

November 23rd 2025

718. Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

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, does provide
for our wants to be supplied;
come to God's own temple, come,
raise the song of harvest home.

2 All the blessings of the field,
all the stores the gardens yield,
all the fruits in full supply,
ripened 'neath the summer sky,
all that spring with bounteous hand
scatters o'er the smiling land,
all that liberal autumn pours
from its rich o'erflowing stores,

3 These to thee, my God, we owe,
source whence all our blessings flow;
and for these my soul shall raise
grateful vows and solemn praise.
Come, ye thankful people, come,
raise the song of harvest home;
come to God's own temple, come,
raise the song of harvest home.

715. Now Thank We All Our God

1 Now thank we all our God,
with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things has done,
in whom the world rejoices,
who from our mothers' arms
has blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love,
and still is ours today.

2 O may this bounteous God
through all our life be near us,

with ever-joyful hearts
and blessed peace to cheer us,
and keep us full of grace,
and guide us when perplexed,
and free us from all ills
in this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
our Father and our Mother,
to Christ and to the One
who binds us to each other,
the one eternal God,
whom earth and heaven adore,
for thus it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

717. Let All Things Now Living

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