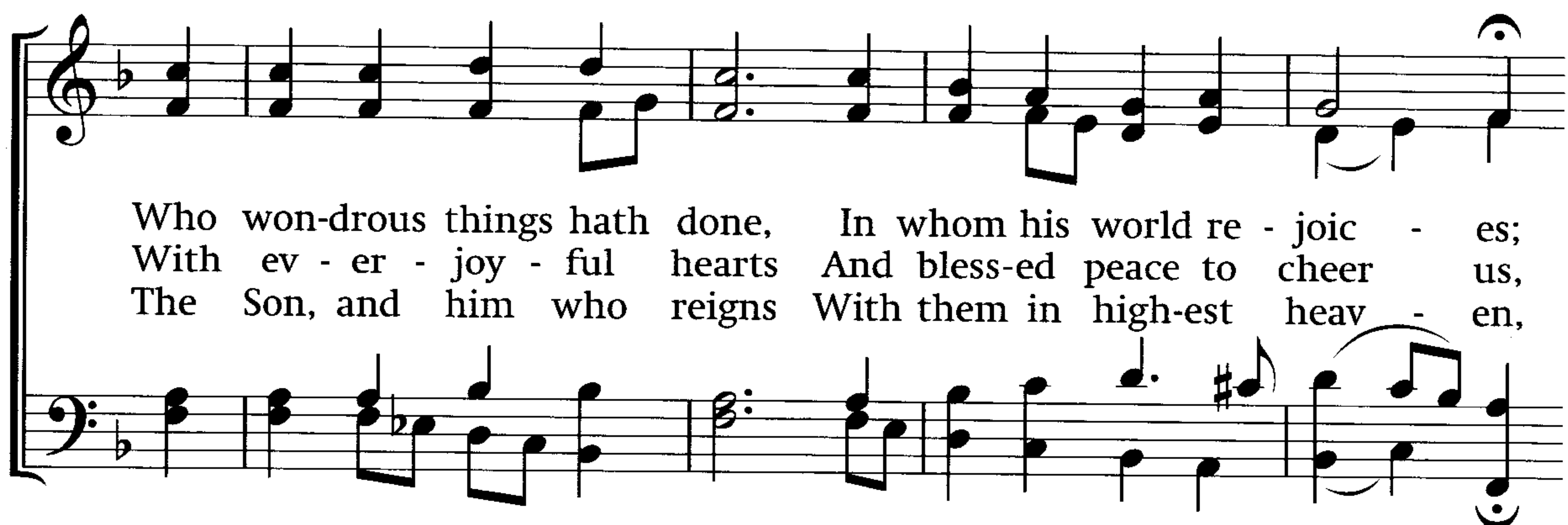
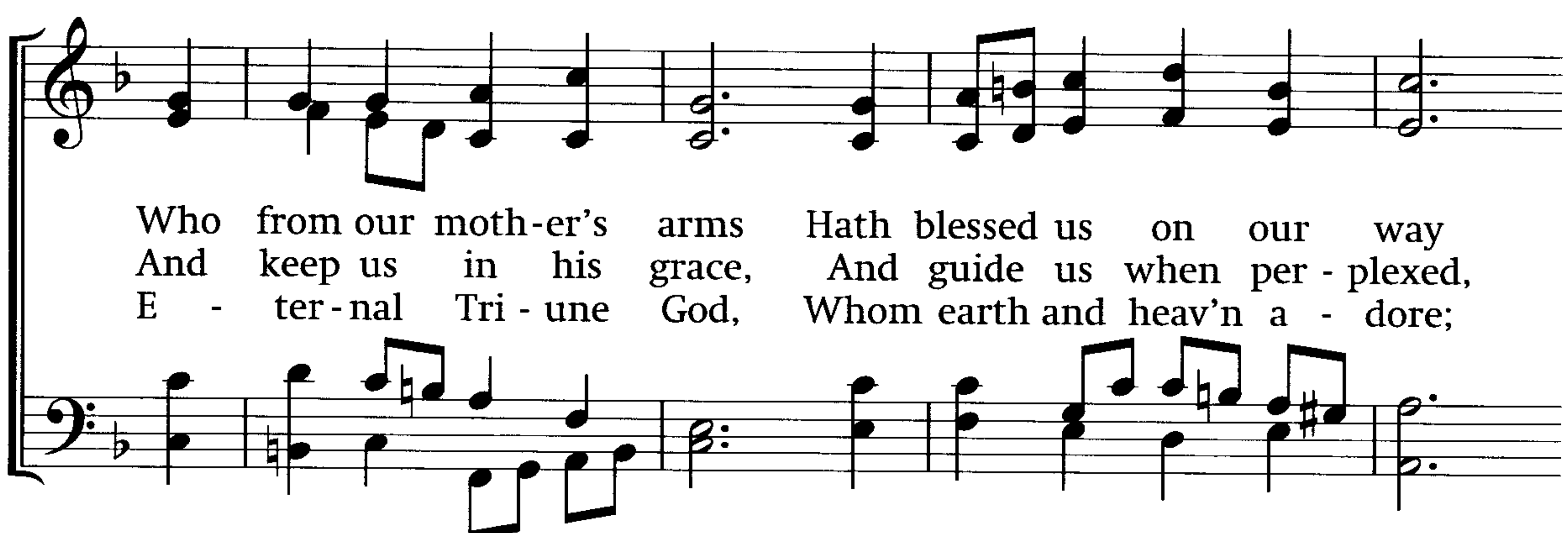




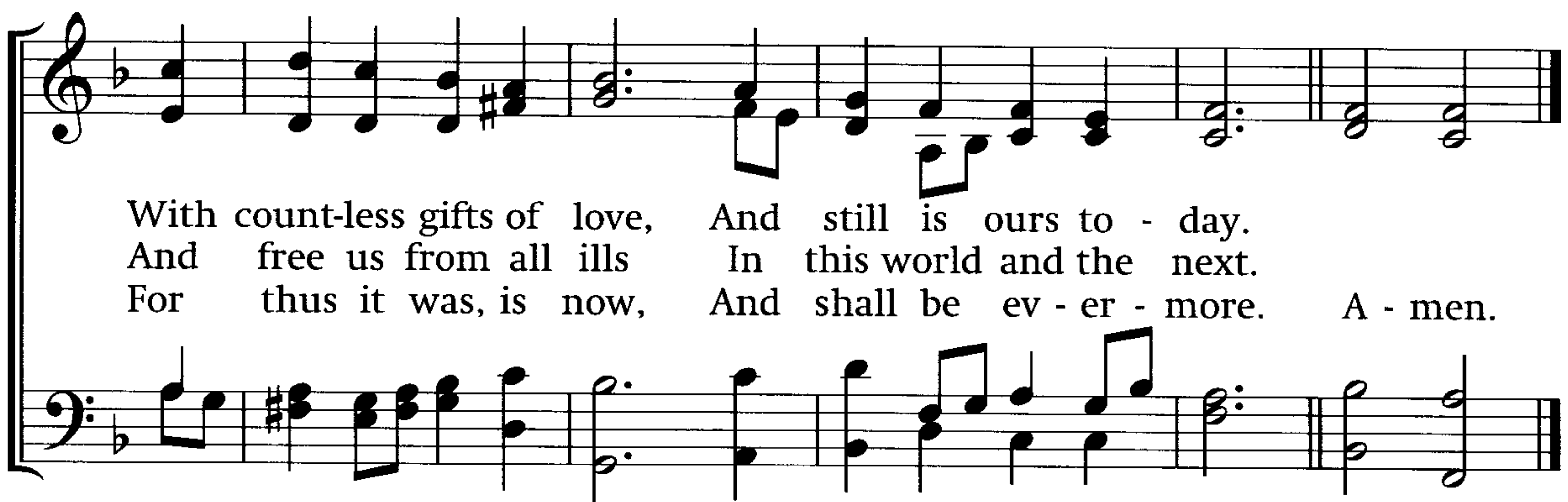
1. Now thank we all our God With heart, and hands, and voic - es,
 2. O may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa-ther now be giv - en,



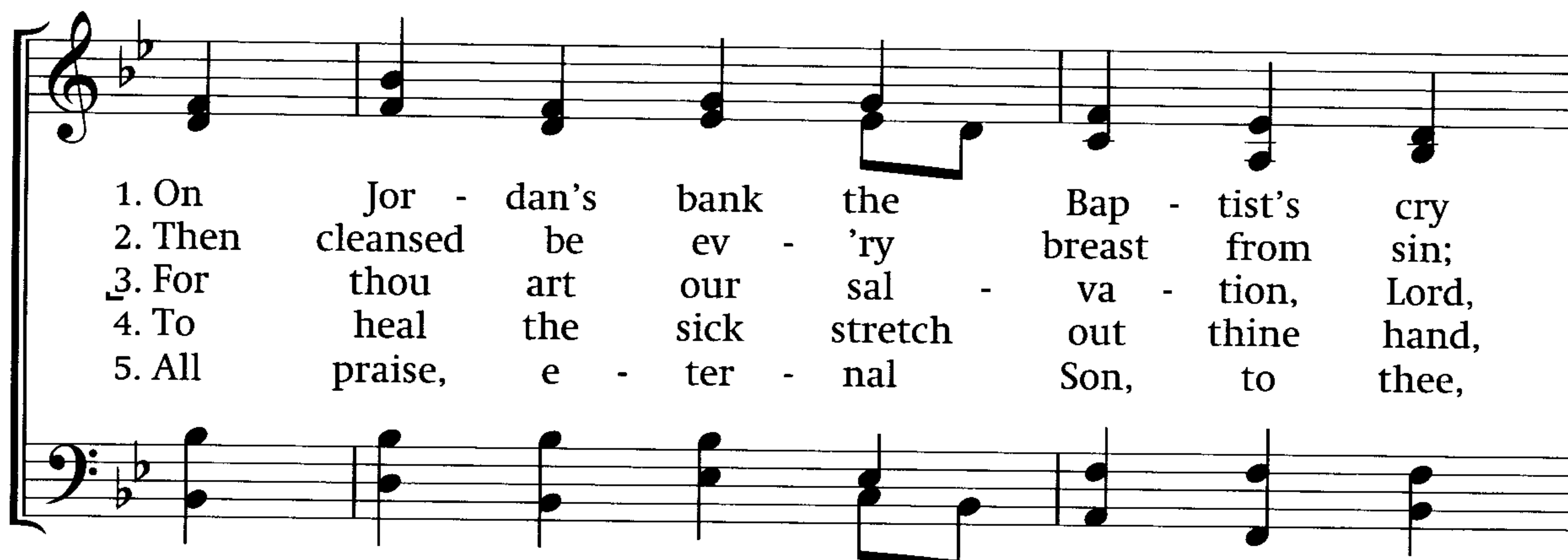
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom his world re - joic - es;
 With ev - er - joy - ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us,
 The Son, and him who reigns With them in high-est heav - en,



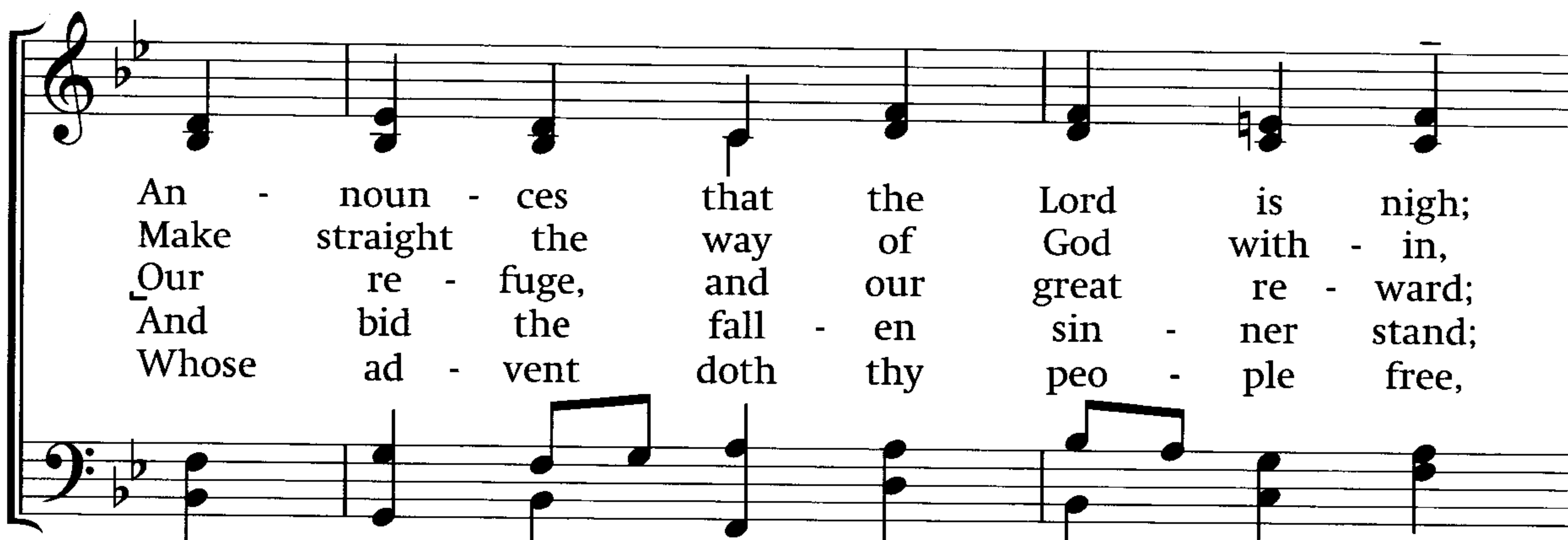
Who from our moth-er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
 And keep us in his grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
 E - ter-nal Tri - une God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;



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.



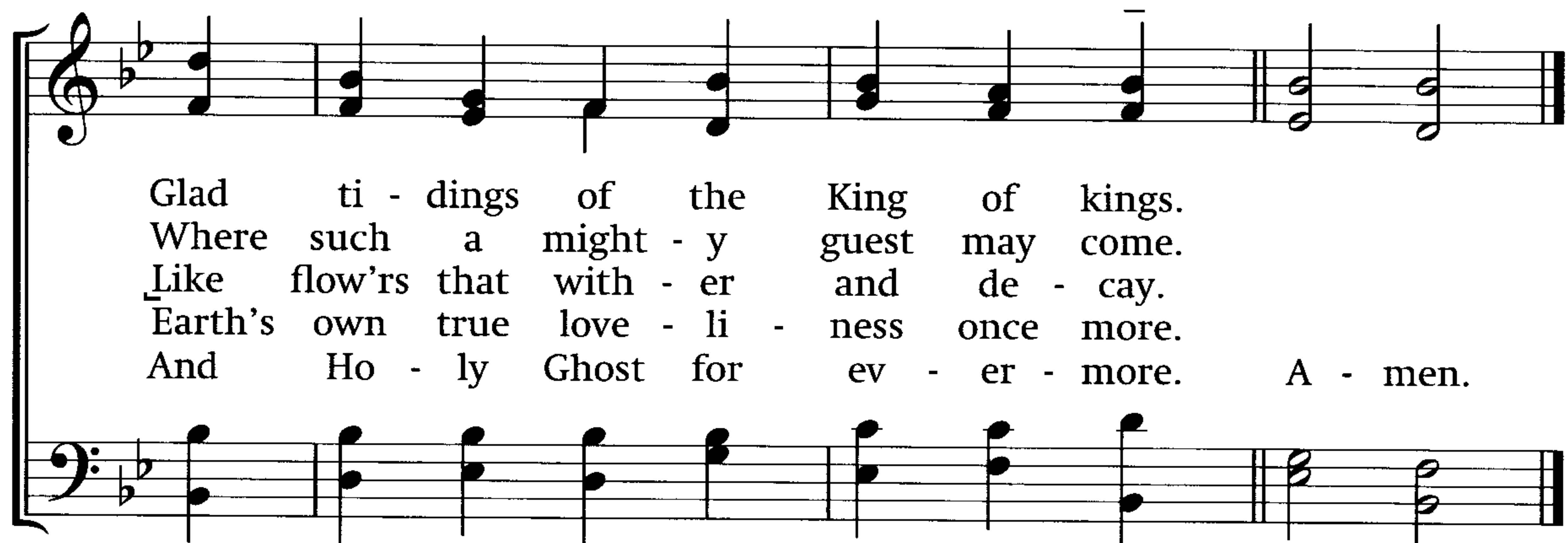
1. On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry
 2. Then cleansed be ev - 'ry breast from sin;
 3. For thou art our sal - va - tion, Lord,
 4. To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
 5. All praise, e - ter - nal Son, to thee,



An - noun - ces that the Lord is nigh;
 Make straight the way of God with - in,
 Our re - fuge, and our great re - ward;
 And bid the fall - en sin - ner stand;
 Whose ad - vent doth thy peo - ple free,



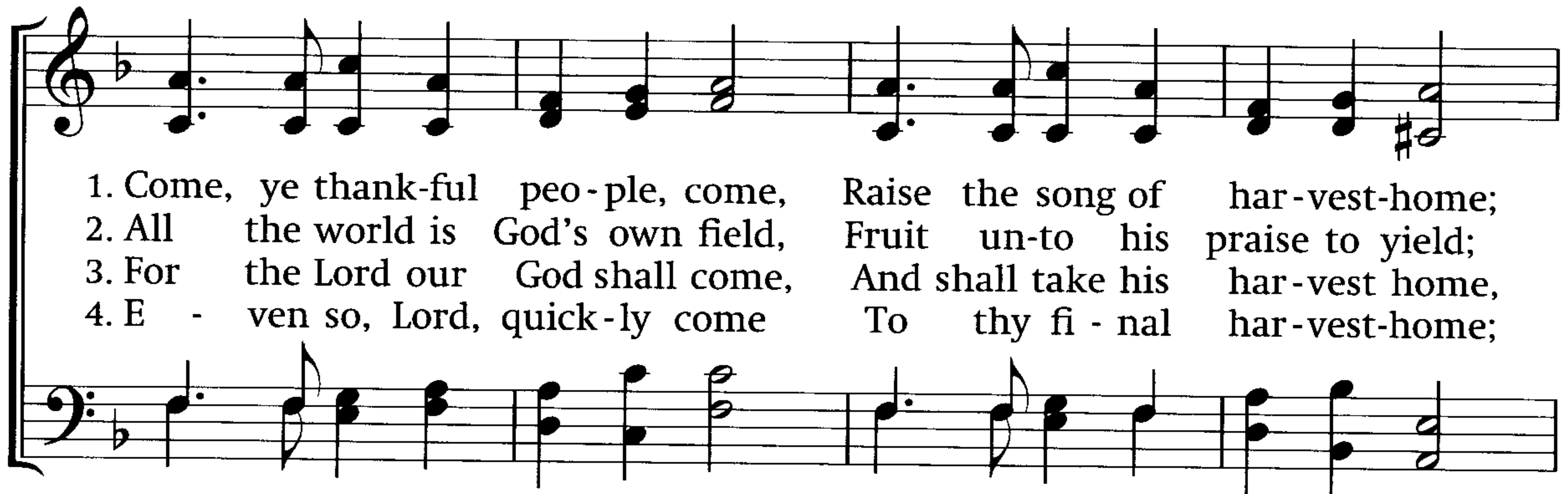
A - wake and heark - en, for he brings
 And let each heart pre - pare a home
 With - out thy grace we waste a - way
 Shine forth, and let thy light re - store
 Whom with the Fa - ther we a - dore



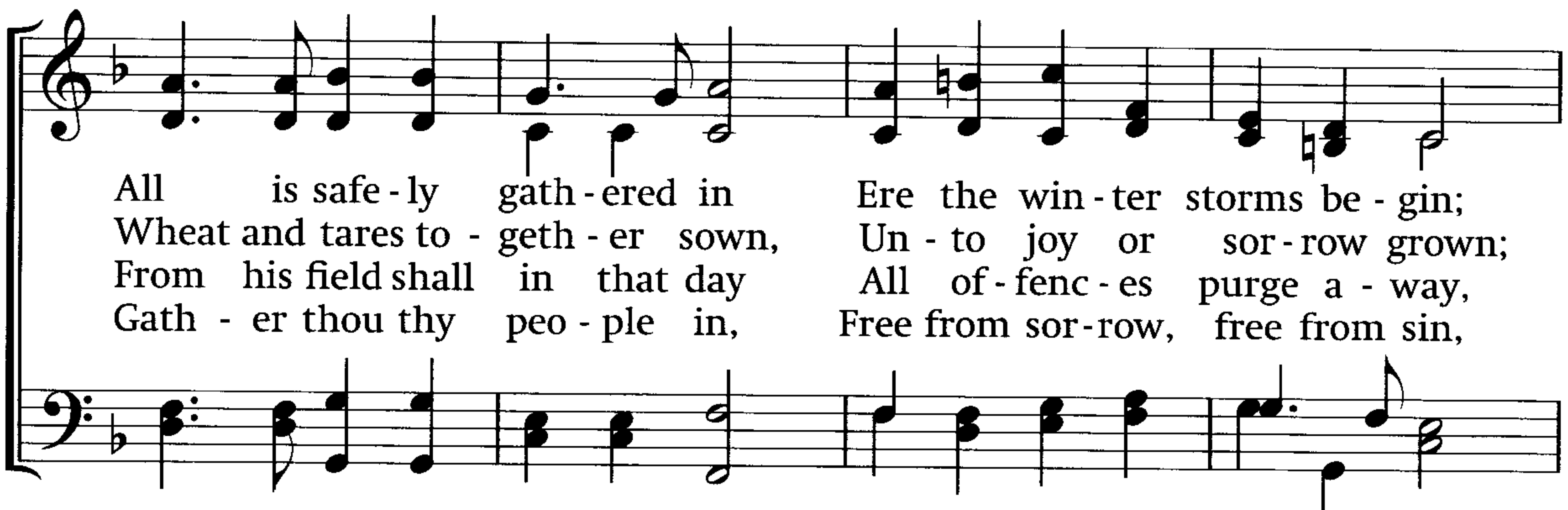
Glad ti - dings of the King of kings.
 Where such a might - y guest may come.
 Like flow'rs that with - er and de - cay.
 Earth's own true love - li - ness once more.
 And Ho - ly Ghost for ev - er - more. A - men.

Text: Charles Coffin, 1736; tr. John Chandler, alt.
 Tune: from *Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690, alt.

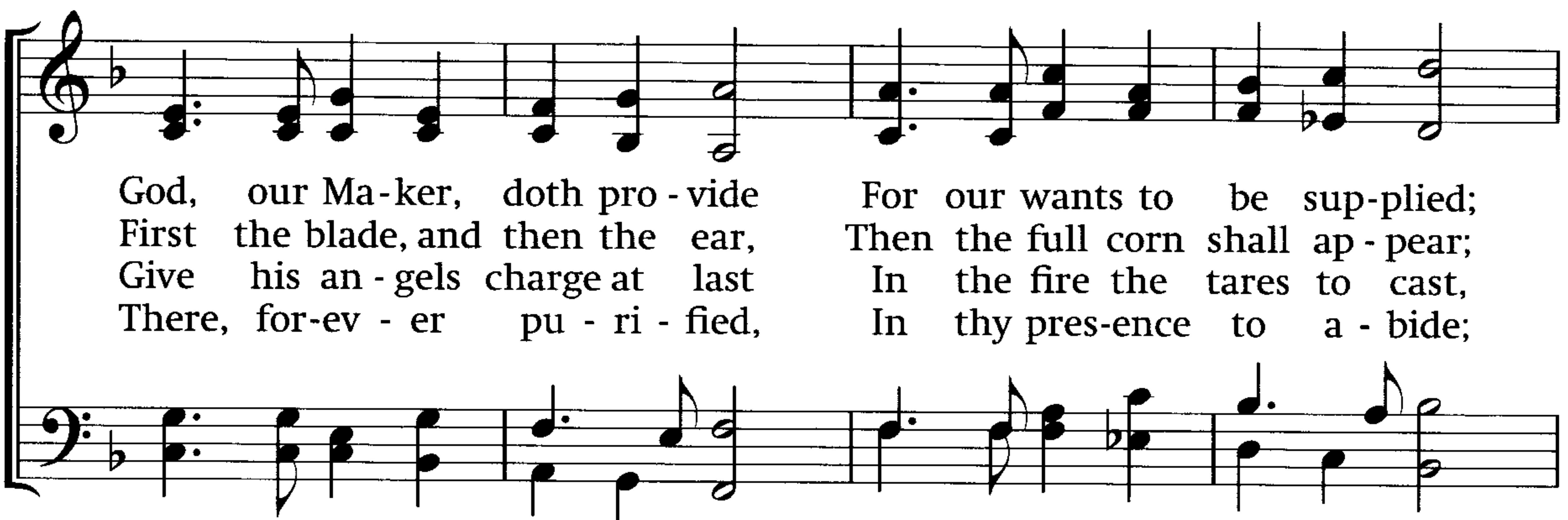
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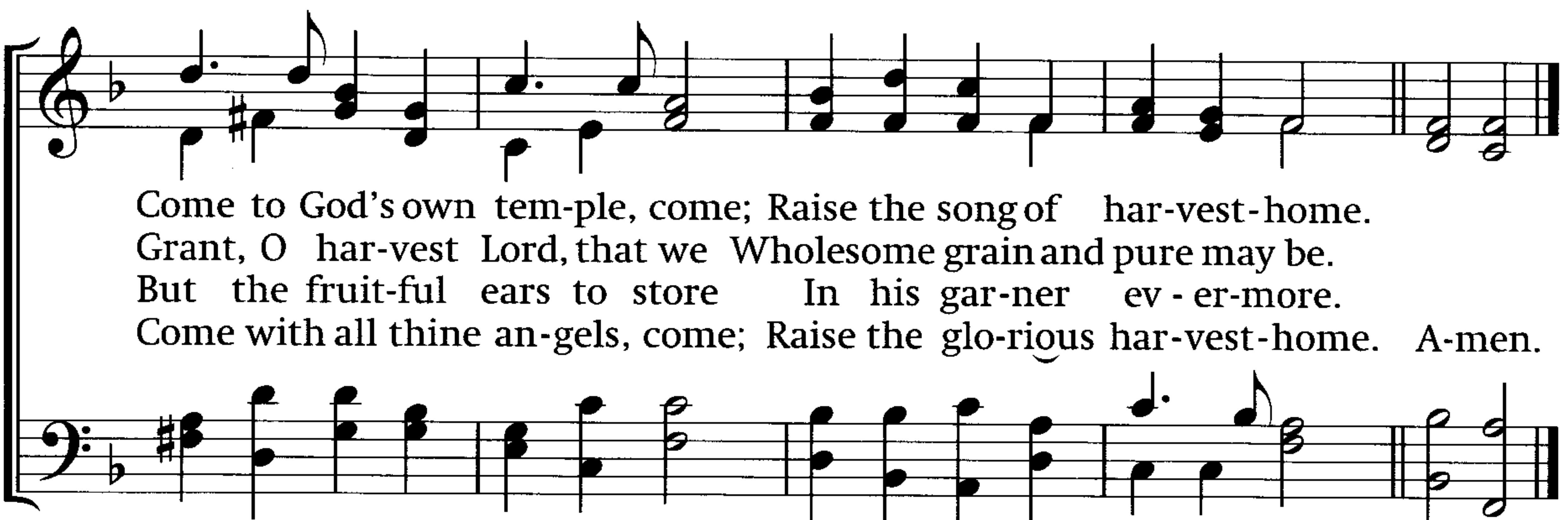
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home;
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to his praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his har-vest home,
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To thy fi - nal har-vest-home;



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-rious har-vest-home. A-men.