

# A Summer Thanksgiving

(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,  
as last year's seeds in pots of soil  
yield new life pushing through!  
Then, more than seeds, we plant—in trust  
that goodness will go on....  
There's something about a garden  
that tells again of God.

Text by Constance Morgenstern, ©2022, 2023 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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