

We Thank Thee, Our Father  
Daniel Poling, 1917.  
Charles Gabriel.

For the fruits of the earth,  
And the sky and the sea,  
For the bountiful harvests  
So wondrously free,  
For the gold of the autumn,  
The sear and the brown,  
For the bloom of the flower  
When winter is flown,  
For the work and the play,  
For the night and the day,

Refrain

We thank Thee, our Father,  
Yea, praise and extol;  
We thank Thee, our Father,  
Great God of us all.

For the touch of wee hands,  
In the tender caress,  
For the lips of the fairest,  
And dearest we press,  
For the strength of our fathers,  
Whose vigor we share,  
For the faith of our mothers,  
For love that they bear  
For the friends of tried worth,  
For the land of our birth,

Refrain

For the toil of our hands,  
For the task that commands,  
For the field that is white  
Unto harvest demands,  
For the hope of the triumph  
Of peace o'er the sword,  
For the Son of High Heaven,  
Our Savior and Lord,  
For the crown that He wore,  
For the cross that He bore,

Refrain