

Thanksgiving

by Edgar A. Guest

If in the cold, bleak days of old
Our pilgrim fathers thought
Upon God's blessings manifold
And all His wonders wrought;

If they amid the pain and smart
Of constant strife with care
Could pause and set one day apart
For gratitude and prayer,
Are we so cruelly beset
That all God's mercies we forget?

If they who walked with death each day,
And poverty and toil,
Could bare their heads and kneel to pray,
Upon the snow-clad soil;

If they could feel God's presence near,
Despite their thinning ranks,
And at the closing of the year
Return to Him with thanks
For all His blessings, should not we
Today His grateful children be?

As once they prayed, so let us pray:
"Dear Lord, for all Thy care;
For Thy great love from day to day
Accept our grateful prayer.
For the rich harvest of the field,
For fruit of vine and tree;
For the eternal truth revealed
In all that comes from Thee;
For all thy mercies while we live
Acknowledgment once more we give."

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