

718 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Descant

3. These to thee, our God, we owe, source whence our blessings flow;

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home;
 2. All the bless-ings of the field, all the stores the gar-dens yield,
 3. These to thee, our God, we owe, source whence all our bless-ings flow;

for these our souls raise grate-ful vows and praise. Come, then, ye

all is safe-ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 all the fruits in full sup-ply, rip-ened 'neath the sum-mer sky,
 and for these our souls shall raise grate-ful vows and sol-emn praise.

thank-ful peo-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home;

God, our Mak-er, does pro-vide for our wants to be sup-plied;
 all that spring with boun-teous hand scat-ters o'er the smil-ing land,
 Come, then, thank-ful peo-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home;

WORDS: St. 1, Henry Alford, 1884; st. 2, 3, Anna Barbauld (18th century)
 MUSIC: George J. Elvey, 1858; desc. O. I. Cricket Harrison, 1994

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR
 77.77D

THANKSGIVING

come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.

come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.
all that lib - eral au - tumn pours from its rich o'er - flow - ing stores,
come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring chords and some melodic lines. The bottom staff is a bass line in G major, primarily consisting of chords. The lyrics are: 'come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.' followed by a second line: 'come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home. all that lib - eral au - tumn pours from its rich o'er - flow - ing stores, come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.'

In the Lord I'll Be Ever Thankful 2195

In the Lord I'll be ev-er thank-ful, in the Lord I will re -

joice! Look to God, do not be a - fraid. Lift up your

voic - es, the Lord is near, lift up your voic - es, the Lord is near.

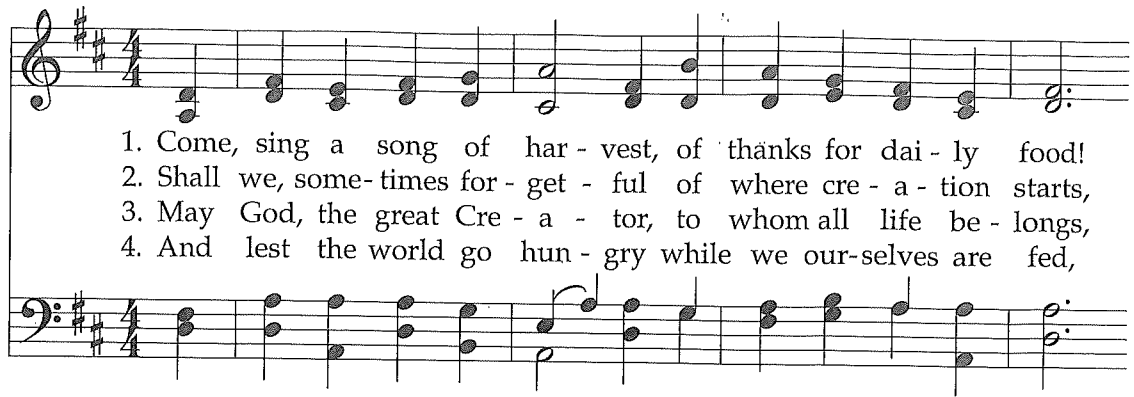
WORDS: Jacques Berthier
MUSIC: Jacques Berthier

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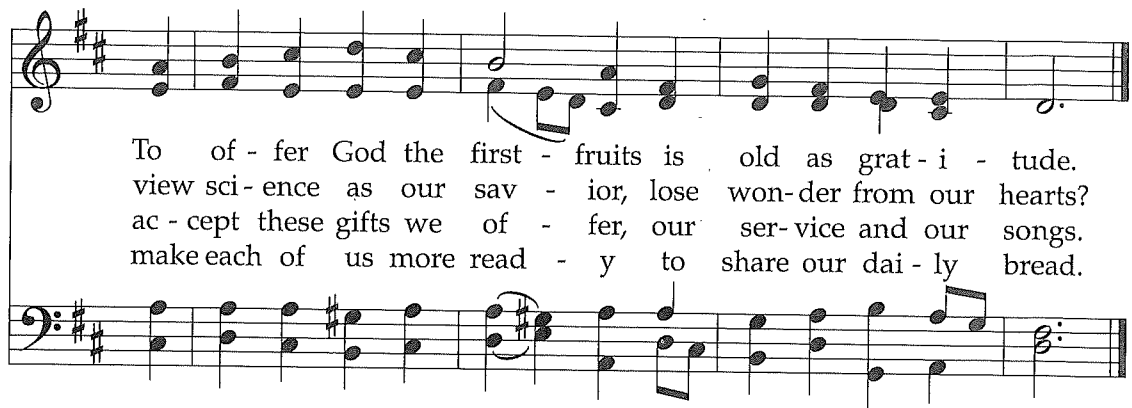
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Come, Sing a Song of Harvest

719



1. Come, sing a song of har - vest, of thanks for dai - ly food!
2. Shall we, some-times for - get - ful of where cre - a - tion starts,
3. May God, the great Cre - a - tor, to whom all life be - longs,
4. And lest the world go hun - gry while we our-selves are fed,



To of - fer God the first - fruits is old as grat - i - tude.
view sci - ence as our sav - ior, lose won - der from our hearts?
ac - cept these gifts we of - fer, our ser - vice and our songs.
make each of us more read - y to share our dai - ly bread.

WORDS: Fred Pratt Green, 1976
MUSIC: Melchior Vulpius, 1609

CHRISTUS, DER IST MEIN LEBEN
76.76

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Let All Things Now Living

Descant

2. Ah, _____ O

Unison

1. Let all things now liv - ing a song of thanks - giv - ing to
 2. By law God en - forc - es. The stars in their cours - es, the

sun in its or - bit o - be - dient - ly shine. Ah, _____

God our Cre - a - tor tri - um - phant - ly raise; who fash - ioned and
 sun in its or - bit o - be - dient - ly shine; the hills and the

the depths of the o - cean pro -

made us, pro - tect - ed and stay - ed us, by guid - ing us on to the
 moun - tains, the riv - ers and foun - tains, the depths of the o - cean pro -

WORDS: Katherine K. Davis, 1939, alt.
 MUSIC: Welsh folk melody; desc. Katherine K. Davis, 1939

ASH GROVE
 6 6 11.6 6 11D

THANKSGIVING

claim God di - vine. Re - jice, re -

end of our days. God's ban - ners are o'er us, pure light goes be -
claim God di - vine. We, too, should be voic - ing our love and re -

joice! With glad ad - o - ra - tion, a song let us raise.

fore us, a pil - lar of fire shin - ing forth in the night: till
joic - ing with glad ad - o - ra - tion, a song let us raise: till

Ah, to

shad - ows have van - ished, all fear - ful - ness ban - ished, as
all things now liv - ing u - nite in thanks - giv - ing, to

God in the high - est, ho - san - na and praise.

for - ward we trav - el from light in - to Light.
God in the high - est, ho - san - na and praise.