

1 We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;

he chastens and hastens his will to make known;
the wicked oppressing now cease from distressing.

Sing praises to his name; he forgets not his own.

2 Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine;
so from the beginning the fight we were winning;
thou, Lord, wast at our side; all glory be thine!

3 We all do extol thee, thou leader triumphant,
and pray that thou still our defender wilt be.

Let thy congregation escape tribulation;
thy name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!

1 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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!

1 God is so good;

God is so good;
God is so good;
God's so good to me.

2 God cares for me;
God cares for me;
God cares for me;
God's so good to me.

3 God loves me so;
God loves me so;
God loves me so;
God's so good to me.

4 God is so good;
God is so good;
God is so good;
God's so good to me.