

A DAY OF THANKS

The morn is clear and frosty,
And the snow lies round about;
The barren forest echoes back
The merry huntsman's shout.

Sleigh bells jingle in the air;
Crisp snow crunches under foot;
Thanksgiving Day dawns bright and fair,
A day to lay aside our work
And thank the Lord for His protection
In a world where evils lurk,
A day of joy for great and small,
A day to say a "thanks" for all
The good things that have come
From His hand into our home.

Let's rejoice while it is here,
And rejoice when it is gone,
Making each day one of thanks
As the years roll on.

-- Edmund E. Wells

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