

THANKSGIVING EVE HYMNS

892 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



1 Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home.
 2 All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
 3 For the Lord, our God, shall come And shall take His har-vest home,
 4 E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest home;



All be safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 Wheat and tares to- geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown.
 From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way,
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin,



God, our mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied.
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear.
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There, for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy gar-ner to a-bide:



Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest home.

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895 Now Thank We All Our God



1 Now thank we all our God With hearts and hands and voic-es,
 2 Oh, may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,
 Δ 3 All praise and thanks to God The Fa-ther now be giv-en,



Who won-drous things has done, In whom His world re-joic-es;
 With ev-er joy-ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us
 The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high-est heav-en,



Who from our moth-ers' arms Has blest us on our way
 And keep us in His grace And guide us when per-plexed
 The one e-ter-nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a-dore;



With count-less gifts of love And still is ours to-day.
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next!
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.

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941 We Praise You and Acknowledge You, O God



1 We praise You and ac-knowl-edge You, O God, to be the Lord,
 2 The band of the a - pos - tles in glo - ry sing Your praise;
 3 You, Christ, are King of glo - ry, the ev - er - last - ing Son,
 4 You sit in splen - did glo - ry, en - throned at God's right hand,



The Fa - ther ev - er - last - ing, by all the earth a - dored.
 The fel - low - ship of proph - ets their death-less voic - es raise.
 Yet You, with bound-less love, sought to res - cue ev - 'ry - one:
 Up - hold - ing earth and heav - en by forc - es You com - mand.



To You all an - gel pow - ers cry a - loud, the heav - ens sing,
 The mar - tyr - s of Your king - dom, a great and no - ble throng,
 You laid a - side Your glo - ry, were born of vir - gin's womb,
 We know that You will come as our Judge that fi - nal day,



The cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim their prais - es to You bring:
 Sing with the ho - ly Church through - out all the world this song:
 Were cru - ci - fied for us and were placed in - to a tomb;
 So help Your ser - vants You have re - deemed by blood, we pray;



"O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sab - a - oth;
 "O all - ma - jes - tic Fa - ther, Your true and on - ly Son,
 Then by Your res - ur - rec - tion You won for us re - prieve—
 May we with saints be num - bered where prais - es nev - er end,



Your maj - es - ty and glo - ry fill the heav - ens and the earth!"
 And Ho - ly Spir - it, Com - fort - er— for - ev - er Three in One!"
 You o - pened heav - en's king - dom to all who would be - lieve.
 In glo - ry ev - er - last - ing. A - men, O Lord, a - men!

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341 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates



1 Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold, the
 2 A righ - teous Help - er comes to thee; His char - iot
 3 How blest the land, the cit - y blest, Where Christ the
 4 Fling wide the por - tals of your heart; Make it a
 5 Re - deem - er, come and o - pen wide My heart to



King of glo - ry waits. The King of kings is draw - ing
 is hu - mil - i - ty, His king - ly crown is ho - li -
 rul - er is con - fessed! O peace - ful hearts and hap - py
 tem - ple set a - part From earth - ly use for heav'n's em -
 Thee; here, Lord, a - bide! O en - ter with Thy grace di -



near; The Sav - ior of the world is here. Life and sal -
 ness, His scep - ter, pit - y in dis - tress. The end of
 homes To whom this King in tri - umph comes! The cloud - less
 ploy, A - dorned with prayer and love and joy. So shall your
 vine; Thy face of mer - cy on me shine. Thy Ho - ly



va - tion He doth bring; There - fore re - joice and glad - ly sing.
 all our woe He brings; There - fore the earth is glad and sings.
 sun of joy is He Who comes to set His peo - ple free.
 Sov - 'reign en - ter in And new and no - bler life be - gin.
 Spir - it guide us on Un - til our glo - rious goal is won.



To God the Fa - ther raise Your joy - ful songs of praise.
 To Christ the Sav - ior raise Your grate - ful hymns of praise.
 To God the Spir - it raise Your hap - py shouts of praise.
 To God a - lone be praise For word and deed and grace!
 E - ter - nal praise and fame We of - fer to Thy name.

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803 Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee



1 Joy - ful, joy - ful we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love!
2 All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,
△ 3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless-ing, ev - er blest,



Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Prais-ing Thee, their sun a - bove.
Stars and an-gels sing a-round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro-ken praise.
Well-spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean-depth of hap-py rest!



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, Drive the gloom of doubt a - way.
Field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, Flow - 'ry mead - ow, flash-ing sea,
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Foun - tain - head of love di-vine:



Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day.
Chant-ing bird, and flow - ing foun-tain Call us to re - jice in Thee.
Joy - ful, we Thy heav'n in - her - it! Joy-ful, we by grace are Thine!

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814 O Bless the Lord, My Soul



1 O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join
2 O bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let His mer - cies lie
3 'Tis He for - gives thy sins; 'Tis He re - lieves thy pain;
4 He crowns thy life with love When ran - somed from the grave;



And aid my tongue to bless His name Whose fa - vors are di - vine.
For - got - ten in un-thank - ful - ness And with - out prais - es die!
'Tis He that heals thy sick - ness - es And makes thee young a - gain.
He that re-deemed my soul from hell Hath sov - 'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'ers rest.
The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And justice for th'oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

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