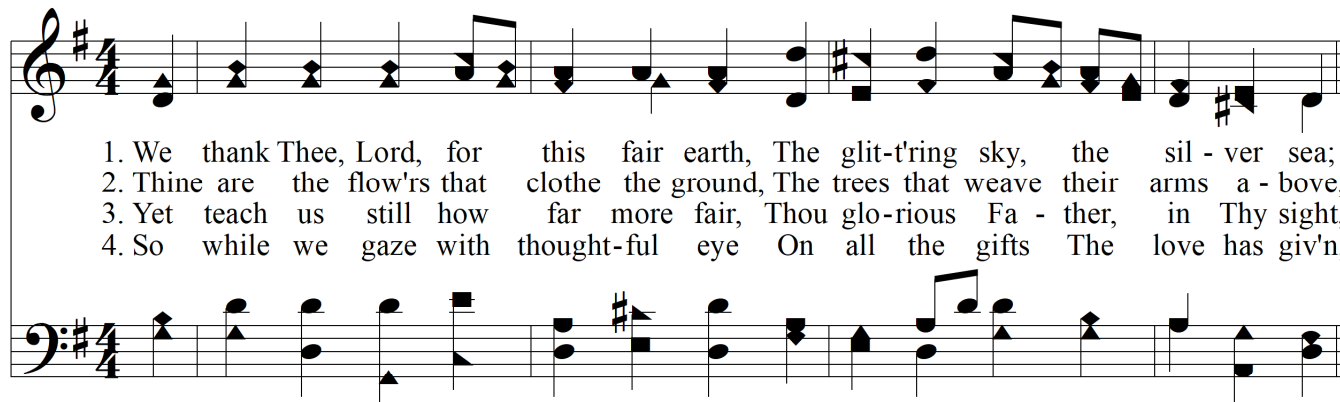
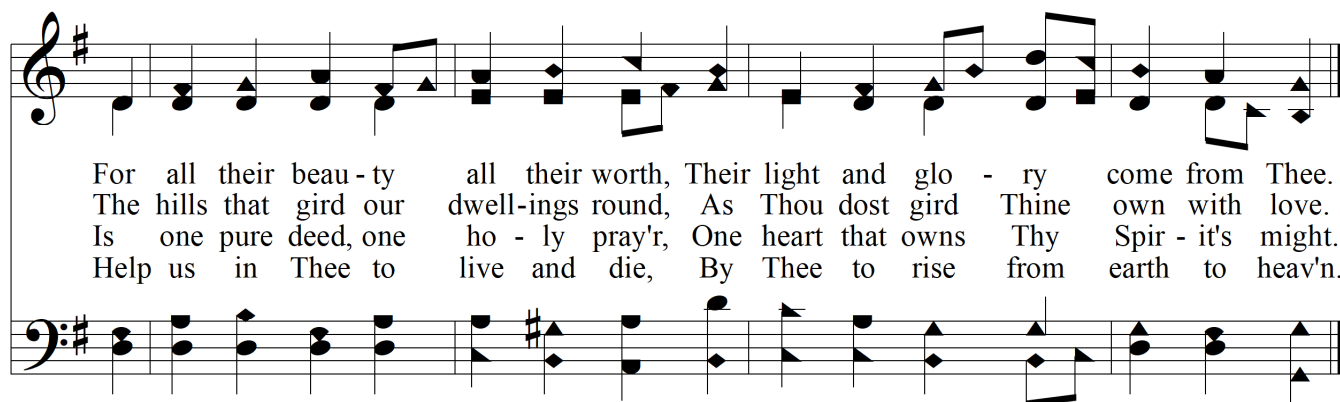


We Thank Thee, Lord

MORNING HYMN L. M.



1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil-ver sea;
2. Thine are the flow'rs that clothe the ground, The trees that weave their arms a-bove,
3. Yet teach us still how far more fair, Thou glo-rious Fa-ther, in Thy sight,
4. So while we gaze with thought-ful eye On all the gifts The love has giv'n,



For all their beau-ty all their worth, Their light and glo-ry come from Thee.
The hills that gird our dwell-ings round, As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
Is one pure deed, one ho-ly pray'r, One heart that owns Thy Spir-it's might.
Help us in Thee to live and die, By Thee to rise from earth to heav'n.