We plow the fields, and thank Thee, then, O Maker of all things near and good; But it is fed and painted the way-side flower, He lights the evening star; The seed time and the harvest, our life, our health, and food; No sends the snow in winter the warmth to swell the grain, The winds and waves obey him, by Him the birds are fed; Much gifts have we to offer, for all Thy love Imperial You, breeze and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain. more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread. that which Thou desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.