

# 797 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

*You crown the year with Your bounty. Psalm 65:11*

*all*

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest home;  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;  
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To Thy fi - nal har - vest-home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.  
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown.  
 From His field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way.  
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin.

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied.  
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;  
 Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,  
 There for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide.

Come to God's own tem - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest home.  
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Whole - some grain and pure may be.  
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 Come, with all Thine an - gels come; Raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

# 244 Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

The Lord has sent Me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim freedom for the captives. Isaiah 61:1

▶ 1. Come, Thou long - ex - spect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free.  
▶ 2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a Child and yet a King,

From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.  
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious king - dom bring.

Is - rael's Strength and Con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

Dear De - sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery long - ing heart.  
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

TEXT: Charles Wesley  
MUSIC: Rowland H. Prichard; arranged by Robert Harkness  
A lower setting may be found at No. 309

HYFRYDOL  
8.7.8.7.D.

*Optional choral ending* *f*

Em - man - u - el, Em - man - u - el.

D.S. al Fine

See His moth-er prais-ing His Fa-ther; See His ti - ny eye - lids fall.  
See His moth-er prais-ing His Fa-ther; See the Bless-ed In - fant sleep.

## What Child Is This? 281

*They spread the word concerning what had been told them about this Child. Luke 2:17*

*all women*  
1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Mar-y's lap is sleep - ing?  
2. Why lies He in such mean es-tate Where ox and ass are feed - ing?  
3. So bring Him in - cense, gold, and myrrh; Come, peas-ant, king to own Him.

Whom an - gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep - ing?  
Good Chris-tian, fear, for sin - ners here The si - lent Word is plead - ing.  
The King of kings sal - va - tion brings; Let lov - ing hearts en-throne Him.

*Refrain*  
This, this is Christ, the King, Whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing.

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.

# 288 We Three Kings

After Jesus was born in Bethlehem, Magi from the east came. Matthew 2:1

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far -  
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain; Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain,  
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh.  
 4. Myrrh is mine: its' bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom -  
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice;

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain - Fol - low - ing yon - der star.  
 King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign.  
 Prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God on high.  
 Sor - r'wing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.  
 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Earth to heav'n re - plies.

*Refrain*

O star of won - der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

ADORE THE LORD

# 87 Fairest Lord Jesus

Your eyes will see the King in His beauty. Isaiah 33:17

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus; Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of  
 2. Fair are the mead - ows; Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the  
 3. Fair is the sun - shine; Fair - er still the moon - light And all the  
 4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior! Lord of the na - tions! Son of

God and man the Son. Thee will I cher - ish; Thee will I  
 bloom - ing garb of spring. Je - sus is fair - er; Je - sus is  
 twin - kling star - ry host. Je - sus shines bright - er; Je - sus shines  
 God and Son of man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o -

hon - or, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown. *Optional*  
 pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing. *transition to*  
 pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast. *"More Precious*  
 ra - tion, Now and for - ev - er - more be Thine! *than Silver"*

TEXT: Anonymous German hymn, *Münster Gesangbuch*, 1677;  
 translated, Source unknown, stanzas 1-3; Joseph A. Seiss, stanza 4  
 MUSIC: *Schlesische Volkslieder*, 1842; arranged by Richard S. Willis  
 A lower setting may be found at No. 452

CRUSADERS' HYMN  
 5.6.8.5.5.8.

# 88 More Precious than Silver

You are my Lord; apart from You I have no good thing. Psalm 16:2

Lord, You are more pre-cious than sil-ver; Lord, You are more

TEXT: Lynn De Shazo  
 MUSIC: Lynn De Shazo

MORE PRECIOUS  
 Irregular meter

# 21 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

*My tongue will speak of Your praises all day long. Psalm 35:28*

recess unison

- 1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
- 2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease,
- 3. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, He sets the pris - oner free;
- 4. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loos-ened tongues em-ploy;
- 5. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.  
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.  
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.  
 Ye blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.  
 To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.

TEXT: Charles Wesley

AZMON

MUSIC: Carl G. Gläzer; arranged by Lowell Mason;

C.M.

Last stanza setting and Choral ending by Tom Fetteke

A lower setting may be found at No. 221

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## Optional last stanza setting

Unison

➤ 5. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As -

sist me to pro - claim, To spread thro' all the

# 314 What Wondrous Love Is This

*Praise be to the Lord, for He showed His wonderful love to me. Psalm 31:21*

Unison

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What  
 2. When I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When  
 3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To  
 4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And

won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is  
 I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing  
 God and to the Lamb I will sing. To God and to the  
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on. And when from death I'm

this That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my  
 down Be - neath God's right-teous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown for my  
 Lamb Who is the great "I AM," While mil-lions join the theme, I will  
 free, I'll sing and joy - ful be, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing

soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.  
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul.  
 sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the theme, I will sing.  
 on, I'll sing on, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on.

## Christ Arose 357

*It was impossible for death to keep its hold on Him. Acts 2:24*

all *1.* Low in the grave He lay- Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the  
*2.* Vain - ly they watch His bed- Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they  
*3.* Death can - not keep his prey- Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the

*Refrain  
faster*

com - ing day- Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a  
 seal the dead- Je - sus, my Lord! He a - rose,  
 bars a - way- Je - sus, my Lord!

might - y tri - umph o'er His foes. He a - rose a vic - tor from the  
 He a - rose!

dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a -

rit.  
 rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!  
 He a - rose! He a - rose!



# 358 Because He Lives

*Because I live, you also will live. John 14:19*

*all* 1. God sent His Son— they called Him Je - sus; He came to  
 2. How sweet to hold a new - born ba - by, And feel the  
 3. And then one day I'll cross the riv - er; I'll fight life's

love, heal and for - give. He lived and died to buy my  
 pride and joy he gives; But great - er still the calm as -  
 fi - nal war with pain. And then, as death gives way to

par - don; An emp - ty grave is there to prove my Sav - ior lives.  
 sur - ance: This child can face un - cer - tain days be - cause He lives.  
 vic - t'ry, I'll see the lights of glo - ry and I'll know He reigns.

*Refrain*

Be - cause He lives I can face to - mor - row; Be - cause He

lives, all fear is gone. Be - cause I know He holds the

TEXT: Gloria Gaither and William J. Gaither  
 MUSIC: William J. Gaither

RESURRECTION  
 Irregular meter

bring; Take it all, ev - ery - thing, Lord, we love You so much.

## In Thanksgiving, Let Us Praise Him 796

*With praise and thanksgiving they sang to the Lord. Ezra 3:11*

*all* 1. From the first bright light of morn - ing To the last warm glow of dusk;  
 2. In the sea - son of our plen - ty, In the sea - son of our need;  
 3. Safe with - in His hand that guides us, Hid - den in His heal - ing wings;

Ev - ery breath we take is sa - cred, For it is God's gift to us.  
 We will find His grace suf - fi - cient, We will find His love com - plete.  
 Day by day His love pro - vides us Ev - ery good and per - fect thing.

*Refrain*

In thanks - giv - ing, let us praise Him; In thanks - giv - ing, let us sing

Songs of praise and ad - o - ra - tion To our gra - cious Lord and King.

TEXT: Claire Cloninger  
 MUSIC: Franz Joseph Haydn

AUSTRIAN HYMN  
 8.7.8.7.D.