

1. We plough the fertile meadows, and sow the furrow'd land; But yet the waving harvest depends on God's own hand; It is his mercy gives us the sunshine and the rain,

2. By him are all things fashioned around us and afar, He made the earth and ocean, and every shining star; He made the pleasant spring time, the summer bright and warm,

3. He makes the glorious sunset, the moon to sail on high, He bids the breezes fan us, and thund'ring clouds to fly; He gives us every blessing,—to him our lives we owe;

CHORUS

That paints the verdant beauty, the mountains and the plain. Every blessing we enjoy, comes to us from God; Then praise his name, then praise his name, For he is ever good, &c.

The golden days of autumn, the winter and the storm. Every blessing we enjoy, comes to us from God; Then praise his name, then praise his name, For he is ever good, For &c.

He sent his Son to save us from sin, and death and woe. Every blessing we enjoy, comes to us from God; Then praise his name, then praise his name, For he is ever good, &c.