

## **Hymn Lyrics – Large Font**

### **Hymn 803 – Come, ye thankful people, come**

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 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.

3. For the Lord our God shall come and shall take the harvest home; from the field shall in that day all offences purge away, give the angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast, but the fruitful ears to store in God's storehouse 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.

### **Hymn 807 – We plough the fields and scatter**

1. We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land, but it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand: you send the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain, the breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain.

**Refrain** – All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above; we thank you, Lord, we thank you, Lord for all your love.

2. You only are the Maker of all things near and far; you paint the wayside flower, you light the evening star; the winds and waves obey you; by you the birds are fed; much more to us, your children, you give our daily bread. **R**

3. We thank you, our provider, for all things bright and good, the seedtime and the harvest, our life, our health, our food. No gifts have we to offer for all your love imparts, but that which you most welcome: our humble, thankful hearts. **R**

### **Hymn 438 – When morning gilds the skies**

1. When morning gilds the skies, my heart awakening cries: may Jesus Christ be praised! Alike at work and prayer to Jesus I repair; may Jesus Christ be praised!

2. To God, the Word, on high, the hosts of angels cry: may Jesus Christ be praised! Let mortals too, upraise their voice in hymns of praise; may Jesus Christ be praised!
3. Let earth's wide circle round in joyful notes resound: may Jesus Christ be praised! Let earth and sea and sky, from depth to height reply: may Jesus Christ be praised!
4. Be this, while life is mine, my canticle divine: may Jesus Christ be praised! Be this the eternal song through all the ages on: may Jesus Christ be praised!

### **Hymn 802 – For the fruits of all creation**

1. For the fruits of all creation, thanks be to God; for the gifts of 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.
2. 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.
3. For the harvest 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.