#367 COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

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!

#363 REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING!

Rejoice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King adore!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing, and triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice! Rejoice again I say, rejoice!

Our Savior, Jesus, reigns, the God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains, he took his seat above.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice! Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail; he rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell are to our Jesus given.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice! Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope! For Christ, the Judge, shall come
And gather all the saints to their eternal home.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice! Rejoice, again I say rejoice!