

Come Ye Thankful People Come (765)

Vs 1 Come, ye thankful people, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.
All is 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.

Vs 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Henry Alford; 1844, Music by George J Elvey 1858. Public Domain

Ponder these things and give thanks

What grandparents are you thankful for in your earlier years?

What memories do you thank God for of parents or others who were like a parent to you?

What relatives or friends are you thankful for who have helped you or made you a better person?

Who are the next generations in your life that you give thanks for?

What dear friends has God put around you to encourage you or for you to encourage?

We Gather Together (767)

Vs 1 We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing.
He chastens and hastens His will to make known.
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing.
Sing praises to His name; He forgets not His own.

Vs 2 Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining.
Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine;
So from the beginning the fight we were winning.
Thou, Lord, was at our side – all glory be Thine!

Vs 3 We all do extol Thee, Thou Leader triumphant.
And pray that Thou still our Defender will be;
Let Thy congregation escape tribulation.
Thy name be ever praised; O Lord, make us free!

Netherland's folk hymn; 16th Century, Music by Edward Kremser 1877. Public Domain

Now Thank We All Our God (766)

Vs 1 Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices.

Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

Words by Martin Rinkart, 1636 and music by Johann Crueger, 1647 Public Domain

Today's text is Psalm 147