

Christine Shand, director of music at St Martin's and SS Philip & Etheldreda's, will provide keyboard accompaniment to the hymns via our teleconferencing facility. To access the telephone connection, dial 03300 945 940 and use room number 24456910 and PIN 7760. You can phone in from a mobile or landline and do not need an internet connection to do so. Calls are charged the same as to a landline, so if you have evening calls included in your call package, this will be free. Hymns where indicated are from Mission Praise, reproduced under CCLI number 1245887.

Come you thankful people come  
Raise the song of harvest home  
Fruit and crops are gathered in  
Safe before the storms begin  
God our maker will provide  
For our needs to be supplied  
Come with all His people come  
Raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is Gods own field  
Harvests for His praise to yield  
Wheat and weeds together sown  
Here for 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 bring His harvest home  
He Himself on that great day  
Worthless things shall take away  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the weeds to cast  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His care for evermore

Even so Lord quickly come  
Bring Your final harvest home  
Gather all your people in  
Free from sorrow free from sin  
There together purified  
Ever thankful at Your side  
Come with all Your angels come  
Bring that glorious harvest home

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Let us sing to the Lord, our Creator;  
let us praise him for all he's made:  
for the mountains and seashore and rivers,  
for the snow and wind and sun and shade.

God our Father,  
Jesus, Saviour,  
Holy Spirit,  
help us learn your ways,  
live to please you,  
love and serve you,  
honour you with all our praise.

He made trees and the birds and the flowers;  
he made rain and the rainbow, too.  
Let us sing of his power and his glory -  
there is nothing that our God can't do!  
God our Father ...

Let us join with the whole of creation,  
let us praise our great God and King,  
as the angels, who worship in heaven,  
sing in chorus with the praise we bring.  
God our Father ...

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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

Chorus

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

We thank Thee then O Father  
For all things bright and good  
The seed time and the harvest  
Our life our health our food  
No gifts have we to offer  
For all Thy love imparts  
But that which Thou desirest  
Our humble thankful hearts.

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Chorus

Lord of the harvest  
Lord of the field  
Give thanks now to God  
In nature revealed

Give thanks for the sun the wind and the rain  
And thanks for the crops that feed us again  
The corn safely cut is gathered inside  
We thank You oh Lord that You can provide

The trees ripe with fruit stand proud in the sun  
We gather them now that summer is gone  
For Yours is the wonder Yours is the power  
Yours is the glory of fruit and of flower

So in all our plenty help us to see  
The needs all around whatever they be  
With food for the body strength for the soul  
It's healing and caring making them whole

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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

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 our souls are truly fed  
With gifts of grace supernal  
Thou who dost give us earthly bread  
Give us the bread eternal

We bear the burden of the day  
And often toil seems dreary  
But labour 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 for evermore  
To garner bright elected

O blessed is that land of God  
Where saints abide for ever  
Where golden fields spread far and broad  
Where flows the crystal river  
The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours today are blending  
Thrice blessed is that harvest song  
Which never hath an ending

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Autumn days when the grass is jewelled  
And the silk inside a chestnut shell  
Jet planes meeting in the air to be refuelled  
All these things I love so well

Chorus

So I mustn't forget  
No I mustn't forget  
To say a great big thank you  
I mustn't forget

Clouds that look like familiar faces  
And a winter's moon with frosty rings  
Smell of bacon as I fasten up my laces  
And the song the milkman sings

Whipped up spray that is rainbow scattered  
And a swallow curving in the sky  
Shoes so comfy though they're worn-out  
And they're battered  
And the taste of apple-pie

Scent of gardens when the rain's been falling  
And a minnow darting down a stream

Picked-up engine that's been stuttering and  
stalling  
And a win for my home team

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For the fruit of all creation  
Thanks be to God  
For His gifts to every nation  
Thanks be to God  
For the plowing sowing reaping  
Silent growth while we are sleeping  
Future needs in earth's safekeeping  
Thanks be to God

In the just reward of labor  
God's will is done  
In the help we give our neighbour  
God's will is done  
In our worldwide task of caring  
For the hungry and despairing  
In the harvests we are sharing  
God's will is done

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

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Now thank we all our God  
With hearts and hands and voices  
Who wondrous things has done  
In whom His world rejoices  
Who from our mother's arms  
Has blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love  
And still is ours today

O may this bounteous God  
Through all our 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

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