

HYMN

#

We plow the fields

A E

1 We plow the field and scat - ter the good seed on the land,
 2 He on - ly is the Ma - ker of all things near and far;
 3 We thank you, then, O Fa - ther, for all things bright and good:

A E (B⁷ E) A E (B⁷ C^{#m} E) A B⁷ E

but it is fed and wa - tered by God's al - might - y hand;
 he paints the way-side flow - er, he lights the eve - ning star;
 the seed - time and the har - vest, our life, our health, our food;

A E⁷ A E A E

he sends the snow in win - ter, the warmth to swell the grain,
 the wind and waves o - bey him, by him the birds are fed;
 no gifts have we to of - fer for all your love im - parts,

A F^{#m} D E⁷ A

the breez - es and the sun - shine, and soft re - fresh - ing rain.
 much more to us, his chil - dren, he gives our dai - ly bread.
 but that which you de - sire now: our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts.

Text: Matthias Claudius, 1782; tr. by Jane M. Campbell 1861, alt.
 Tune: Johann A. P. Schutz, 1800

76 76 D with refrain
 WIR PFLÜGEN

Refrain

A E A E⁷ A E

All good gifts a - round us are sent from heav'n a - bove;

A E A F#m (C# F#m) D A E⁷ A

then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all his love.