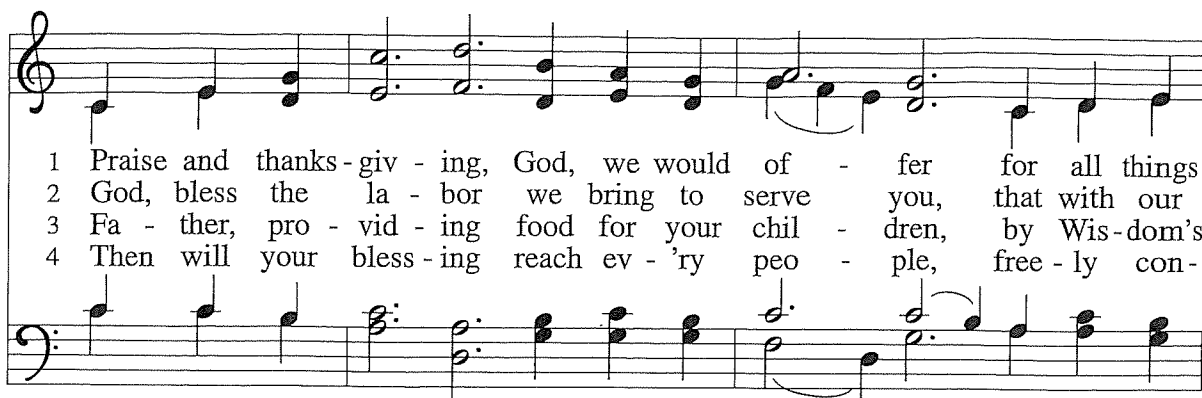
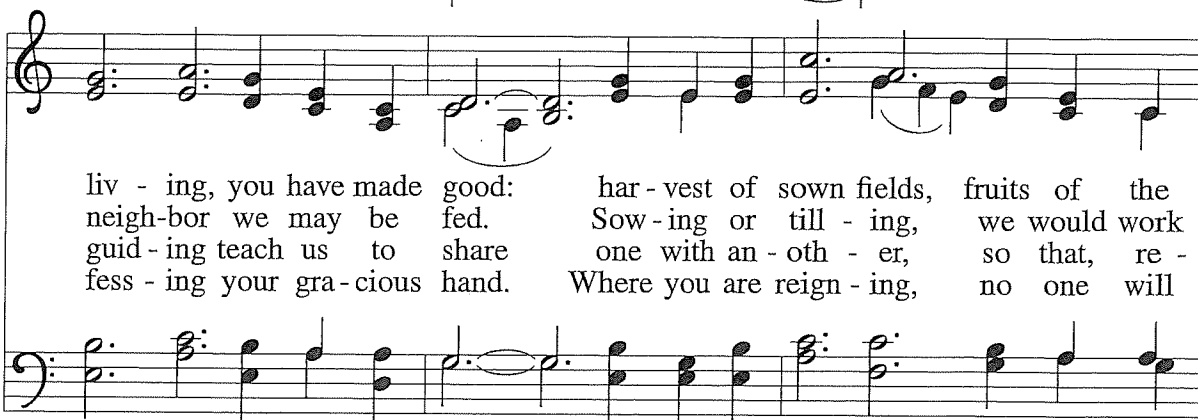




1 Praise and thanks - giv - ing, God, we would of - fer for all things
 2 God, bless the la - bor we bring to serve you, that with our
 3 Fa - ther, pro - vid - ing food for your chil - dren, by Wis - dom's
 4 Then will your bless - ing reach ev - 'ry peo - ple, free - ly con -



liv - ing, you have made good: har - vest of sown fields, fruits of the
 neigh - bor we may be fed. Sow - ing or till - ing, we would work
 guid - ing teach us to share one with an - oth - er, so that, re -
 fess - ing your gra - cious hand. Where you are reign - ing, no one will



or - chard, hay from the mown fields, blos - som and wood.
 with you, har - vest - ing, mill - ing for dai - ly bread.
 joic - ing with us, all oth - ers may know your care.
 hun - ger; your love sus - tain - ing show - ers the land.

Text: Albert F. Bayly, 1901-1984, alt.
 Music: Gaelic tune; arr. hymnal version
 Text © Oxford University Press
 Arr. © 2006 Augsburg Fortress

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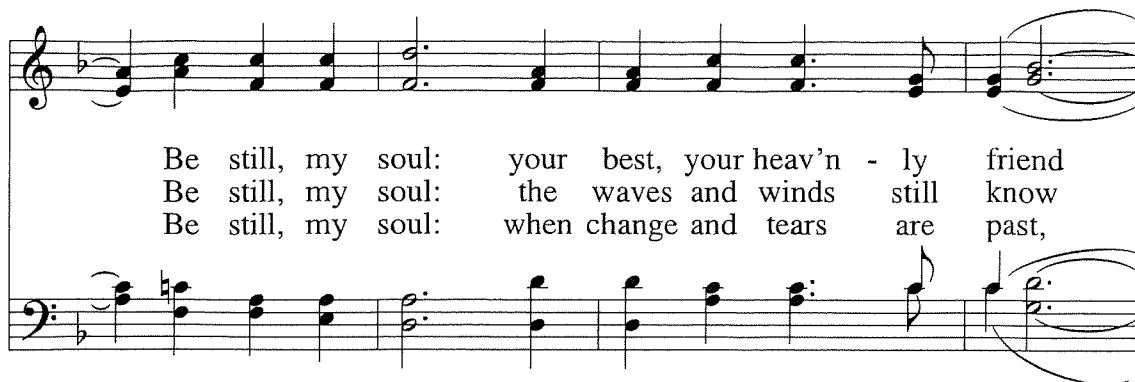
Be Still, My Soul

1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on your side.
 2. Be still, my soul: your God will un - der - take
 3. Be still, my soul: the hour is has - t'ning on

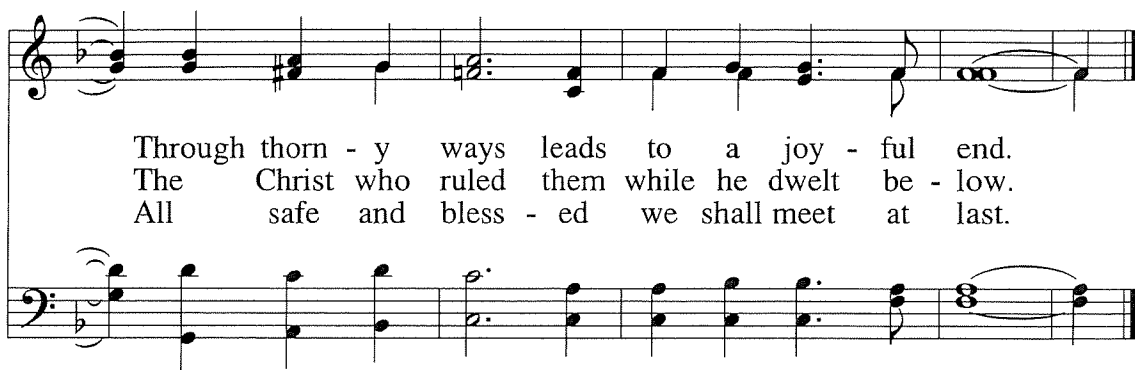
Bear pa - tient - ly the cross of grief or pain;
 To guide the fu - ture, as in a - ges past.
 When we shall be for ev - er with the Lord,

Leave to your God to or - der and pro - vide;
 Your hope, your con - fi - dence let noth - ing shake;
 When dis - ap - point - ment, grief, and fear are gone,

In ev - 'ry change God faith - ful will re - main.
 All now mys - te - rious shall be bright at last.
 Sor - row for - got, love's pur - est joys re - stored.



Be still, my soul: your best, your heav'n - ly friend
 Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
 Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,

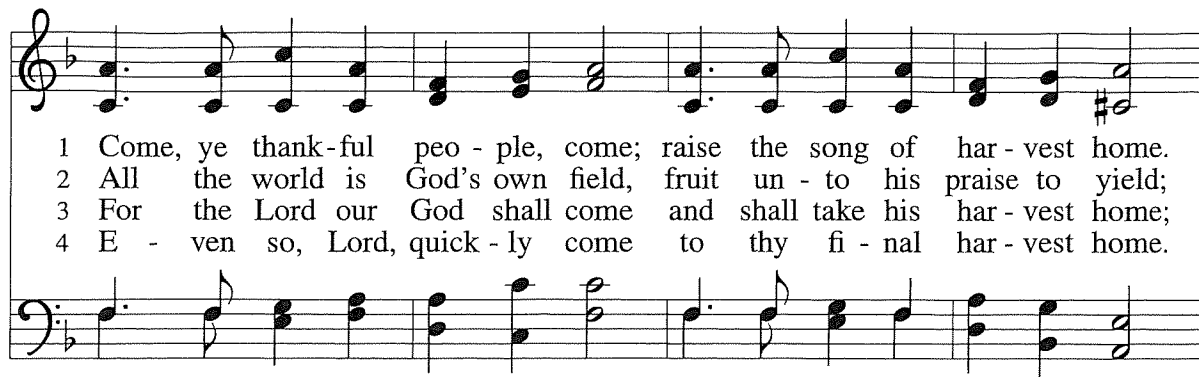


Through thorn - y ways leads to a joy - ful end.
 The Christ who ruled them while he dwelt be - low.
 All safe and bless - ed we shall meet at last.

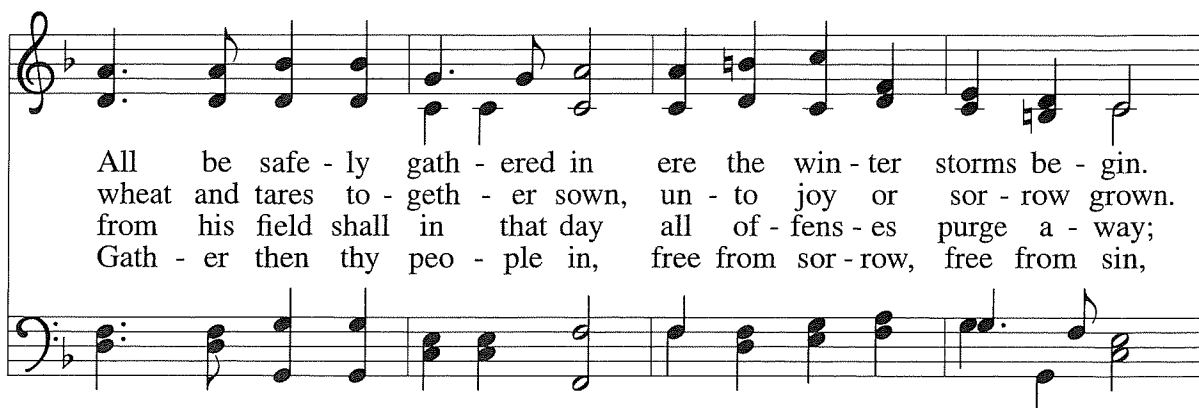
Text: Katharina von Schlegel, 1697–1768; tr. by Jane L. Borthwick, 1813–1897. alt.
 Tune: FINLANDIA, 10 10 10 10 10 10; Jean Sibelius, 1865–1957

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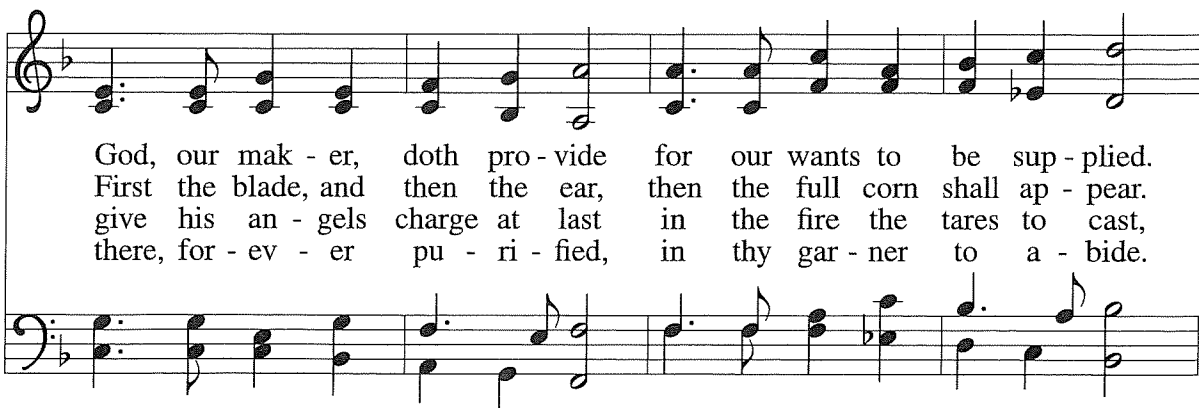
Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



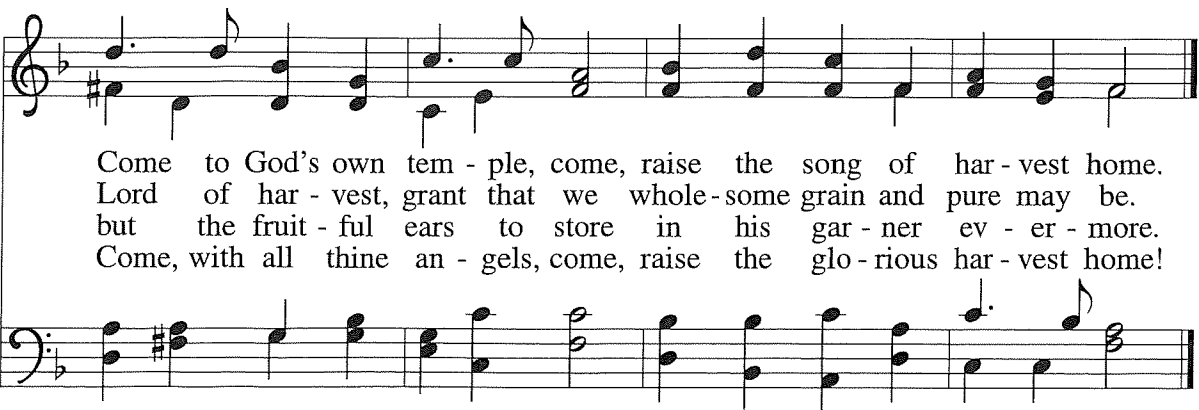
1 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.
 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit un - to his praise to yield;
 3 For the Lord our God shall come and shall take his har - vest home;
 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to thy fi - nal har - vest home.



All be 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 - fens - es purge a - way;
 Gath - er then thy peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin,



God, our mak - er, 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 gar - ner to a - bide.



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole - some 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!