

OUR LOVEFEAST

St. George's, Windsor

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 tares together sown, unto 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.

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 garner to abide;
Come, with all Thine angels come, raise the glorious harvest home.

Dix

For the beauty of the earth, for the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth over and around us lies;
Lord of all, to thee we raise our hymn of grateful praise.

For the beauty of each hour of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of light;
Lord of all, to thee we raise this hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild;
Lord of all, to thee we raise our hymn of grateful praise.

For thy church, that evermore lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore her pure sacrifice of love;
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise.

Duke Street

Give to God, our immortal praise; mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong; repeat his mercies in your song.

He built the earth, he spread the sky, and fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong; repeat his mercies in your song.

He sent his Son with pow'r to save from guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong; repeat his mercies in your song.

OUR BLESSING

Come, Lord Jesus, our Guest to be and bless these gifts bestowed by Thee.
Bless our loved ones everywhere and keep them in Thy loving care. Amen.

SPECIAL MUSIC

"My Song I Love Unknown"

John Darwall (1713-1789)

My song is love unknown, my Savior's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown, that they might lovely be.
O who am I, that for my sake my Lord should take frail flesh, and die?

He came from His blest throne salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none longed-for Christ would know.
But O my Friend, my Friend indeed, who at my need His life did spend!

Here might I stay and sing. No story so divine;
There ne'er was love, dear King, and never grief like Thine.
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could gladly spend.

"Jubilate" (O Be Joyful In The Lord) Christian I Latrobe (1758-1836)

O be joyful in the Lord, O be joyful all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness,
and come before his presence with a song.
Be ye sure that the Lord is God!
It is He that made us and not we ourselves.
We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.
O go your way into His gates with Thanksgiving,
and into His courts with praise;
be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name!
For the Lord is gracious, and His mercy is on them that fear,
And His truth endureth from generation to generation.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,
World without end, Amen!

Wir Pflugen

We plow 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 the soft refreshing rain.
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 gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all his love.

We thank thee, then, O Father, for all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest, our life, our health and food;
No gifts have we to offer, for all thy love imparts,
And, what thou desirest, our humble, thankful hearts.
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