

Thanks-giving Song

by Constance Morgenstern

(These slightly altered words suit the tune Londonderry Air/"Danny Boy.")

For a version with our own tune, see WordSown.com.)

Sometimes my heart feels nearly overflowing—
like glist'ning water, brimming, just contained.
It's like a seedpod, set to burst and scatter.
I'm like those stones that must cry out with praise.
Such filling joy! My arms extend, upturning.
So many thanks, it's more a song I pray.
All Heaven's God, yet like a loving parent,
read from my heart____, beyond what words can say.

More frequently, I sense a broad contentment.
It's like this park I used to hurry by.
But now I'm here, in breezes under shade trees,
while waters, near, trade colors with the sky.
A picnic meal is opened and delicious.
The hours stretch like flower beds and grass.
Then rise in mind, what blessings do surround me,
and other mercies, Lord, both present ones and past:

A favorite taste—
A shelt'ring place—
A dearest friend—
Forgivenesses—
Wide skies at night—
One candle's light—
A time you saved—
That I am claimed—

For each of these, Lord, I must give you credit,
then mark the scope of all your care for me.
It is a practice—trusting, staying thankful—
that can sustain, when good seems hard to see.
I hope in Heav'n to praise your loving kindness,
the answered prayers, the unknown ways you've blessed.
But here or there, may thanks become more constant—
for constant is your deep and holy faithfulness.

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