

**Come, ye thankful people, come**  
Raise the song of harvest home  
All be 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 to joy or sorrow sown  
First the blade and then the ear  
Then the full corn shall appear  
Grant, O harvest Lord, 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 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

Then, thou Church Triumphant, come  
Raise the song of harvest-home  
All be safely gathered in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin  
There, forever purified  
In God's garner to abide  
Come, ten thousand angels, come  
Raise the glorious harvest home

*Henry Alford (1810-1871)*

**There must be more than this**

O breath of God, come breath within  
There must be more than this  
Spirit of God we wait for You  
Fill us anew we pray. Fill us anew we pray

***Consuming fire, fan into flame***

***A passion for Your name***

***Spirit of God, fall in this place***

***Lord have Your way***

***Lord have Your way with us***

Come like a rushing wind  
Fill us with power from on high  
Now set the captives free  
Leave us abandoned to Your praise  
Lord let Your glory fall. Lord let Your glory fall

*Tim Hughes © 2002 Thankyou Music*

**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.

***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 you, then, O Father,  
for all things bright and good,  
the seed-time and the harvest,  
our life, our health, our food:  
accept the gifts we offer  
for all your love imparts;  
and that which you most welcome,  
our humble, thankful hearts.

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

*Matthias Claudius (1740-1800)*

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