We Plow the Fields and Scatter

1 We plow the fields and scatter the good seed on the land,
   but it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand.
   He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
   the breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain.

2 He only is the maker of all things near and far;
   he paints the way-side flower, he lights the evening star.
   The wind and waves obey him, by him the birds are fed;
   much more to us, his children, he gives our daily bread.

3 We thank you, our Creator, for all things bright and good:
   the seed-time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.
   Accept the gifts we offer for all your love imparts;
   accept what you most welcome: our humble, thankful hearts!

Text: Matthias Claudius, 1782; tr. Jane
Montgomery Campbell, 1861, alt.
Tune: Johann A. P. Schulz, 1800; harm.
John B. Dykes, 1861, alt.
Refrain

All good gifts a-round us are sent from heaven a-bove;

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