

HYMNS

Now Thank We All Our God

895



1 Now thank we all our God With hearts and hands and voic - 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 - joic - 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.

*Text: Martin Rinckart, 1586–1649;  
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.  
Tune: Johann Crüger, 1598–1662  
Text and Tune: Public domain*

# We Praise You, O God

785



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 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!

*Text: Julia B. Cory, 1882–1963, alt.  
Tune: Nederlandsch Gedenckclanck, Haarlem, 1626  
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# For the Fruits of His Creation

894



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.

*Text: Fred Pratt Green, 1903–2000*

*Tune: Welsh, 18th cent.; Public domain*

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# Praise and Thanksgiving

789



1 Praise and thanks-giv - ing, Fa - ther, we of - fer For all things  
 2 Bless, Lord, the la - bor We bring to serve You That with our  
 3 Fa - ther, pro - vid - ing Food for Your chil - dren, By Your wise



liv - ing, Cre - at - ed good: Har - vest of sown fields, Fruits of the  
 neigh - bor We may be fed. Sow - ing or till - ing, We would work  
 guid - ing Teach us to share One with an - oth - er, So that, re -



or - chard, Hay from the mown fields, Bloss - om and wood.  
 with You, Har - vest - ing, mill - ing For dai - ly bread.  
 joic - ing With us, all oth - ers May know Your care.

# O Bless the Lord, My Soul

814



1 O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join  
 2 O bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let His mer - cies lie  
 3 'Tis He for - gives thy sins; 'Tis He re - lieves thy pain;  
 4 He crowns thy life with love When ran - somed from the grave;



And aid my tongue to bless His name Whose fa - vors are di - vine.  
 For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness And with - out prais - es die!  
 'Tis He that heals thy sick - ness - es And makes thee young a - gain.  
 He that re - deemed my soul from hell Hath sov - 'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;  
 He gives the suff'ers rest.  
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud  
 And justice for th'oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
 He made by Moses known,  
 But sent the world His truth and grace  
 By His belovèd Son.

## Hymn 789

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## Hymn 814

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Tune: Aaron Williams, 1731-76

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# Sing to the Lord of Harvest

893



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.

# Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee

803



1 Joy - ful, joy - ful we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love!  
 2 All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,  
 Δ 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,



Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Prais - ing Thee, their sun a - bove.  
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.  
 Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean - depth of hap - py rest!



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, Drive the gloom of doubt a - way.  
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, Flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash - ing sea,  
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Foun - tain - head of love di - vine:



Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day.  
 Chant - ing bird, and flow - ing foun - tain Call us to re - joice in Thee.  
 Joy - ful, we Thy heav'n in - her - it! Joy - ful, we by grace are Thine!

# Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

892



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.

*Text: Henry Alford, 1810–71, alt.*

*Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816–91*

*Text and Tune: Public domain*

## Hymn 893

*Text: John S. B. Monsell, 1811–75, alt.*

*Tune: Johann Steurlein, 1546–1613*

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## Hymn 803

*Text: Henry Van Dyke, 1852–1933, alt.*

*Tune: Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770–1827*

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