

Thanksgiving

Words: Franklin Belden, 1882

Music: D. S. Hakes.

Thanksgiving to the Lord belongs
For all His love and care;
With grateful hearts and thankful songs,
Thanksgiving all may share.
Our Father from His bounteous hand
Lets many blessings fall;
Our life, our friends and freedom's land,
We owe to Him our all.

Refrain

Sing praise, to the Lord,
For all His bounties shown;
Let every heart a tribute bring,
And make His goodness known.

He speaks, and waking nature smiles
In blooming verdure, gay,
And Spring in merry song reviles
Old Winter, cold and gray.
He robes the earth in ripeness o'er,
His goodness to proclaim;
He crowns the year with harvest store;
Thanksgiving to His name.

Refrain

Oh! praise the Lord, whose works appear
In Heaven, earth and sea;
His mighty name let all revere,
And ever thankful be.
He is a refuge for the soul
Who trusts in Him alone,
And when our years shall cease to roll,
We'll praise him round His throne.

Refrain