

ENCOUNTER – HARVEST FESTIVAL

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Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home!
All be 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 this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Grant, O harvest Lord, 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 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 garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant come,
Raise the song of harvest home!
All be safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, forever purified,
In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home!



Gloria

Glory to God, we give you thanks and praise;
Of heavenly joy and earthly peace we sing.
We worship you, to you our hearts we raise.
Lord God, almighty Father heavenly King.

Lord Jesus Christ, the Father's only Son,
You bore for us the load of this world's sin.
O Lamb of God, your glorious vict'ry won,
Receive our pray'r, grant us your peace within.

Alone, O Christ, you only are the Lord,
At God's right hand in majesty most high:
Who with the Spirit worshipped and adored:
With all the heav'nly host we glorify

#02

Autumn days when the grass is jewelled
And the silk inside a chestnut shell,
Jet planes meeting in the air to be refuelled
All these things I love so well.

*So I mustn't forget,
No, I mustn't forget,
To say a great big thank you,
I mustn't forget.*

Clouds that look like familiar faces,
And a winter's moon with frosted rings,
Smell of bacon as I fasten up my laces,
And the song the milkman sings.

Whipped-up spray that is rainbow-scattered,
And a swallow curving in the sky,
Shoes so comfy though they're worn out and they're battered,
And the taste of apple pie.

Scent of gardens when the rain's been falling,
And a minnow darting down a stream,
Picked-up engine that's been stuttering and stalling,
And a wind for my home team.

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We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand.
He sends the snow in winter, the warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine, and soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us are sent from heav'n above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love.*

He only is the maker of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower, He lights the evening star.
The wind and waves obey Him, by Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children, He gives our daily bread.

We thank thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good:
The seed-time and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer for all thy love imparts;
And what thou most desirest, our humble, thankful hearts!

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Give thanks with a grateful heart,
give thanks to the Holy One,
give thanks because he's given
Jesus Christ, his Son.

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give thanks to the Holy One,
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Jesus Christ, his Son.

And now let the weak say, 'I am strong',
let the poor say, 'I am rich',
because of what the Lord has done for
us.

And now let the weak say, 'I am strong',
let the poor say, 'I am rich',
because of what the Lord has done for
us.

Give thanks...

And now...

Give thanks...

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
how great thou art, how great thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
how great thou art, how great thou art!*

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
and hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:
Then sings my soul...

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die – I scarce can take it in
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin:

When Christ shall come with shouts of acclamation
and take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, 'my God, how great thou art!'