

THANKSGIVING ODE

O LORD, our God, whose throne is set
 In yonder height,
Where foot of mortal cannot climb,
Nor eyesight circumscribed by time
 Dare view the light,—
Hear, Father, hear Thy children now,
While we in solemn reverence bow.

For we have seen Thy goodness, Lord—
 Exceeding great
In bounteous slope and lavish plain,
In mellow sunshine, golden grain :
 Who can relate
With equal power, in feeble word,
Thy mercy to Thy people, Lord ?