

Hymns of Praise
Sunday October 16, 2022



#803

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.

All the world is God's own field,
fruit unto God's praise to yield;
wheat and weeds 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.

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.

#802

For the fruits of all creation, thanks be to God;
for the gifts to every nation, thanks be to God;
for the ploughing, sowing, reaping,
silent growth while we are sleeping,
future needs in earth's safekeeping,
thanks be to God.

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 worldwide task of caring
for the hungry and despairing,
in the harvests we are sharing,
God's will is done.

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.



#830 – Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
praise him all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heavenly host;
praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

#495

The heavens declare your glory, Lord!
In every star your wisdom shines,
but when our eyes behold your word,
we read your name in clearer lines.

Sun, moon and stars convey your praise
to all the earth, and never stand,
so when your truth began its race,
it touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall your spreading gospel rest
till through the world your truth has run,
till Christ has all the nations blest
who see the light or feel the sun.

Great sun of righteousness, arise
and bless the world with heavenly light!
Your gospel makes the simple wise;
your laws are pure, your judgements right.

Your noblest wonders here we view
in souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
and make your word my guide to heaven.

Credits:

#803

Words: Henry Alford (1810-1871)

Music: George J. Elvey (1816-1893)

Tune: St. George's, Windsor

#802

Words: Fred P. Green (1903-2000)

Music: Welsh traditional

Tune: Ar Hyd Y Nos

#830

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711)

Music: Genevan Psalter 1551;

Tune: Old 100th

#495

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: J.W. Elliott (1833-1915)

Tune: Church Triumphant