## THANKSGIVING HYMNS





- 1 Come, ye thank-ful peo ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home.
- 2 All the world is God's own field, Fruit un to His praise to yield;
- 3 For the Lord, our God, shall come And shall take His har-vest home,
- 4 E ven so, Lord, quick ly come To Thy fi nal har vest home;



All be safe - ly gath - ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin; Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown. From His field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way, Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin,



God, our mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied. First the blade and then the ear, Then Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy gar - ner to a - bide:

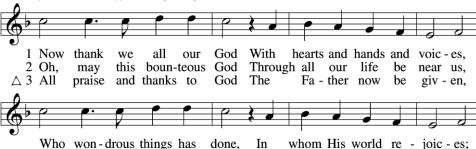


Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home. Lord of har-vest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be. But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more. Come with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest home.

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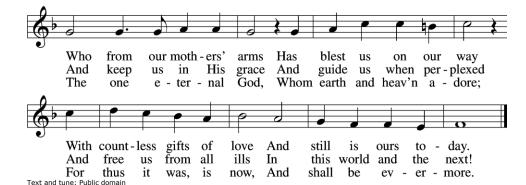
## 895 Now Thank We All Our God

With ev - er



The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high-est heav-en,

joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us







- 2 We wor ship You, God of our far thers, we bless You;
- 3 With voic es u nit ed our prais es we of fer



In grate - ful de - vo - tion our trib - ute we bring. Through tri - al and tem - pest our guide You have been. And glad - ly our songs of thanks - giv - ing we raise.

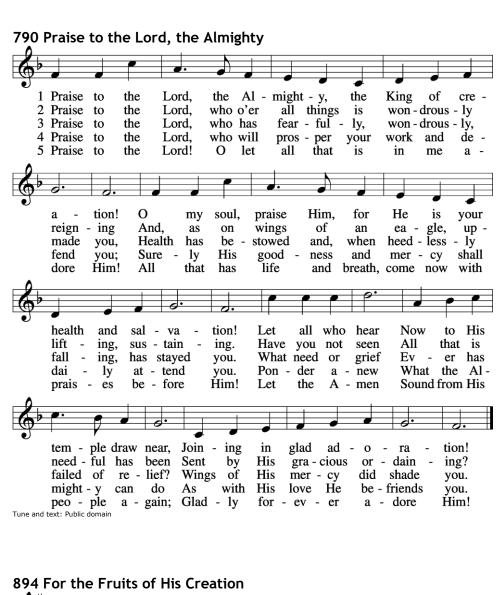


We lay it be - fore You, we kneel and a - dore You; When per - ils o'er - take us, You will not for - sake us, With You, Lord, be - side us, Your strong arm will guide us.

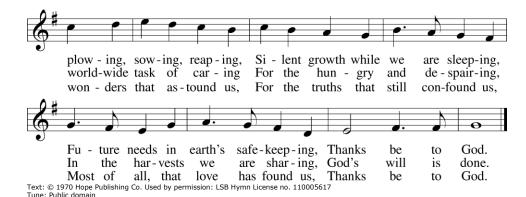


We bless Your ho - ly name, glad prais - es we sing.
And with Your help, O Lord, our strug - gles we win.
To You, our great Re - deem - er, for - ev - er be praise!

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## 893 Sing to the Lord of Harvest



With joy - ful hearts and voic - es Your al - le - lu - ias raise. The hills leap up in glad - ness, The val - leys laugh and sing. The gold-en sheaves of har - vest. The souls Christ died to save.



Him the roll-ing sea - sons In fruit - ful or - der move; God fills them with His full - ness, All things with large in - crease; Your hearts lay down be - fore Him When at His feet you fall,



the Lord of har - vest A joy - ous song of love. He crowns the year with bless - ing, With plen - ty and with peace. And with your lives a - dore Him Who gave His life for all. Tune and text: Public domain