367 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

1. Come, ye thankful people, come; raise the song of harvest home.
2. All the world is God's own field, fruit in thankful praise to yield,
3. For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the harvest home;
4. Even so, Lord, quickly come to thy final harvest home.

All is safely gathered in, ere the winter storms begin.
Wheat and tares together sown, unto joy or sorrow grown.
From each field shall in that day all offenses purge away;
Gather thou thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin,

God, our Maker, doth provide for our wants to be supplied.
First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall appear.
Give the angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
There forever purified, in thy presence to abide:

Come to God's own temple, come; raise the song of harvest home.
Lord of harvest, grant that we wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruitful ears to store in God's garner ever more.
Come, with all thine angels, come; raise the glorious harvest home!

Despite its familiar Thanksgiving associations, the real concern of this text is to recall the harvest imagery Jesus used to describe the fulfillment of God's sovereignty. The tune name commemorates the royal chapel where the composer was organist for forty-seven years.

TEXT: Henry Alford, 1844, alt.
ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR
MUSIC: George Job Elvey, 1858
7.7.7.7.D
Glory Be to the Father

Glory be to the Father, and to the

Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the be-

ginning, is now, and ever shall be,

world without end. Amen, amen.
My Shepherd Will Supply My Need 803

(Psalm 23)

1 My shepherd will supply my need; Jehovah is his name.
2 When I walk through the shades of death your presence is my stay.
3 The sure provisions of my God attend me all my days;

In pastures fresh he makes me feed, beside the living stream.
One word of your supporting breath drives all my fears away.
Oh may your house be my abode, and all my work be praise.

He brings my wandering spirit back when I for-sake his ways,
Your hand, in sight of all my foes, does still my table spread;
There would I find a settled rest, while others go and come;

and leads me, for his mercy’s sake, in paths of truth and grace.
my cup with blessings overflows; your oil points my head.
no more a stranger, or a guest, but like a child at home.

The effectiveness of this beloved paraphrase of Psalm 23 owes much to the flowing shape note melody that serves as a “living stream” to carry the text, which in turn has been given a remarkable clarity and lightness through the poet’s masterful use of single-syllable words.
SERVICE MUSIC

606  Praise God, from Whom
     All Blessings Flow
     Doxology

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise *him, all creatures here below; praise *him above, ye heavenly host; praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

*Or “God”

TEXT: Thomas Ken, 1695, 1709
MUSIC: Genevan Psalter, 1551

607  Praise God, from Whom
     All Blessings Flow
     Doxology

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise Christ, all people

TEXT: Neil Weatherhogg, 1988
MUSIC: Genevan Psalter, 1551
Text © 1990 Neil Weatherhogg

5/23/13
Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; praise Christ, all people here below; praise Holy Spirit ever more; praise Triune God, whom we adore.

TEXT: Neil Weatherhogg, 1988
MUSIC: Hal H. Hopson, 2008
Text © 1990 Neil Weatherhogg
Music © 2008 Hal H. Hopson

PRAISE GOD (Hopson)
LM

5/23/13
ADORATION

620 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven
(Psalm 103)

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; to his
feet your tribute bring; ransomed, healed, restored, for-
given, evermore his praises sing: Alleluia!

2 Praise him for his grace and favor to his
people in distress; praise him still the same as
ev-er, slow to chide, and swift to bless: Alleluia!
bears us, rescues us from all our foes. Alleluia!
fore him, dwellers all in time and space: Alleluia!

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us; well our
frame he knows; in his hands he gently
hold him face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be-
fore him, dwelling all in time and space: Alleluia!

4 Angels, help us to adore him; you be-
hold him face to face. Sun and moon, bow down be-
fore him, dwelling all in time and space: Alleluia!

This free paraphrase of Psalm 103 gains much energy and conviction by including the double “Alleluia!” before the final line of text. That repeated four-note figure descending from the tune’s highest note gives voice to the praise that the rest of the hymn evokes.

TEXT: Henry Francis Lyte, 1834, alt.
MUSIC: John Goss, 1869