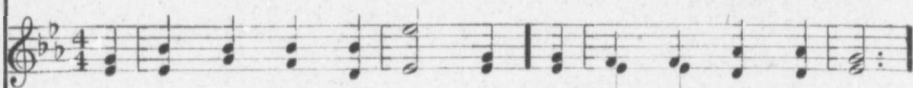


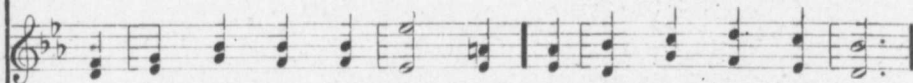
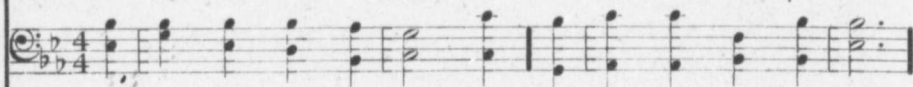
WE THANK THEE, OH, OUR FATHER

Anon.

Lausanne Psalter. Altered



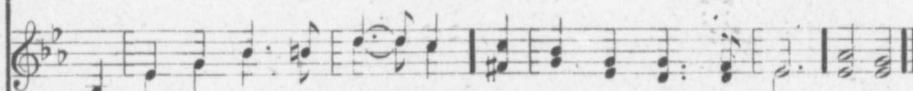
1. We thank thee, oh, our Fa - ther, For all thy lov - ing care;
 2. Out in the sun - ny mead - ows, And in the wood - lands cool,
 3. And in the dust - y cit - y, Where bus - y crowds pass by,
 4. And wheth - er in the cit - y Or in the fields they dwell;



We thank thee that thou mad - est The world so bright and fair.
 Up - on the breez - y hill - side, And by each reed - y pool,
 And where the tall, dark hous - es Stand up and hide the sky,
 Al - ways the same sweet mes - sage The fair sweet flow - ers tell.



We thank thee for the sun - shine, And for the pleas - ant showers;
 And in the qui - et pas - ture, And by the broad high - way;
 And where through lanes and al - leys No pleas - ant breez - es blow,
 For they are all so won - der - ful, They show thy power a - broad;



And, oh, our God, we thank thee, We thank thee for the flowers.
 All pure, and fresh, and stain - less, They spring up 'ev - ery day.
 E'en there, O God our Fa - ther, Thou mak'st the flow - ers grow.
 And they are all so beau - ti - ful, They tell thy love, O God. A - MEN.

