

Oct 9, 2022 10:00 A.M.

Song Sheet

Processional Hymn: #258 We Plough the Fields and Scatter

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.

Chorus

All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love.

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 give our daily bread. *Chorus*

We thank thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good:
The seedtime and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer for all thy love imparts, and,
what thou most desirest, our humble, thankful hearts, *Chorus*

Gradual Hymn: #259 For the Fruit of All Creation

For the fruit of all creation, thanks be to God;
Gifts bestowed on every nation, thanks be to God.
For the ploughing, sowing, reaping, silent growth while we are sleeping,
Future needs in earth's safekeeping, thanks be to God.

In the just reward of labour, God's will is done,
In the help we give our neighbour, God's will is done.
In our worldwide task of caring for the hungry and despairing.
In the harvest we are sharing, God's will is done.

For the harvests of the Spirit, thanks be to God.
For the good we all inherit, thanks be to God.
For the wonders that astound us, for the truths that still confound us,
Most of all, that love has found us, thanks be to God.

Offertory: #262 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

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 unto his praise to yield'
wheat and weeds together sown,
unto joy or sorrow grown;
first the blade, and then the ear,
then thee 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 his harvest home;
from his field shall in that day
all offences purge away;
give his angels charge at last
in the fire the weeds to cast;
but the fruitful ears to store
in his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
to 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.

Closing Hymn: #349 All People That on Earth Do Dwell

All people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell; come ye before him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed; without our aid he did us make;
we are his folk, he doth us feed, and for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise, approach with joy his courts unto;
praise, laud, and bless his name always, for it is seemly so to do.

For why, the Lord our God is good; his mercy is forever sure;
his truth at all times firmly stood, and shall from age to age endure.