

Sunday Worship Music

November 19, 2023

Introit

Sing, Praise, and Bless the Lord (Laudate Dominum)

Jacques Berthier, 1980

*Sing, praise, and bless the Lord. (Laudate Dominum.)
Peoples! Nations! Alleluia! (omnes, gentes, alleluia!)*

Hymn 367

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

*text by Henry Alford, 1844
music by George J. Elvey, 1858*

*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 in thankful 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.*

*For the Lord our God shall come and shall take the harvest home;
from each field shall in that day all offenses purge away;
give the angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store in God's garner evermore.*

*Even so, Lord, quickly come to thy final harvest home.
Gather thou thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin,
there forever purified, in thy presence to abide:
come with all thine angels, come; raise the glorious harvest home!*

Anthem

We Plow the Fields and Scatter

John S. Dixon

*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 soft, refreshing rain.*

*(Refrain) 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. (Refrain)*

*We thank thee then, O Father, for all things bright and good:
the seedtime and the harvest, our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer for all thy love imparts,
and, what thou most desirest, our humble, thankful hearts. (Refrain)*

Hymn 702

Christ Be Beside Me

text by James Quinn, 1969
Gaelic melody

*Christ be beside me; Christ be before me;
Christ be behind me, King of my heart.
Christ be within me; Christ be below me;
Christ be above me, never to part.*

*Christ on my right hand, Christ on my left hand,
Christ all around me, shield in the strife.
Christ in my sleeping, Christ in my sitting,
Christ in my rising, Light of my life.*

*Christ be in all hearts thinking about me;
Christ be on all tongues telling of me.
Christ be the vision in eyes that see me;
in ears that hear me Christ ever be.*