

- 1 Come, you thankful people, come,  
raise the song of harvest home!  
fruit and crops are gathered in  
safe before the storms begin:  
God our maker will provide  
for our needs to be supplied;  
come, with all His people, come,  
raise the song of harvest home!
- 2 All the world of God's own field,  
harvests for His praise to yield;  
wheat and weeds together sown  
here for 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.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come  
and shall bring His harvest home;  
He Himself on that great day,  
worthless things shall take away,  
give His angels charge at last  
in the fire the weeds to cast,  
but the fruitful ears to store  
in His care for evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come –  
bring Your final harvest home!  
gather all Your people in  
free from sorrow, free from sin,  
there together purified,  
ever thankful at Your side –  
come, with all Your angels, come,  
bring that glorious harvest home!

- 1 Great is Thy faithfulness,  
O God my Father,  
there is no shadow of turning  
with Thee;  
Thou changest not,  
Thy compassions they fail not,  
as Thou hast been  
Thou for ever will be.

*Great is Thy faithfulness,  
great is Thy faithfulness;  
morning by morning  
new mercies I see;  
all I have needed  
Thy hand hath provided, –  
great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!*

- 2 Summer and winter,  
and spring-time and harvest,  
sun, moon and stars  
in their courses above,  
join with all nature in manifold witness  
to Thy great faithfulness,  
mercy and love.

*Great is Thy faithfulness...*

- 3 Pardon for sin,  
and a peace that endureth,  
Thine own dear presence  
to cheer and to guide;  
strength for today  
and bright hope for tomorrow,  
blessings all mine,  
with ten thousand beside!

*Great is Thy faithfulness...*

- 1 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 heaven above,  
then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
for all His love.*

- 2 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.

*All good gifts...*

- 3 We thank You 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 Your love imparts;  
we come now, Lord, to give You  
our humble, thankful hearts.

*All good gifts...*

*All things bright and beautiful,  
all creatures great and small,  
all things wise and wonderful,  
the Lord God made them all.*

- 1 Each little flower that opens,  
each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

*All things bright...*

- 2 The purple-headed mountain,  
the river running by,  
the sunset, and the morning  
that brightens up the sky;

*All things bright...*

- 3 The cold wind in the winter,  
the pleasant summer sun,  
the ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

*All things bright...*

- 4 He gave us eyes to see them,  
and lips that we might tell  
how great is God almighty,  
who has made all things well.

*All things bright...*

- 1 For the beauty of the earth,  
for the beauty of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth  
over and around us lies;  
Father, unto You we raise  
this our sacrifice of praise.
  
- 2 For the beauty of each hour  
of the day and of the night,  
hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
sun and moon, and stars of light;  
Father, unto You we raise  
this our sacrifice of praise.
  
- 3 For the joy of love from God,  
that we share on earth below;  
for our friends and family,  
and the love that they can show;  
Father, unto You we raise  
this our sacrifice of praise.
  
- 4 For each perfect gift divine  
to our race so freely given,  
thank You Lord that they are mine,  
here on earth as gifts from heaven;  
Father, unto You we raise  
this our sacrifice of praise.