

THANKSGIVING



Once again our glad thanksgivings
 Rise before our Father's throne,
 As we try to count the blessings
 Of the year so swiftly flown.
 As we trace the wondrous workings
 Of His wisdom, power, and love,
 And unite our "Holy! Holy!"
 With the seraphim above.

He has blessed our favored country
 With a free and bounteous hand;
 Peace and plenty in our borders,
 Liberty through all our land.
 And although our sins and follies
 Oft provoked Him to His face,
 Mercy still restrains His judgments,
 And prolongs our day of grace.

As we gather 'round our firesides
 On this new Thanksgiving Day,
 Time would fail to count the blessings
 That have followed all our way;
 Grace sufficient, help and healing,
 Prayer oft answered at our call;
 And the best of all our blessings,
 Christ Himself, our all in all.

While we love to "count the blessings,"
 Grateful for the year that's gone,
 Faith would sweep a wider vision,
 Hope would gaze yet further on.
 For the signals all around us
 Seem with one accord to say,
 "Christ is coming soon to bring us
 Earth's last, best Thanksgiving Day!"

—A. B. Simpson

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