

A Spirit Song Radio Thanksgiving

Over the River and Through the Woods

Over the river and through the woods

To grandmother's house we go.

The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh,

O'er the white and drifted snow, Oh!

Over the river and through the woods

How high the wind does blow!

It stings the nose and bites the toes

As over the ground we go. . .

Over the river and through the woods

Trot fast my dapple grey

Spring over the ground like a hunting hound

For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the woods

Now Grandmother's face I spy

Hurray for the fun! Is the pudding done?

Hurray for the pumpkin pie! ***(back to the top!)***

He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

1. He's got the whole world, in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.
2. He's got the wind and the rain, in His hands. . .
3. He's got everybody here, in His hands . . .
4. He's got the whole world in His hands. . .

'Tis a Gift to be Simple

'Tis a gift to be simple, tis a gift to be free

'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be.

And when we find ourselves in the place just right

'Twill be in the valley of love and delight

When true simplicity is gained, to bow and to bend I shan't be ashamed

To turn, turn, will be our delight,

Till in turning, turning, we come 'round right.

How Great Thou Art

O Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made.
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.

**(Refrain) Then sings my soul, my savior God to Thee,
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, my savior God to thee.
How great Thou art. How great Thou art.**

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze,

*And when I think that God His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in.
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.*

(Refrain)

When Christ Shall come, with shout of acclamation,
To take me home, what joy shall fill my heart,
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration, and there proclaim,
My God, how great Thou art. **(Refrain)**

For the Beauty of the Earth

For the beauty of the earth, for the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth, over and around us lies:
Lord of all to Thee we raise, this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the beauty of each hour, of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of night:
Lord of all to Thee we raise, this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and minds delight,
For the mystic harmony, linking sense to sound and sight:
Lord of all to Thee we raise, this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent child,
Friends on earth and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all to Thee we raise, this our hymn of grateful praise.

You Are My Sunshine

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you.
Please don't take my sunshine away.