We Plough the Fields and Scatter

Doh is A · 4/4 Tune: WIR PFLÜGEN

| s, - | d - d - s, - s, - | m - - - d - s, - | f, - m, - r, - d, -
We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the

| s, - - - - - d - |
land, But

| t, - l, - s, - m - | r - d - t, - s, - | l, - m - r - fe, -
it is fed and water'd By God's Almighty

| s, - - - - - s, - |
Hand; He

| r - r - m - m - | f - - - r - r - | s - s - f - m -
sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the

| r - - - - - s, - |
grain, The

| d - d - s, - s, - | l, - - - m, - m, - | f, - - r, s, - t, - | d - - - - - - - |
breezes, and the sunshine, And soft refreshing rain.

| d - d - d - d - | r - - - r - r - | m - - s f - m - | r - - - - - r - |
All good gifts a- round us Are sent from Heav'n a- bove, Then

| m - r - m - - r | d - t, - d - - s, | l, - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love.

The other verses

Refrain
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

3 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

4 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Tune WIR PFLÜGEN by Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (1747–1800); words by Matthias Claudius (1740–1815); translated by Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817–1878). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.