

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

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 in thankful praise to yield,
wheat and tares together sown,
unto 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 each field shall in that day
all offenses purge away;
give the angels charge at last
in the fire the tares to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store
in God's garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
to thy final harvest home.
Gather thou thy people in,
free from sorrow, free from sin,
there forever purified,
in thy presence to abide
come, with all thine angels, come;
raise the glorious harvest home!

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Now Thank We All Our God

Now thank we all our God
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things hath done,
in whom this world rejoices;
who, from our mothers' arms,
hath blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,
with ever joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us;
and keep us in God's grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
who reigns in highest heaven,
to Father and to Son
and Spirit now be given
the one eternal God,
whom heaven and earth adore,
the God who was, and is,
and shall be evermore.

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Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
does its successive journeys run;
his kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
and praises throng to crown his head;
his name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
with every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
dwell on his love with sweetest song,
and infant voices shall proclaim
their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
the prisoners leap to loose their chains;
the weary find eternal rest,
and all who suffer want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
honors peculiar to our King;
angels descend with songs again,
and earth repeat the loud Amen!

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The Blessing

The Lord bless you
And keep you
Make his face shine upon you
And be gracious to you
The Lord turn his
Face toward you
And give you peace

Amen, amen, amen.
Amen, amen, amen.

The Lord bless you
And keep you
Make his face shine upon you
And be gracious to you
The Lord turn his
Face toward you
And give you peace

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