“We Gather Together”

1. We gather together to ask the Lord’s blessing –

He chastens and hastens His will to make known;

The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing:

Sing praises to His name – He forgets not His own.

2. Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,

Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine;

So from the beginning the fight we were winning;

Thou, Lord, wast at our side – all glory be Thine.

3. We all do extoll Thee, Thou leader triumphant,

And pray that Thou still our defender wilt be;

Let Thy congregation escape tribulation:

Thy name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

“Now Thank We All Our God”

1. Now than we all our God

With hearts and hands and voices,

Who wondrous things hath done,

In whom His world rejoices;

Who from our mothers’ arms,

Hath 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;

And keep us in His grace,

And guide us when perplexed,

And free us from all ills

In this world and the next.

3. All praise and thanks to God

The Father now be given,

The Son, and Him who reigns

With them in highest heaven,

The one eternal God,

Whom earth and heaven adore;

For thus it was, and now,

All shall be evermore.

“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 His praise to yield;

Wheat and tares together sown,

Unto joy or sorrows 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 His harvest home;

From His field shall in that day

All offenses purge away,

Give His angels charge at last

In the fire the tares to cast,

But the fruitful ears to store

In His garner 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.