praise
In better songs on high.