HYMN BOOKLET

Thanksgiving hymn booklet



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Every text here was printed in the United States before 1931. Any church or family may copy it.

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HYMN 1

Now Thank We All Our God

Martin Rinkart, translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1858
TUNE: NUN DANKET

1 Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all this life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His 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
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

HYMN 2

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Henry Alford, 1844
TUNE: ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR

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, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home.

2 We ourselves are 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.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

HYMN 3

We Gather Together

Anonymous, translated by Theodore Baker, 1894
TUNE: KREMSER

1 We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing,
He chastens and hastens his will to make known;
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing,
Sing praises to his name, – he forgets not his own.

2 Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine,
So from the beginning the fight we were winning;
Thou, Lord, wast at our side, all glory be thine.

3 We all do extol thee, thou Leader triumphant,
And pray that thou still our Defender wilt be.
Let thy congregation escape tribulation!
Thy name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

HYMN 4

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Joachim Neander, translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1863
TUNE: LOBE DEN HERREN

1 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy Health and Salvation!
Join the full throng;
Wake, harp and psalter and song;
Sound forth in glad adoration!

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Who, as on wings of an eagle, uplifteth, sustaineth.
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires all have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3 Praise to the Lord, who hath fearfully, wondrously, made thee;
Health hath vouchsafed and, when heedlessly falling, hath stayed thee!
What need or grief
Ever hath failed of relief?—
Wings of His mercy did shade thee.

4 Praise to the Lord, who doth visibly bless and defend thee;
Who from the heavens the streams of His mercy doth send thee!
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do
If with His love He befriend thee.

5 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
He is thy Light;
Soul, keep it always in sight,
Gladly forever adore Him!

HYMN 5

For the Beauty of the Earth

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1864
TUNE: DIX

1 For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies–

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,
Sun and moon, and stars of light–

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle tho'ts and mild–

4 For thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely giv'n,
For that great, great love of thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heav'n–

HYMN 6

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Henry F. Lyte, 1834
TUNE: REGENT SQUARE

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise Jehovah, God of grace.

HYMN 7

Count Your Blessings

Johnson Oatman Jr., 1897

1 When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

Count your blessings, name them one by one;
Count your blessings, see what God hath done!
Count your blessings, name them one by one;
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

2 Are you ever burdened with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings, ev'ry doubt will fly,
And you will keep singing as the days go by.

3 When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, wealth can never buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.

4 So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be disheartened, God is over all;
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

HYMN 8

Great Is Thy Faithfulness

Thomas O. Chisholm, 1923
TUNE: FAITHFULNESS

1 "Great is Thy faithfulness," O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not,
As Thou hast been Thou forever wilt be.

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

"Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy faithfulness!"
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided–
"Great is Thy faithfulness," Lord, unto me!

2 Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness,
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

3 Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

HYMN 9

Bringing in the Sheaves

Knowles Shaw, 1874
TUNE: BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves;
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome;
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

HYMN 10

To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise

William C. Dix, 1864
TUNE: BOLLES

1 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation:
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

HYMN 10, CONTINUED

3 We bear the burden of the day
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves forevermore
To garners bright elected.

4 Oh, blessed is that land of God
Where saints abide forever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

HYMN 11

Great God, We Sing That Mighty Hand

Philip Doddridge, 1755
TUNE: LUTHER'S CHANT

1 Great God, we sing that mighty Hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Be Thou our Joy and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

HYMN 12

This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901
TUNE: TERRA BEATA

1 This is my Father's world,
And to my list'ning ears,
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world,
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas–
His hand the wonders wrought.

2 This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world,
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

3 This is my Father's world,
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the Ruler yet.
This is my Father's world,
The battle is not done,
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And earth and heaven be one.

HYMN 13

O Worship the King

Robert Grant, 1833
TUNE: LYONS

1 O, worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love–
Our shield and defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail,
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Preserver, and Friend.

5 O Father Almighty, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

HYMN 14

Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

Ignaz Franz (attributed), translated by Clarence A. Walworth, 1858
TUNE: TE DEUM

1 Holy God, we praise Thy Name,
Lord of all, we bow before Thee;
All on earth Thy sceptre claim;
All in heav'n above adore Thee,
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign,

2 Hark! The loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are raising!
Cherubim and Seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising;
Fill the Heav'ns with sweet accord;
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,
Undivided God we claim Thee;
And adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

HYMN 15

Praise the Lord, Ye Heavens! Adore Him

John Kempthorne, 1810
TUNE: FABEN

1 Praise the Lord, ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high! his power proclaim
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

HYMN 16

From All That Dwell Below the Skies

Isaac Watts, 1719
TUNE: DUKE STREET

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 17

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

Henry van Dyke, 1908
TUNE: ODE TO JOY

1 Joyful, joyful, we adore thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flow'rs before thee,
Hail thee as the sun above.
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

2 All thy works with joy surround thee,
Earth and heav'n reflect thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around thee,
Center of unbroken praise;
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Bloss'ming meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in thee.

HYMN 17, CONTINUED

3 Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Well-spring of the joy of living,
Ocean-depth of happy rest!
Thou the Father, Christ our Brother,–
All who live in love are thine:
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the Joy Divine.

4 Mortals join the mighty chorus,
Which the morning stars began;
Father-love is reigning o'er us,
Brother-love binds man to man.
Ever singing march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife;
Joyful music lifts us sunward
In the triumph song of life.

HYMN 18

To God Be the Glory

Fanny J. Crosby, 1875
TUNE: TO GOD BE THE GLORY

1 To God be the glory, great things he hath done,
So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,
Who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life Gate that all may go in.

REFRAIN, AFTER EVERY VERSE

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear his voice,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice.
O come to the Father, thro' Jesus the Son,
And give him the glory, great things he hath done.

2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3 Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done,
And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport when Jesus we see.

HYMN 19

All People That on Earth Do Dwell

William Kethe, 1561
TUNE: OLD HUNDREDTH

1 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.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, 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.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

HYMN 20

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1759
TUNE: NETTLETON

1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 21

God Is Love; His Mercy Brightens

John Bowring, 1825
TUNE: ASCHAM

1 God is Love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move,
But His mercy waneth never:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

HYMN 22

New Every Morning Is the Love

John Keble, 1822
TUNE: CANONBURY

1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray:
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And keep us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

HYMN 23

Every Morning Mercies New

G. Phillimore, 1863
TUNE: KELSO

1 Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure,
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail
That these gifts may never fail;
And as we confess the sin
And the Tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise.

HYMN 24

When All Thy Mercies, O My God

Joseph Addison, 1712
TUNE: BELMONT

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

HYMN 25

Through the Day Thy Love Hath Spared Us

Thomas Kelly, 1806
TUNE: REPOSE

1 Through the day Thy love hath spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

3 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth and saints in heav'n;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being giv'n,
Who dost seek and save the lost:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.