

With grateful hearts from sea to sea
A Nation turns, Oh God to Thee!
From bounteous harvests, earth's increase,
The priceless boon of perfect ^{peace}
From want expelled from all our shores
For pestilence stayed at our doors
We praise thy Name.

From homes where love and ^{hope} ~~shin~~ abound,
Where ^{comfort} ~~hope~~ ~~see~~ lightens duty's round,
Where hope buoyo up the heart of youth
While age serenely trusts thy truth
Where love gilds all the blissful year
And sweetens eve and ~~cast~~ out fear
We give thee praise.

From care that springs from earth's harsh air
From sweat-heads on the brow of toil,
From throbbing brain and weary feet
From labor with its promise sweet
Of nobler manhood yet to be
The offer grateful prove to thee
Our Father - God.

~~From~~ ^{equal chance} ~~equal laws~~ and equal right

From justice, law and

~~From safety, law and equal right~~

From all the lessons of the past,
Thou in the New World thou, at last,
Hast planted deep that Holy tree,
Blood-watered, soft by bond and free,
Whose fruit is Justice unto all
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
We give thee praise.

We thank thee that thou didst create
One equal law for black and white
That thy sweet grace and favor still
Are but for them that do they will
That by the lust of power and pride
Thou with the weak art crucified
Oh gracious Lord!

From all thou givest of good or ill
From judgement and from mercy still
That wrongs, unrighted, have not brought
The ^{ills} ~~ills~~ they justly might have wrought
That ~~mercy~~

And in thy mercy we abide

From all those guilts of good or ill,
From mercy and from judgment still
~~From love, that's half-unseen~~
From bluntness, ever half-unseen
From lessons ever half-unseen
We give thee praise, whatever betide
The future which thy love doth hide!
~~Oh generous Lord!~~
Oh Lord, Our God.

A VERSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

With bursting hearts, from sea to sea,
A Nation turns, oh, God, to Thee.
For boundless harvests, earth's increase,
The priceless boons of war and peace,
For want expelled from all our doors,
For plague arrested at our shores,--
We praise Thy Name.

For homes where light and cheer abound,--
Where comfort softens duty's round,
Where hope buoys up the heart of youth
While age serenely trusts Thy Truth,
Where love gilds all the turning year
To sweeten woe and cast out fear,--
We give Thee praise.

For care, that springs from earth's harsh soil,
The sweat-beads on the brow of toil;--
For throbbing brains and weary feet,
For labor with its promise sweet
Of fairer morrows yet to be
We offer humble thanks to Thee,
Our Father, God.

For all the truths taught by the past,--
That in the New World thou, at last,
Hast planted deep the holy tree
Blood-watered yet by bound and free
Whose fruit is justice unto all,
The near, the far, the great, the small,
We give Thee thanks.

For all Thou giv'st, of good or ill,
For mercy, and for judgement still;
For blessings, ever half unsaid,
For lessons, ever half unread;
We give Thee praise whate'er betide
The future which Thy Hand doth hide,
Oh, Lord, our God!

Aimée Turgée.

A VERSE FOR
T H A N K S G I V I N G .
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Oh, Lord, our God!

Albion W. Tourgee.