

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come, 721

1. Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home;
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin.
 God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest home.

2. All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown
 Unto to joy or sorrow grown;
 First the blade and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear;
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3. For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take the harvest home;
 From the field shall in that day
 All offenses purge away,
 Give his angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast;
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In the garner evermore.

4. Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 To your final harvest home;
 Gather all your people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
 There, forever purified,
 In your presence to abide;
Come, with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest home.

For the Fruits of All Creation, 723

1. For the fruit(s) of all creation,
 thanks be to God;
 for the gifts of every nation,
 thanks be to God;
for the ploughing, sowing, reaping,
silent growth while we are sleeping,
future needs in earth's safe-keeping,
 thanks be to God.

2. In the just reward of labour,
 God's will is done;
in the help we give our neighbour,
 God's will is done;
in our world-wide task of caring
 for the hungry and despairing,
 in the harvests we are sharing,
 God's will is done.

3. For the harvests of the Spirit,
 thanks be to God;
 for the good we all inherit,
 thanks be to God;
 for the wonders that astound us,
for the truths that still confound us,
most of all that love has found us,
 thanks be to God.

We Praise You, O God, 726

1. We praise you, O God, our Redeemer, Creator;
 in grateful devotion our tribute we bring;
 we lay it before you; we kneel and adore you;
 we bless your holy name: glad praises we sing.

2. We worship you, God of our fathers and mothers;
through life's storm and tempest our guide you have been;
 when perils o'ertake us, you never forsake us,
 and with your help, O Lord, our battles we win.

3. With voices united our praises we offer,
 our songs of thanksgiving to you we now raise;
your strong arm will guide us, our God is beside us,
 to you, our great Redeemer, forever be praise!