

My Tribute (Prelude)

How can I say thanks for the things You have done for me?
Things so undeserved, yet You gave to prove Your love for me?
The voices of a million angels could not express my gratitude
All that I am and ever hope to be, I owe it all to Thee.

To God be the glory for the things He has done.
With His blood He has saved me; with His power He has raised me;
To God be the glory for the things He has done.

Just let me live my life; let it pleasing, Lord to Thee.
And if I gain any praise, let it go to Calvary.
With His blood He has saved me; with His power He has raised me;
To God be the glory for the things He has done.

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We Praise You, O God, Our Redeemer

We praise You, O God, our Redeemer, Creator, in grateful devotion our tribute we bring.
We lay it before You; we kneel and adore You, we bless Your holy name, glad praises we sing.

We worship You, God of our fathers, we bless You; through life's storm and tempest our Guide You have been;
When perils o'ertake us, You will not forsake us, and with Your help, O Lord, our battles we win.

With voices united our praises we offer, and gladly our songs of thanksgiving we raise.
With You, Lord, beside us, Your strong arm will guide us. To You, our great Redeemer, forever be praise!

We Praise You, O God, Our Redeemer/Julia Bulkley Cady Cory/Public Domain

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

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.

We ourselves are God's own field, fruit unto His praise we yield;
Wheat and tares 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.

For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall purge away all that doth offend that day;
Give His angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store in His keeping evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come, bring 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.

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come/George Job Elvey, Henry Alford/Public Domain

Now Thank We All Our God

Now thank we all our God with heart 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.

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.

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 heaven and earth adore;
For thus it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

Now Thank We All Our God/Catherine Winkworth, Johann Crüger, Martin Rinkart/Public Domain

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen

Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow/Thomas Ken/Public Domain