

Come, Ye Thankful People Come UMH694

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.

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.

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.

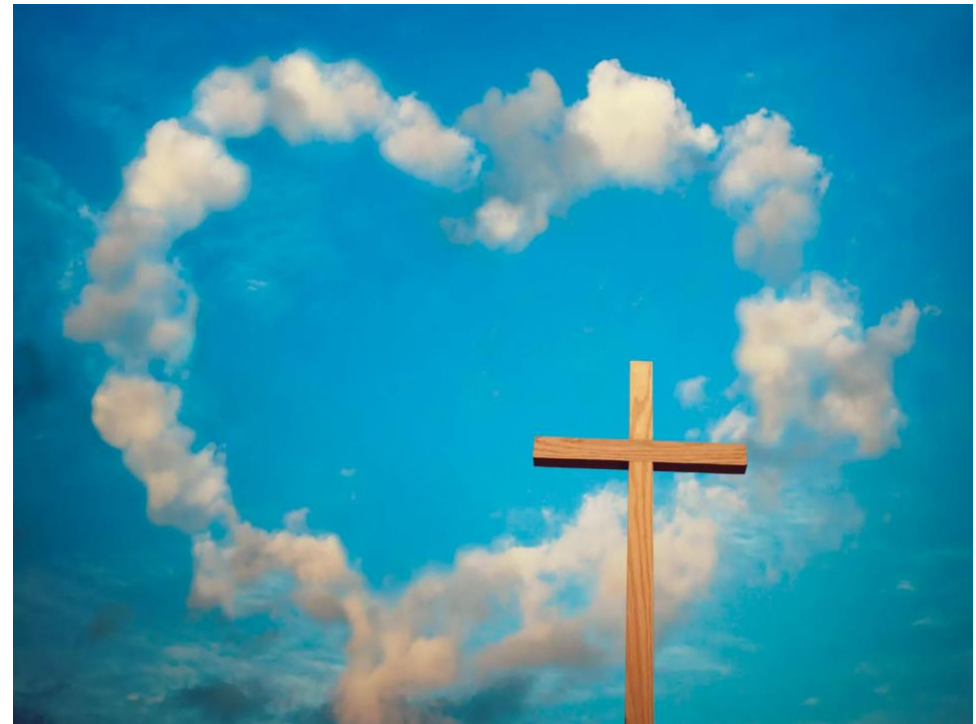
Even so, Lord, quickly come,
bring thy final harvest home;
gather thou thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin,
there, forever purified, in thy presence to abide;
come, with all thine angels, come,
raise the glorious harvest home.

Father, I Adore You TFWS 2038

Father, I adore you, lay my life before you;
how I love you.

Jesus, I adore you, lay my life before you;
how I love you.

Spirit, I adore you, lay my life before you;
how I love you.



The Trees of the Field

TFWS 2279

You shall go out with joy
and be led forth with peace;
the mountains and the hills will
break forth before you;
there'll be shouts of joy,
and all the trees of the field
will clap, will clap their hands.

And all the trees of the field
will clap their hands,
the trees of the field will clap their hands,
the trees of the field will clap their hands
while you go out with joy.

You shall go out with joy
and be led forth with peace;
the mountains and the hills will
break forth before you;
there'll be shouts of joy,
and all the trees of the field
will clap, will clap their hands.

And all the trees of the field
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the trees of the field will clap their hands
while you go out with joy.

We Are God's People

TFWS 2220

We are God's people, the chosen of the Lord,
born of the Spirit, established by the Word.
Our cornerstone is Christ alone,
and strong in Christ we stand;
O let us live transparently
and walk heart to heart and hand in hand.

We are God's loved ones, the Bride of Christ our Lord,
for we have known it, the love of God outpoured.
Now let us learn how to return
the gift of love once given;
O let us share each joy and care
and live with a zeal that pleases heaven.

We are the body, of which the Lord is head,
called to obey Christ, now risen from the dead.
God will us be a family
diverse, yet truly one;
O let us give our gifts to God
and so shall God's work on earth be done.

We are a temple, the Spirit's dwelling place,
formed in great weakness, a cup to hold God's grace.
We die alone, for on its own
each ember loses fire;
yet joined in one the flame burns on
to give warmth and light and to inspire.