

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

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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, 1626, Haarlem
Text and Tune: Public domain*

For the Fruits of His Creation

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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.

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Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

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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, 1816–93

Text and Tune: Public domain

God Himself Is Present

907



1 God Him - self is pres - ent: Let us now a - dore Him
 2 God Him - self is pres - ent: Hear the harps re - sound - ing;
 3 Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Pu - ri - fy my spir - it,



And with awe ap - pear be - fore Him. God is in His
 See the hosts the throne sur - round - ing. "Ho - ly, ho - ly,
 Trust - ing on - ly in Your mer - it. Like the ho - ly



tem - ple; All with - in keep si - lence; Hum - bly kneel in
 ho - ly!" Hear the hymn as - cend - ing, Songs of saints and
 an - gels, Wor - ship - ing be - fore You, May I cease - less -



deep - est rev - 'rence. He a - lone On His throne
 an - gels blend - ing. Bow Your ear To us here:
 ly a - dore You. Let Your will Ev - er still



Is our God and Sav - ior; Praise His name for - ev - er!
 Hear, O Christ, the prais - es That Your Church now rais - es.
 Rule Your Church ter - res - trial As the hosts ce - les - tial.

*Text: Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769, abr.;
 tr. Frederick W. Foster, 1760–1835, alt.,
 and John Miller, 1756–90, alt.
 Tune: Joachim Neander, 1650–80
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

Abide with Me

878



1 A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide.
 2 I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;
 3 Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings,
 4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
 But kind and good, with heal - ing in Thy wings;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;



When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
 Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - 'ry plea.
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
 Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bide with me.
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.

- 5 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
- 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847, alt.
 Tune: William H. Monk, 1823–89
 Text and Tune: Public domain*

I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus

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1 I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee;
2 I am trust-ing Thee for par - don; At Thy feet I bow,
3 I am trust-ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood;
4 I am trust-ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,



Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.
Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.

- 5 I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail.
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall.
I am trusting Thee forever
And for all.

Text: Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79

Tune: Henry W. Baker, 1821–77

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