Though we, O Lord, no fields have ploughed







Though we, O Lord, no fields have ploughed No golden corn have gathered Yet we have much to thank you for The prayers which you have answered. And so today we bring to you In token of your goodness Our hearts, our hopes, our skills, our lives To help fulfil your purpose.

A debt of gratitude we owe To those whose efforts feed us A further debt we also owe The hungry and the homeless The world you gave is capable Of feeding all the needy Yet millions thirst and hunger still To satisfy the greedy Help us to be your fertile soil In which your teachings blossom Help us to show by what we do Your love and your compassion. Help us persuade the powerful To act in selfless fashion Help us befriend the poor and weak, Support them by our actions.

So, Lord, today, we give you thanks For all your many blessings And ask again that you will grant The strength to do your bidding So that, whene?er we end our days And face the final Harvest Each one may hear you say ?Well done Thou good and faithful servant?

Charles Henrywood

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