

Hymn 37 Come ye thankful people come

<p>1 Come, ye thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home</p> <p>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 harvest home;</p> <p>3 For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the harvest home; from the field shall in that day all offenses purge away, giving angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast; but the fruitful ears to store in the garner evermore.</p>	<p>2 All the world is God's own field, fruit as praise to God we yield; wheat and tares together sown are to 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.</p> <p>4 Even so, Lord, quickly come, bring thy final harvest home; gather thou thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin, there, forever purified, in thy presence to abide; come, with all thine angels, come, raise the glorious harvest home.</p>
--	---

Hymn 43 Holy is the seed time

<p>1 Holy is the seed-time, when the buried grain Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again. Holy is the springtime, when the living corn, Bursting from its prison, riseth like the morn.</p> <p>3 Holy seed our Master soweth in His field; Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield; Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay, Till the Resurrection summons them away</p>	<p>2 Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear, Bends before the sickle, crowns the golden year; Store them in our garners; winnow them with care; Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.</p> <p>4 Glory to the Father, who beheld our need; Glory to the Savior, who hath sown the seed; Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase; Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!</p>
--	---

Hymn 50 Think of a world without any flowers

<p>1 Think Of a World Without Any Flowers, Think of a World Without Any Trees, Think OF a World Without Any Sunshine, Think Of a World Without Any Breeze. We Thank You Lord, For The Flowers And Trees And Sunshine, We Thank You, Lord, And Praise Your Holy Name.</p> <p>3. Think Of A World Without Any People, Think Of A Street With No-One Living There, Think Of A Town Without Any Houses, No-One To Love And Nobody To Care. We Thank You, Lord, For Families And Friendships, We Thank You, Lord, And Praise Your Holy Name.</p>	<p>2. Think Of The World Without Any Animals, Think Of A Field Without Any Herd, Think Of A Stream Without Any Fishes, Think Of A Dawn Without Any Bird. We Thank You, Lord, For All Your Living Creatures, We Thank You, Lord, And Praise Your Holy Name.</p>
---	--

Hymn 47 We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land

<p>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.</p> <p>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, and what you most would welcome: our humble, thankful hearts.</p>	<p>2 He only is the Maker of all things near and far. He paints the wayside flower, he lights the evening star. The winds and waves obey him, by him the birds are fed; much more to us, his children, he gives our daily bread.</p> <p><i>Refrain:</i> <i>All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above. then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.</i></p>
---	--

