

A Summer Thanksgiving

(Solo version, to the tune ELLACOMBE)

Sweet corn and ripe tomatoes
have come to local stands.
Our gardens plump with produce;
green herbs smell rich on hands.
We raise fresh thanks, enjoying
this good made by the Lord.
There's something about a garden
that tells again of God.

A garden shows God's brilliance
with sunlight, rain, and air.
So much from nearly nothing—
a plenty, meant to share.
How many fold are harvests
from one well-planted seed?
There's something about a garden
that tells again of God.

Beyond our grasp, it happens:
first seed, then plant, then food.
We sow, but it's the way of plants
to grow and make their fruit!
God's working can be like that,
among us, as in crops....
There's something about a garden
that tells again of God.

In winter—oh—it's precious.
A window bright will do.
Put last year's seeds in pots of soil—
See new life pushing through!
Then, more than seeds, we plant as well,
trust marvels will go on....
There's something about a garden
that tells again of God.

Text by Constance Morgenstern, ©2022-2026 WordSown.com.
Suggested tune is ELLACOMBE, *Gesangbuch der Herzogl*, 1784.
See WordSown.com for our arrangements with guitar and with piano.

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