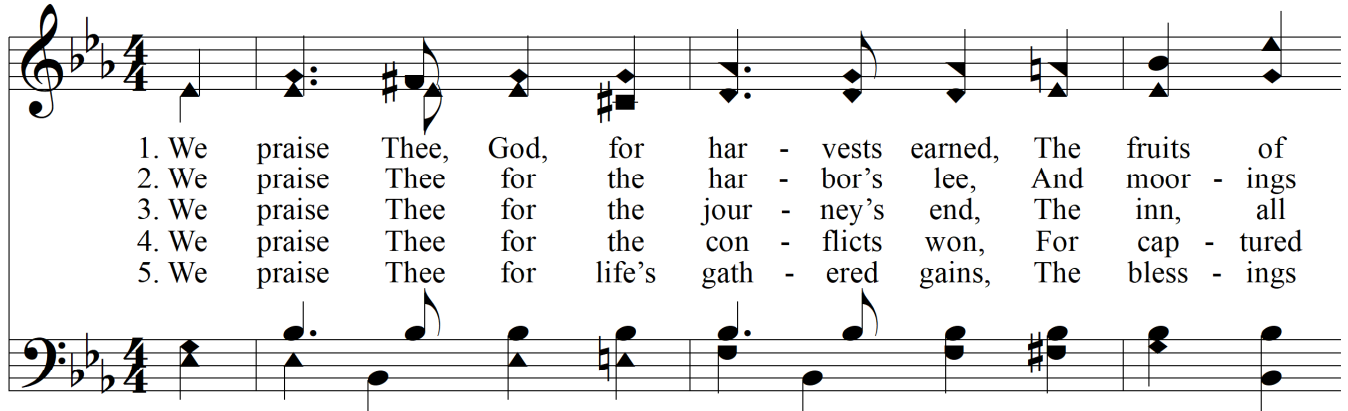
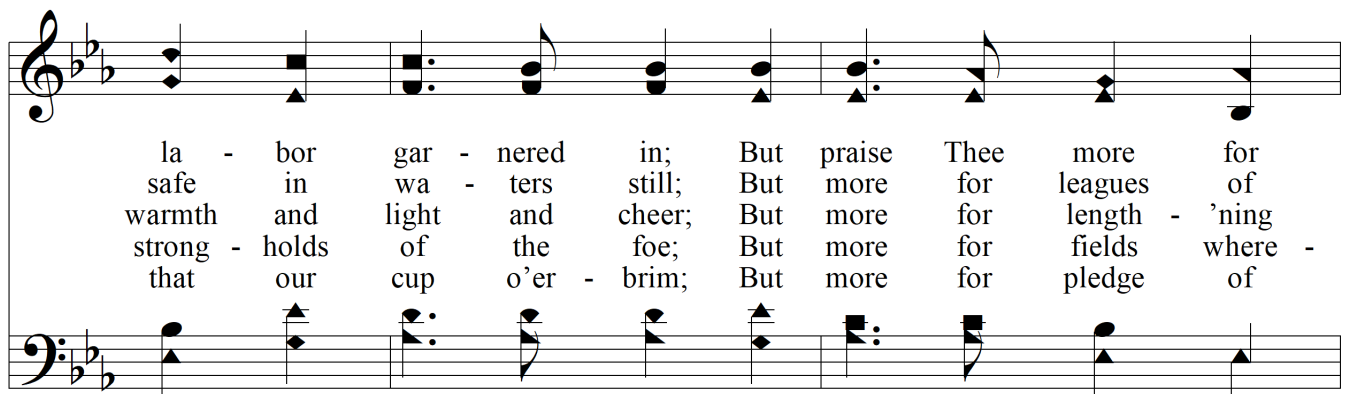


We Praise Thee, God, For Harvests Earned

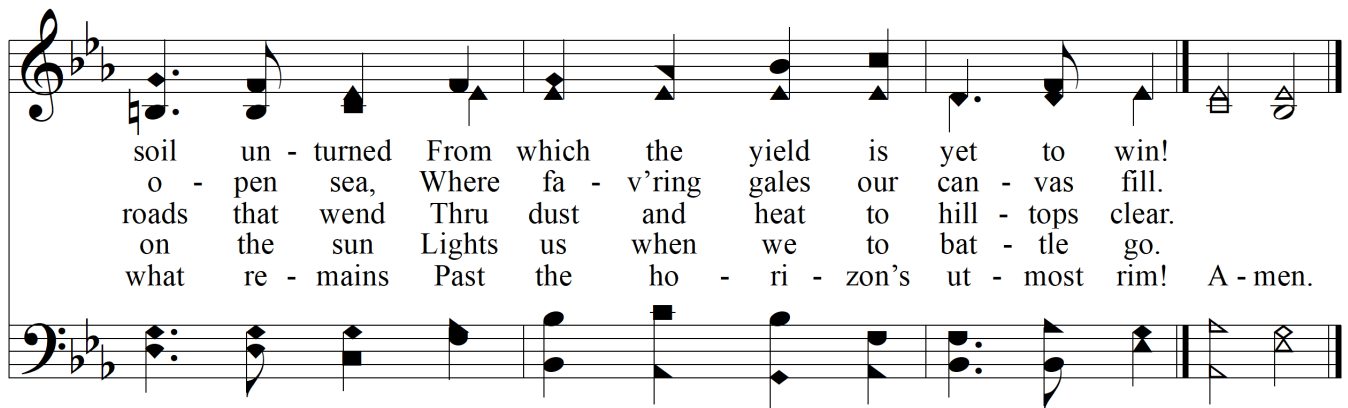
CAMDEN L. M.



1. We praise Thee, God, for har - vests earned, The fruits of
2. We praise Thee for the har - bor's lee, And moor - ings
3. We praise Thee for the jour - ney's end, The inn, all
4. We praise Thee for the con - flicts won, For cap - tured
5. We praise Thee for life's gath - ered gains, The bless - ings



la - bor gar - nered in; But praise Thee more for
safe in wa - ters still; But more for leagues of
warmth and light and cheer; But more for length - 'ning
strong - holds of the foe; But more for fields where -
that our cup o'er - brim; But more for pledge of



soil un - turned From which the yield is yet to win!
o - pen sea, Where fa - v'ring gales our can - vas fill.
roads that wend Thru dust and heat to hill - tops clear.
on the sun Lights us when we to bat - tle go.
what re - mains Past the ho - ri - zon's ut - most rim! A - men.

Words: John C. Adams (1911)

Music: John Baptise Calkin (1872)