

*He . . . gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons,  
filling our hearts with food and gladness. Acts 14:17*

Matthias Claudius, 1782

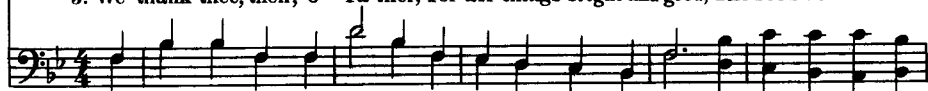
Tr. by Jane M. Campbell, 1861

WIR PFLÜGEN 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with refrain

Johann A. P. Schulz, 1800



1. We plough the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and  
2. He on - ly is the Ma-ker Of all things near and far; He paints the way-side  
3. We thank thee, then, O Fa-ther, For all things bright and good, The seed-time and the



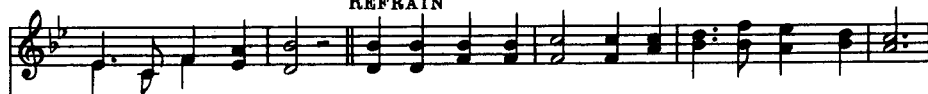
wa-tered By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter,  
flow-er, He lights the eve-ning star; The winds and waves o - bey him,  
har-vest, Our life, our health, our food: No gifts have we to of - fer



The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun - shine, And  
By him the birds are fed; Much more to us, his chil - dren, He  
For all thy love im - parts, But that which thou de - sir - est, Our



#### REFRAIN



soft re-fresh-ing rain.  
gives our dai-ly bread. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a-bove;  
hum-ble, thank-ful hearts.



Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all his love. A - MEN.

