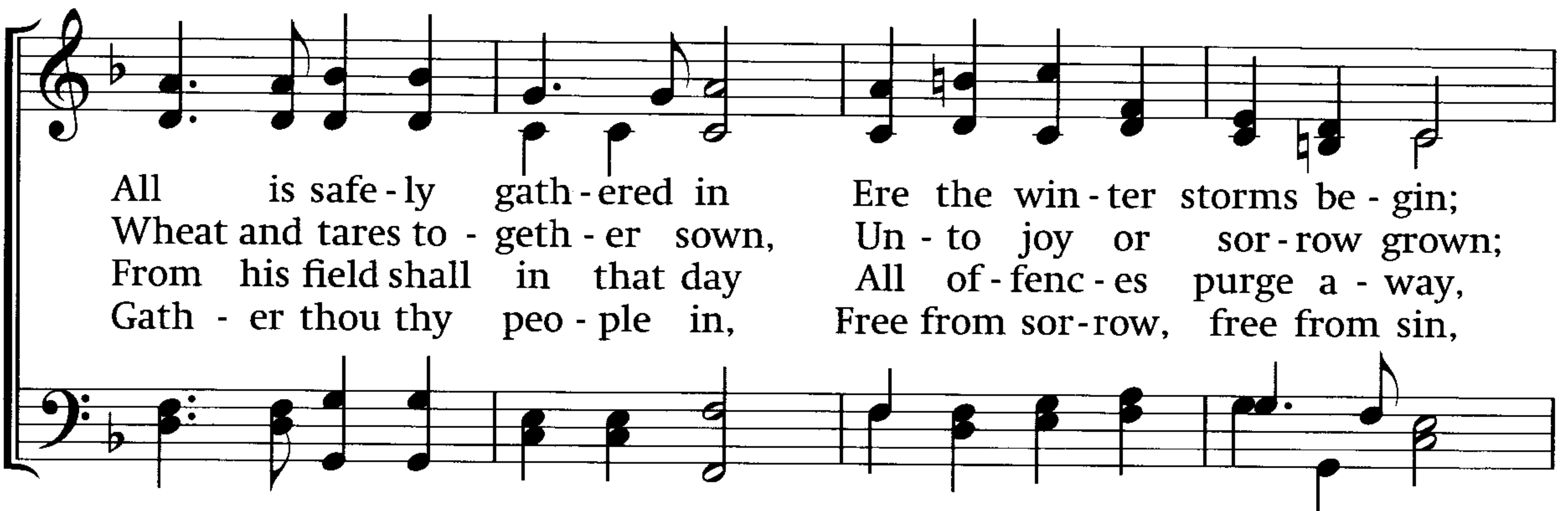
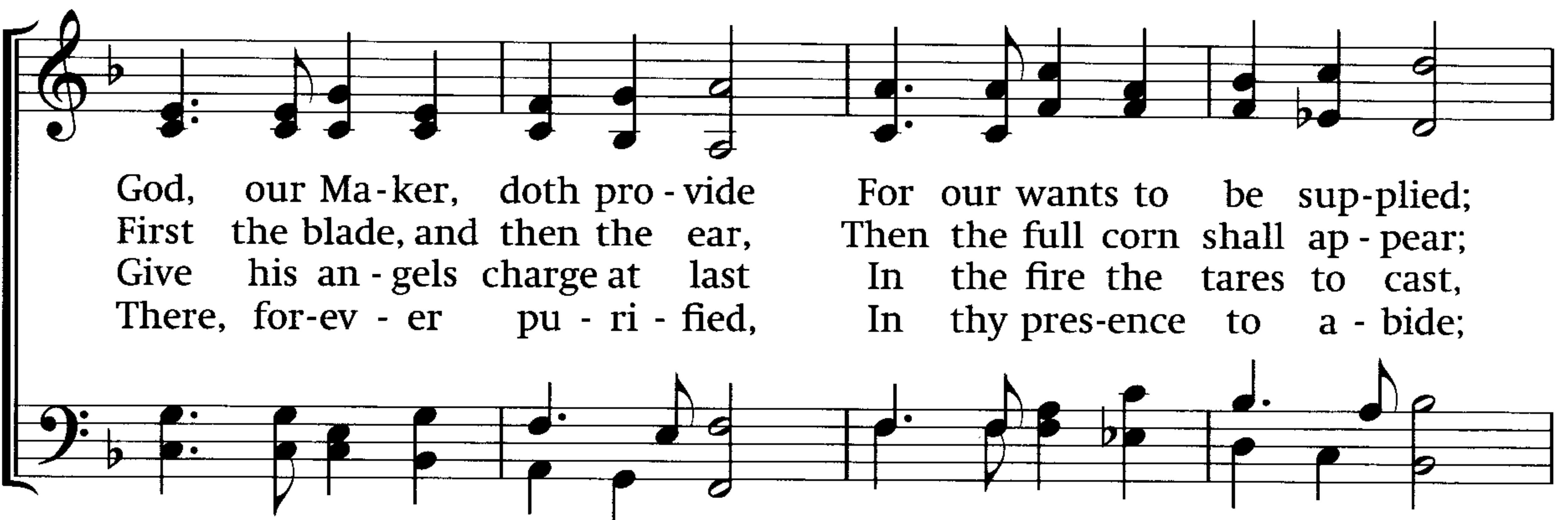


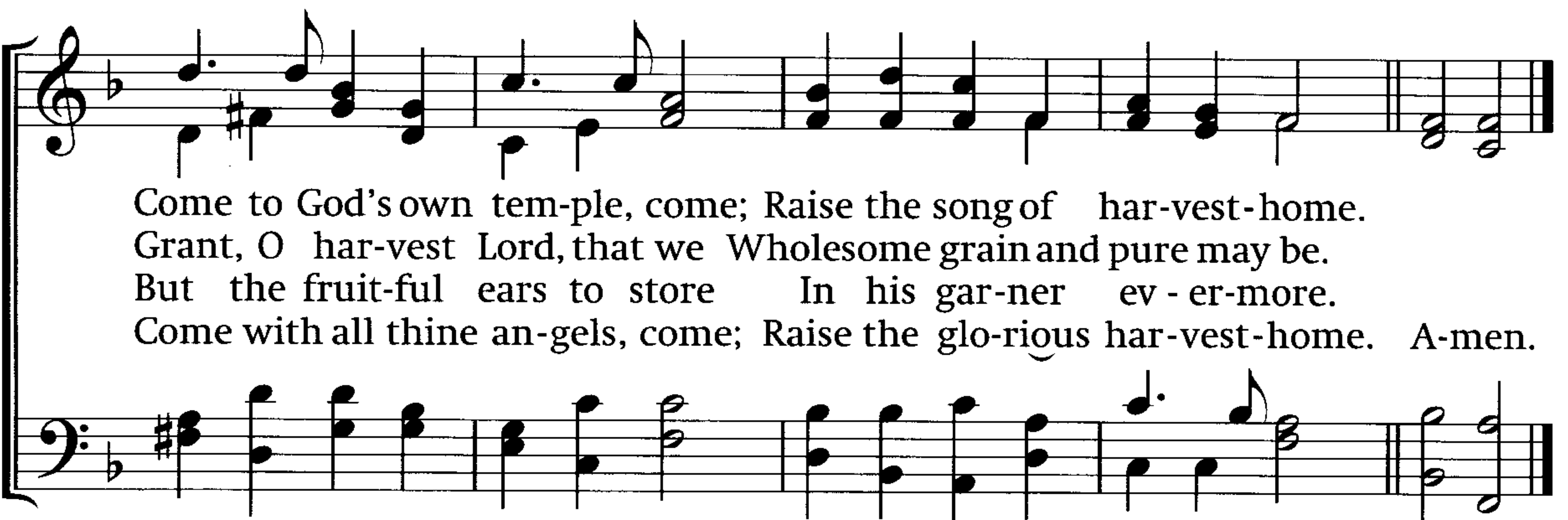
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home;  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to his praise to yield;  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his har-vest home,  
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To thy fi - nal har-vest-home;



All is 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 - fenc - es purge a - way,  
 Gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin,



God, our Ma-ker, 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 pres-ence to a - bide;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest-home.  
 Grant, O har-vest Lord, that we Wholesome 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-ri-ous har-vest-home. A-men.

1. Why should I feel dis - cour-aged,      Why should the shad - ows  
 2. "Let not your heart be troub-led,"      His ten-der word I  
 3. When - ev-er I am tempt-ed,      When - ev-er clouds a -

come,  
 hear,  
 rise,      Why should my heart be lone-ly,  
 And, resting on his good-ness,  
 When songs give place to sigh-ing,

And long for heav'n and home,      When Je - sus is my  
 I lose my doubts and fears;      Though, by the path he  
 When hope with-in me dies,      I draw the clos - er

por-tion?  
 lead-eth,  
 to him;      My con - stant Friend is he:  
 But one step I may see,  
 From care he sets me free;

His eye is on the spar-row, And I know he watch - es

me. His eye is on the spar-row,

And I know he watch-es me. I sing be-cause I'm

hap - py; I sing be-cause I'm free;

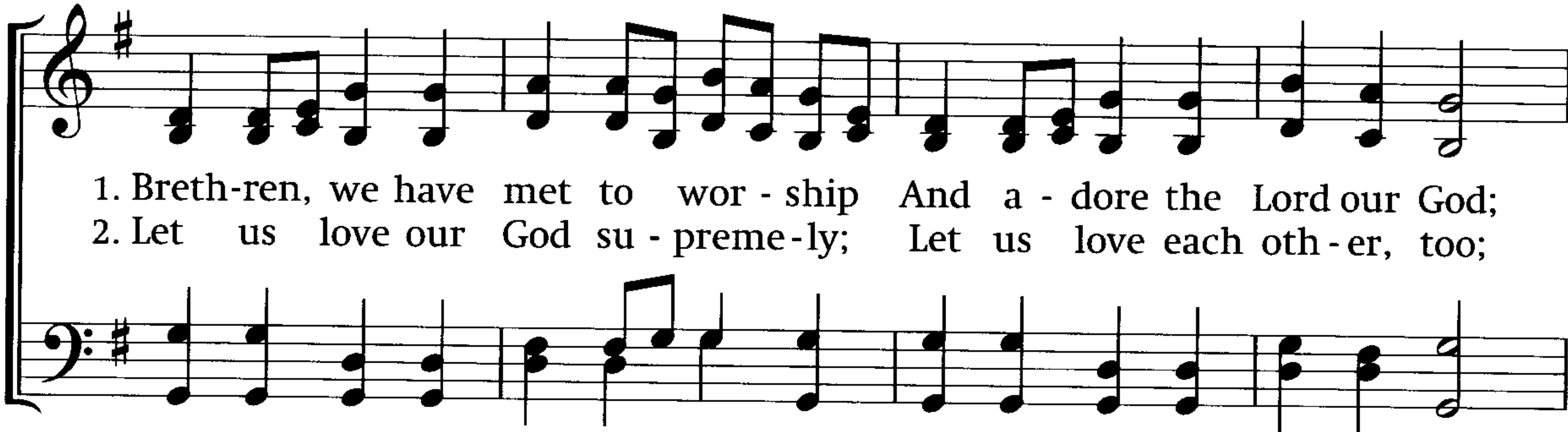
For his eye is on the spar-row, And I know he watches me.

Text: Civilla D. Martin, 1905

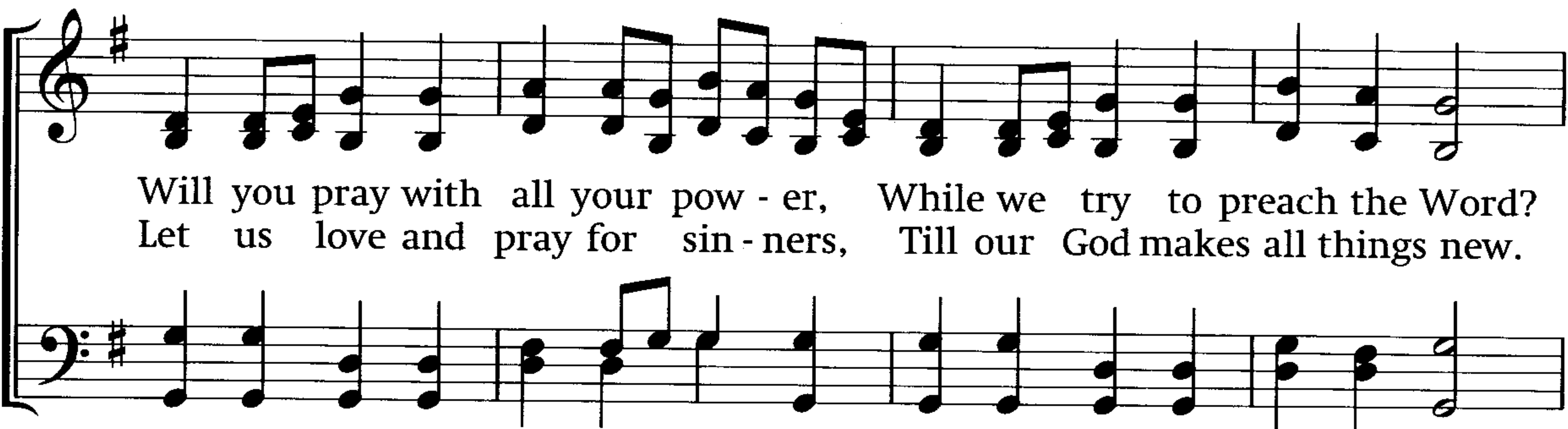
Tune: Charles H. Gabriel, 1905; arr. Horace Boyer (1935- ), alt.

SPARROW

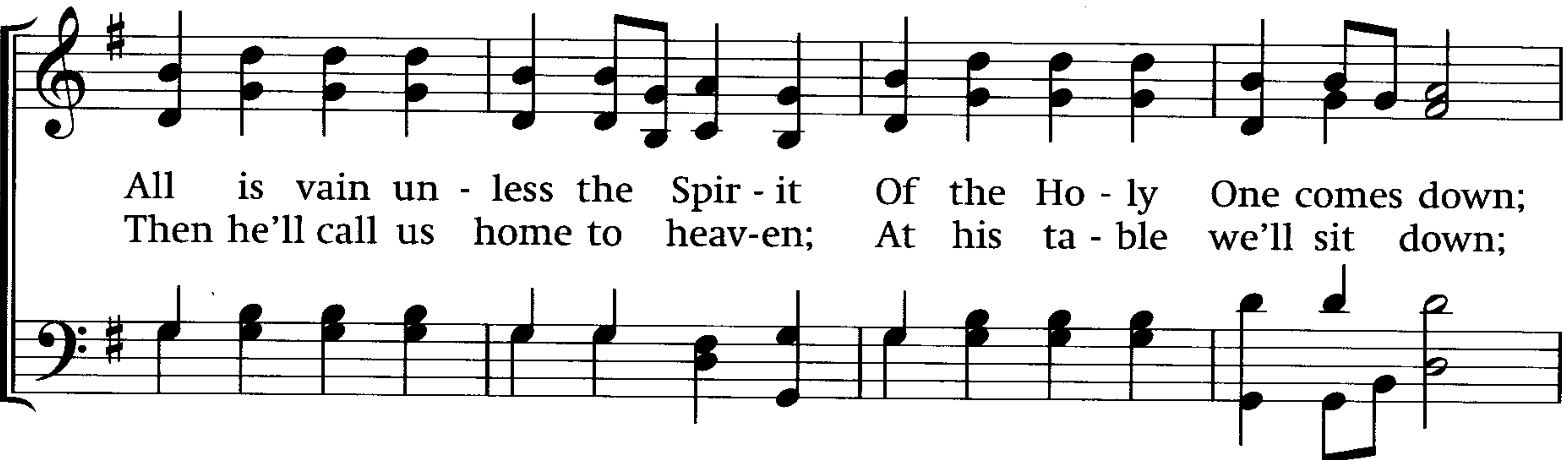
7.6.7.6.7.6.7.7.7.7 with refrain



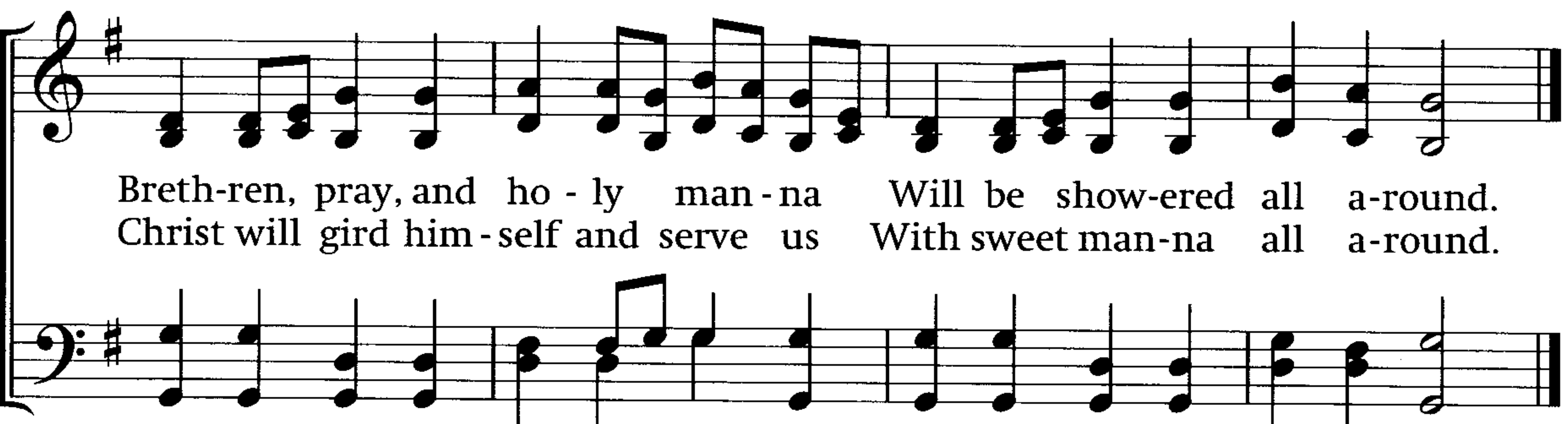
1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship And a - dore the Lord our God;  
2. Let us love our God su - preme - ly; Let us love each oth - er, too;



Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the Word?  
Let us love and pray for sin - ners, Till our God makes all things new.



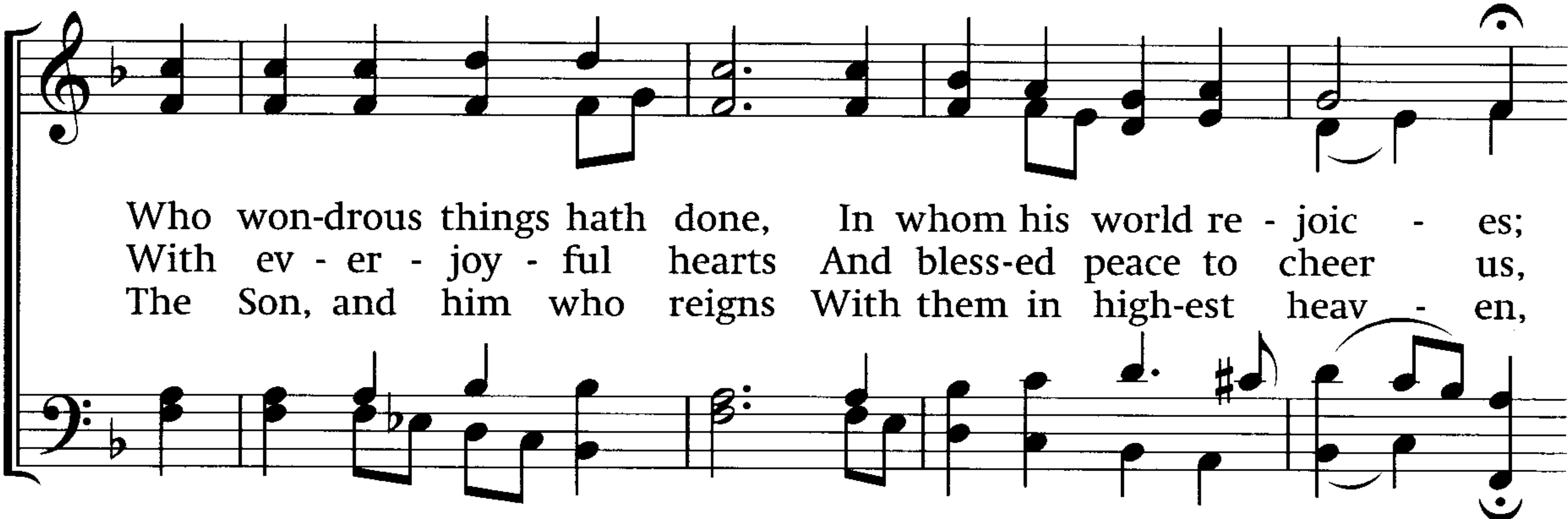
All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;  
Then he'll call us home to heav-en; At his ta - ble we'll sit down;



Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.  
Christ will gird him-self and serve us With sweet man-na all a-round.



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



Who won-drous things hath 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-er's arms Hath blessed us on our way  
 And keep us in his grace, And guide us when per - plexed,  
 E - ter-nal Tri - une 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. A - men.