

HYMNS FOR 12 OCTOBER

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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.

All the world is God's own field,
fruit unto his 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.

For the Lord our God shall come,
and shall take the harvest home;
from his field shall in that day
all offenses purge away;
give his angels charge at last
in the fire the weeds to cast;
but the fruitful ears to store
in the garner evermore.

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.

Text: Henry Alford (1810-1871), alt.
Music: George Job Elvey (1816-1893).

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My life flows on in endless song
above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real though far-off hymn
that hails a new creation.

Refrain

No storm can shake my inmost calm,
while to that Rock I'm clinging.
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,
how can I keep from singing?

Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear that music ringing;
it sounds and echoes in my soul;
how can I keep from singing? *Refrain*

What though the tempest 'round me roar,
I hear the truth it liveth.
What though the darkness 'round me close,
songs in the night it giveth. *Refrain*

When tyrants tremble, sick with fear,
and hear their death knells ringing;
when friends rejoice both far and near,
how can I keep from singing? *Refrain*

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
a fountain ever springing.
All things are mine since I am his;
how can I keep from singing? *Refrain*

*Text: St. 1-2, Robert Lowry (1826-1899); st. 3, Doris Plenn.
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Music: Attrib. Robert Lowry (1826-1899), alt.*

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Now thank we all our God,
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things hath done,
in whom this world rejoices;
who from our mother's 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 nourish us with grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
in this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
eternal now be given,
to Spirit and to Word,
who reign in highest heaven:
our ever faithful God,
whom heaven and earth adore;
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

*Text: Martin Rinckart (1596-1649); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), alt.
Music: Melody Johann Crüger (1598-1662); harm. Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847), Lobgesang, alt.*