

THANKSGIVING HYMNS

892 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



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 the full corn shall ap-pear.
 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



1 Now thank we all our God With hearts and hands and voice-es,
 2 Oh, may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,
 △ 3 All praise and thanks to God The Fa-ther now be giv-en,



Who won-drous things has done, In whom His world re-joice-es;
 With ev-er joy-ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us
 The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high-est heav-en,



Who from our moth-ers' arms Has blest us on our way
 And keep us in His grace And guide us when per-plexed
 The one e-ter-nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a-dore;



With count-less gifts of love And still is ours to-day.
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next!
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.

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785 We Praise You, O God



1 We praise You, O God, our Re-deem-er, Cre-a-tor;
 2 We wor-ship You, God of our fa-thers, we bless You;
 3 With voice-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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790 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty



1 Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre -
 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things is won - drous - ly
 3 Praise to the Lord, who has fear - ful - ly, won - drous - ly,
 4 Praise to the Lord, who will pros - per your work and de -
 5 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a -



a - tion! O my soul, praise Him, for He is your
 reign - ing And, as on wings of an ea - gle, up -
 made you, Health has be - stowed and, when heed - less - ly
 fend you; Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy shall
 dore Him! All that has life and breath, come now with



health and sal - va - tion! Let all who hear Now to His
 lift - ing, sus - tain - ing. Have you not seen All that is
 fall - ing, has stayed you. What need or grief Ev - er has
 dai - ly at - tend you. Pon - der a - new What the Al -
 prais - es be - fore Him! Let the A - men Sound from His



tem - ple draw near, Join - ing in glad ad - o - ra - tion!
 need - ful has been Sent by His gra - cious or - dain - ing?
 failed of re - lief? Wings of His mer - cy did shade you.
 might - y can do As with His love He be - friends you.
 peo - ple a - gain; Glad - ly for - ev - er a - dore Him!

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894 For the Fruits of His Creation



1 For the fruits of His cre - a - tion, Thanks be to God.
 2 In the just re - ward of la - bor, God's will is done.
 3 For the har-vests of the Spir - it, Thanks be to God.



For His gifts to ev - 'ry na - tion, Thanks be to God. For the
 In the help we give our neigh - bor, God's will is done. In our
 For the good we all in - her - it, Thanks be to God. For the



plow - ing, sow - ing, reap - ing, Si - lent growth while we are sleep - ing,
 world - wide task of car - ing For the hun - gry and de - spair - ing,
 won - ders that as - tound us, For the truths that still con - found us,



Fu - ture needs in earth's safe - keep - ing, Thanks be to God.
 In the har - vests we are shar - ing, God's will is done.
 Most of all, that love has found us, Thanks be to God.

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893 Sing to the Lord of Harvest



1 Sing to the Lord of har - vest, Sing songs of love and praise;
 2 God makes the clouds rain good - ness, The des - erts bloom and spring,
 3 Bring to this sa - cred al - tar The gifts His good - ness gave,



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.



By 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,



Sing to 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.

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