

Thanksgiving Ode

Yea, rushing onward, like a stream,

On errand blest,

Thy mercy winds 'mid sorrowing shores,

And soothing melody outpours,

A song of rest :

“Hear, Earth, oh! weary with thy strife :

I give My peace—eternal life !”

O Lord, Thy mercy spreadeth wide,

Yea, like the sea ;

Thy goodness shines in yonder Face,

Who hath His glorious dwelling-place—

Eternity.

O God, who art exceeding good,

Take all, have all, our gratitude.