

**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 as praise to God we yield;  
wheat and tares together sown  
are 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,  
giving angels charge at last  
in the fire the tares to cast;  
but the fruitful ears to store  
in the garner evermore.

4 Then though Church triumphant come,  
raise the song of harvest home;  
all be safely gathered in,  
free from sorrow, free from sin,  
there, forever purified,  
in God's garner to abide;  
come, ten thousand angels, come,  
raise the glorious harvest home.

**1. For the beauty of the earth,**  
for the glory of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth  
over and around us lies;

*Lord of all, to thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.*

2. For the beauty of each hour  
of the day and of the night,  
hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
sun and moon, and stars of light;

3. For the joy of ear and eye,  
for the heart and mind's delight,  
for the mystic harmony,  
linking sense to sound and sight;

4. For the joy of human love,  
brother, sister, parent, child,  
friends on earth and friends above,  
for all gentle thoughts and mild;

5. For thy church, that evermore  
lifteth holy hands above,  
offering up on every shore  
her pure sacrifice of love;

**1 Now thank we all our God**

with heart and hands and voices,  
who wondrous things has done,  
in whom his world rejoices;  
who from our mothers' arms  
has blessed us on our way  
with countless gifts of love,  
and still is ours today.

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

3 All praise and thanks to God  
the Father now be given,  
the Son and Spirit blest,  
who reign in highest heaven  
the one eternal God,  
whom heaven and earth adore;  
for thus it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

**1 We plough the fields and scatter**

the good seed on the land,  
but it is fed and watered  
by God's almighty hand;  
he sends the snow in winter,  
the warmth to swell the grain,  
the breezes and the sunshine  
and soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us  
are sent from heaven above,  
then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
for all his love.

2 He only is the maker  
of all things near and far;  
he paints the wayside flower,  
he lights the evening star;  
the wind and waves obey him,  
by him the birds are fed;  
much more to us his children,  
he gives our daily bread.

3 We thank you, then, O Father,  
for all things bright and good,  
the seed-time and the harvest,  
our life, our health, our food:  
accept the gifts we offer  
for all your love imparts;  
and that which you most welcome,  
our humble, thankful hearts.