

SONG OF THANKSGIVING

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When the Northern Wind blows in
And the earth tips from the sun
When the harvest is complete
And all the work is done
Then we know we'll feel the chill
And we know the snow will fall
'Til the woods are filled
And then is the time we make our Thanksgiving

When all the things that can
Would try to pull us down
And our darkest hour's at hand
And we're spinning all around
Then the winds will change again
And we know that hope comes back
From where it's been
And then is the time we make our Thanksgiving

And in this world of speed
It's hard just to be
And the things we really need
Are always hard to see
And I know we're flyin' blind
But maybe we'll find our way if we try
And now is the time we must make our Thanksgiving (repeat line)