

Give Thanks.

Ho, Friends of the harvest field,
Let us sing of the golden yield;
Some sixty fold
And more is told
Puts forth its glittering shield.

Give thanks unto God as king,
Give thanks in everything:
The world is blest
Since harvest best
Has given the song to sing.

Let the tongue speak forth its praise,
Let the heart its triumph raise;
For God is good
And now He would
That you sing with me these lays.

Oh, Beautiful Golden Grain
Thy glory has come again.
Here thou shalt feed
And none shall need
For all may share of thy gain.

The laboring man is glad
For thy strength is all he had.
Today he's out
With cheer and shout
And hurries with every lad.

Thy blessings must come to all,
Thy riches to great and small,
For none may hold
In heat or cold
Thy good from filling its call.

If thou shouldst withhold thy head
The world would soon cry for bread.
But here thou art
To fill thy part
And soften the toiler's bed.

How often hast thou been blest
How often has man confess
That thou art true
And then to you
Has offered his very best.

So we sing thy praise today
While our hearts are light and gay.
We must rejoice
For 'tis our choice
To laud thee along the way.

May thy name be blest on high;
Let God with His good reply:
To Him be praise
Thy strength shall raise
The hurry about to die.

—J. W. KINGSTON.