

Nor is there want of sacred ministering ;—  
 The laden trees seem priests all consecrate ;  
 The rustling cornfields seem to chant his praise.  
 Surely man's thankfulness, 'mid his estate,  
 A gladsome hymn should not forget to raise  
 To Him whose bounteous hand doth ever crown  
 our days.

To him be praise when harvest fields are bare,  
 And all the sheaves are safely gathered in ;  
 When merry threshers vex the sunny air,  
 And ruddy apples crowd the scented bin !  
 Praise him, when from the dim mill's misty din,  
 In floury bags the golden meal comes home ;  
 And praise him for the bread ye yet shall win,  
 When steaming horses plow the fertile loam,  
 And so prepare the way for harvests yet to come.

Praise him, when round the fireside, sparkling clear.  
 The household group at evening smiling meet !  
 To him whose goodness crowns the circling year  
 Lift up the choral hymn in accents sweet ;  
 The comeliness of song lift to his seat  
 Who from his palace of eternal praise  
 His earth-born children hears their joys repeat,  
 Nor answer to their thankfulness delays,  
 But more their grateful love with blessing new  
 repays.

Our chasten'd hearts shall hunger not for gold ;—  
 Enough the splendor of these sunset skies ;  
 The scarlet pomp from maple bough unrolled,—  
 The high-built woods' resplendent fantasies :