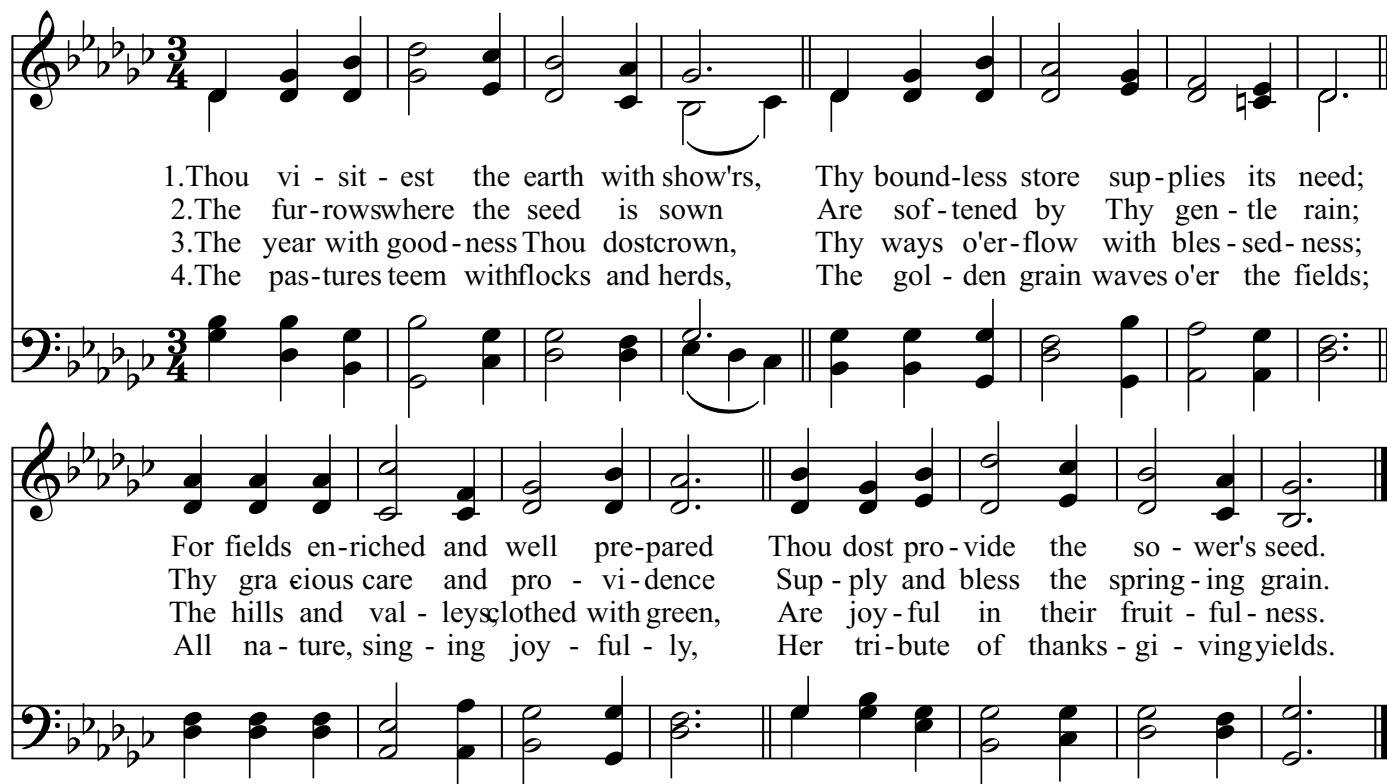


167. Harvest Thanksgiving



1. Thou vi - sit - est the earth with show'rs, Thy bound-less store sup-plies its need;
 2. The fur-rows where the seed is sown Are sof-tened by Thy gen-tle rain;
 3. The year with good-ness Thou dost crown, Thy ways o'er-flow with bles-sed-ness;
 4. The pas-tures teem with flocks and herds, The gol-den grain waves o'er the fields;

For fields en-riched and well pre-pared Thou dost pro-vide the so-wer's seed.
 Thy gra-cious care and pro-vi-dence Sup-ply and bless the spring-ing grain.
 The hills and val-leys clothed with green, Are joy-ful in their fruit-ful-ness.
 All na-ture, sing-ing joy-ful-ly, Her tri-bute of thanks-gi-ving yields.