

Thanksgiving

by Martha Snell Nicolson

“We give Thee our griefs, O Father, We cast our burdens on Thee,
The woes of all Thy children, Are before Thee constantly.
We bring Thee our sins and follies, We pour our tears at Thy feet.
But help us, O Lord, to remember, That Thy heart might find it
sweet, If we brought Thee our joys and pleasures, As well as our
sorrow and tears, Would not the sound of our laughter,
Make music in Thine ears? To the earthly giver we tender,
The smile and the grateful word; How then can we be forgetting,
To thank our bountiful Lord?”

