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- 1 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!
- 2 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:  
grant, O harvest Lord, 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.
- 4 Then, thou Church Triumphant,  
come,  
raise the song of harvest-home;  
all be safely gathered in,  
free from sorrow, free from sin,  
there for ever purified  
in God's garner to abide:  
come, ten thousand angels, come,  
raise the glorious harvest-home!

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- 1 For the fruits of all creation,  
thanks be to God;  
for the gifts to every nation,  
thanks be to God;  
for the ploughing, sowing,  
reaping,  
silent growth while we are  
sleeping,  
future needs in earth's safe-  
keeping,  
thanks be to God.
- 2 In the just reward of labour,  
God's will is done;  
in the help we give our neighbour,  
God's will is done;  
in our world-wide task of caring  
for the hungry and despairing,  
in the harvests we are sharing,  
God's will is done.
- 3 For the harvests of the Spirit,  
thanks be to God;  
for the good we all inherit,  
thanks be to God;  
for the wonders that astound us,  
for the truths that still confound  
us,  
most of all, that love has found us,  
thanks be to God.

- 1 Praise and thanksgiving,  
Father, we offer,  
for all things living  
thou madest good;  
harvest of sown fields,  
fruits of the orchard,  
hay from the mown fields,  
blossom and wood.
- 2 Bless thou the labour  
we bring to serve thee,  
that with our neighbour  
we may be fed.  
Sowing or tilling,  
we would work with thee;  
harvesting, milling  
for daily bread.
- 3 Father, providing  
food for thy children,  
thy wisdom guiding  
teaches us share  
one with another,  
so that rejoicing  
with us, our brother  
may know thy care.
- 4 Then will thy blessing  
reach every people;  
freely confessing  
thy gracious hand.  
Where thy will reigneth  
no one will hunger:  
thy love sustaineth;  
fruitful the land.

- 1 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.*

- 2 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.
- 3 We thank thee 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 thy love imparts,  
and, what thou most desirest,  
our humble, thankful hearts.