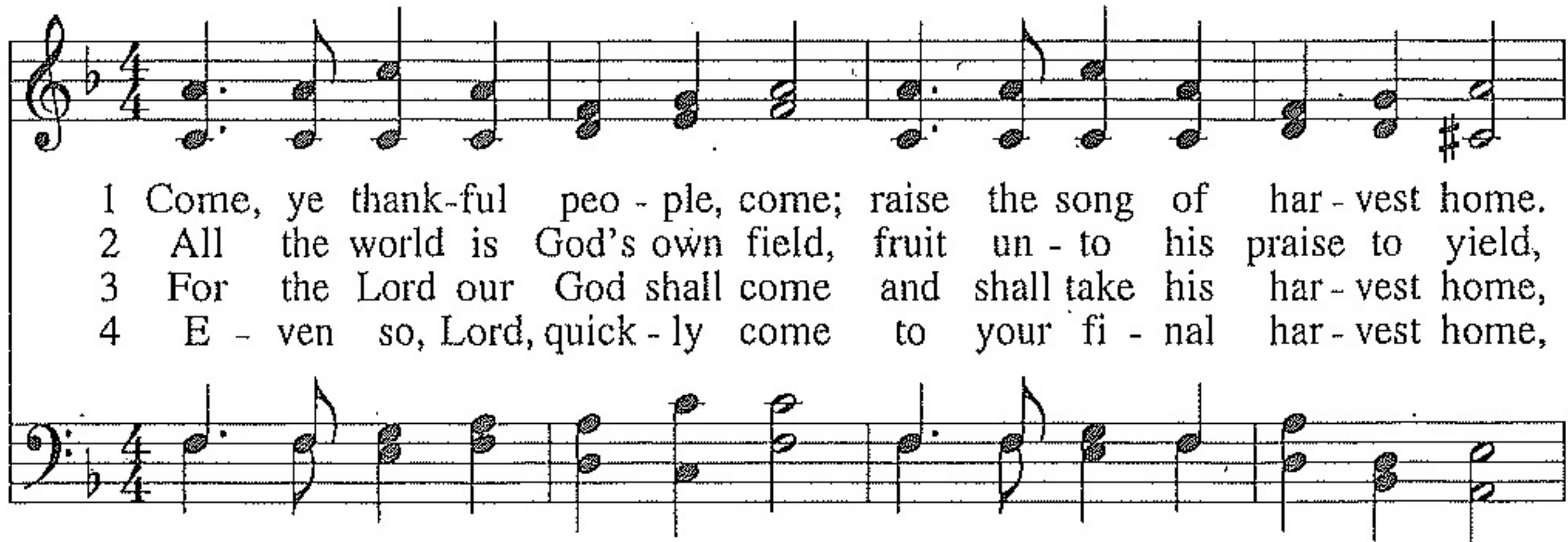
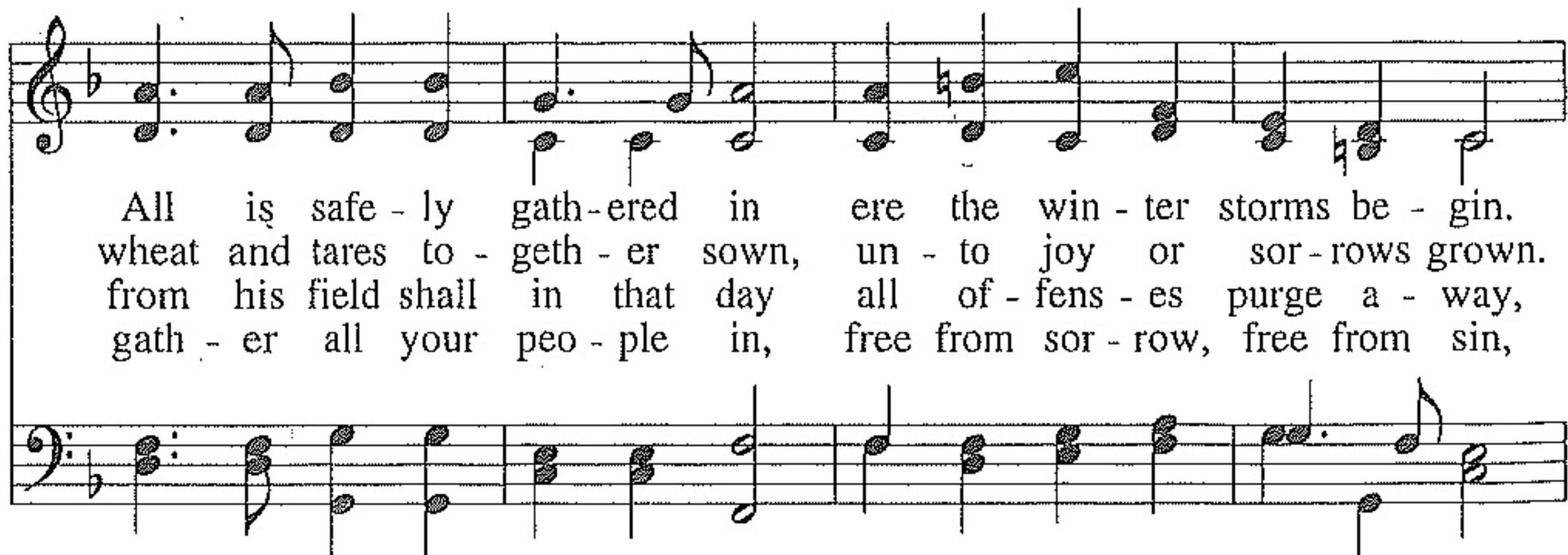


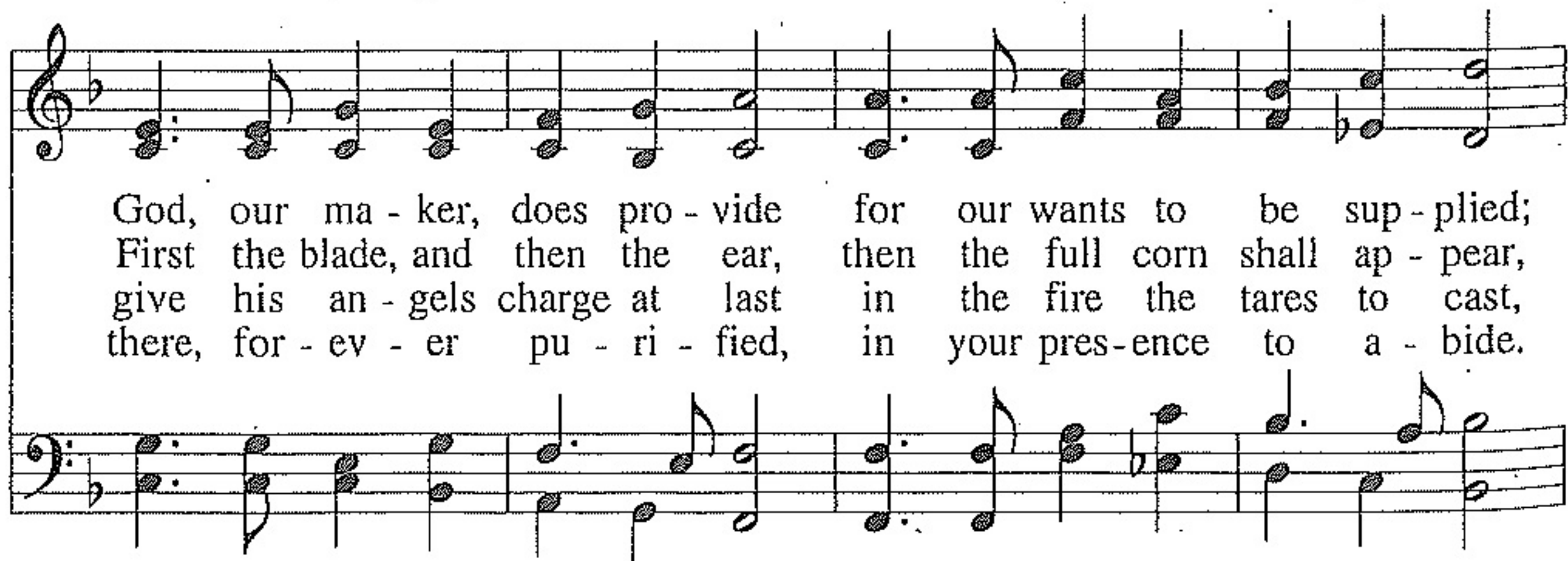
721 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



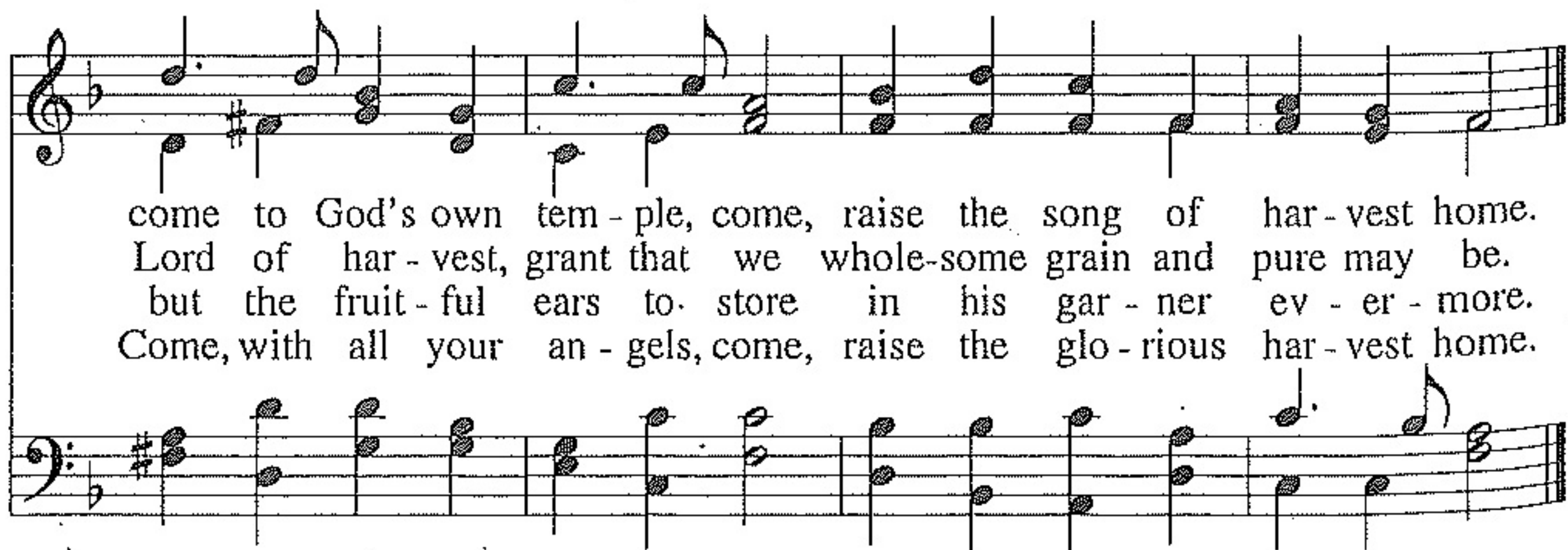
1 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.
 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit un - to his praise to yield,
 3 For the Lord our God shall come and shall take his har - vest home,
 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to your fi - nal har - vest home,



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 - rows grown.
 from his field shall in that day all of - fens - es purge a - way,
 gath - er all your peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin,



God, our ma - ker, does 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 your pres - ence to a - bide.



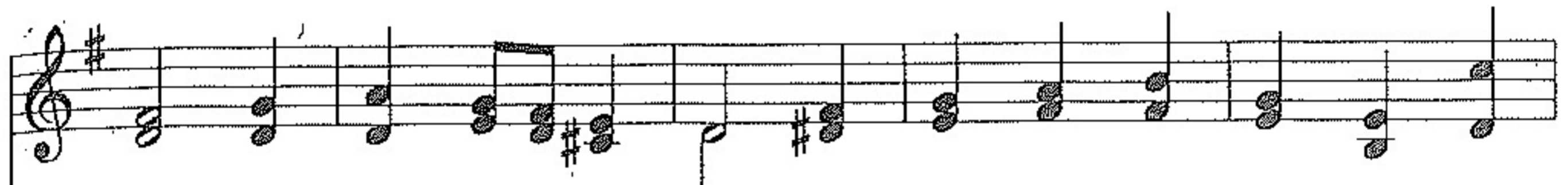
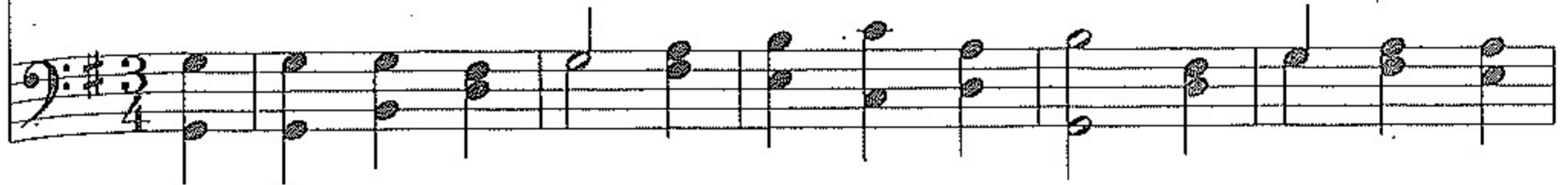
come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole - some grain and pure may be.
 but the fruit - ful ears to store in his gar - ner ev - er - more.
 Come, with all your an - gels, come, raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

You Servants of God

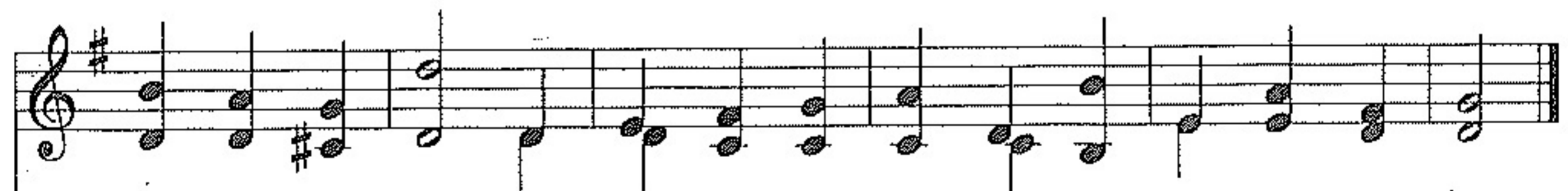
112



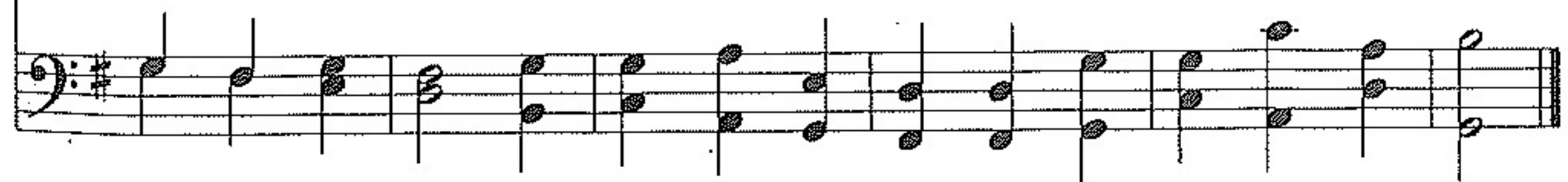
1 You serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, and pub-lish a-
 2 God rules in the heights, al-might-y to save; though hid from our
 3 "Sal-va-tion to God who sits on the throne!" let all cry a-
 4 Then let us a-dore and give him his right, all glo-ry and



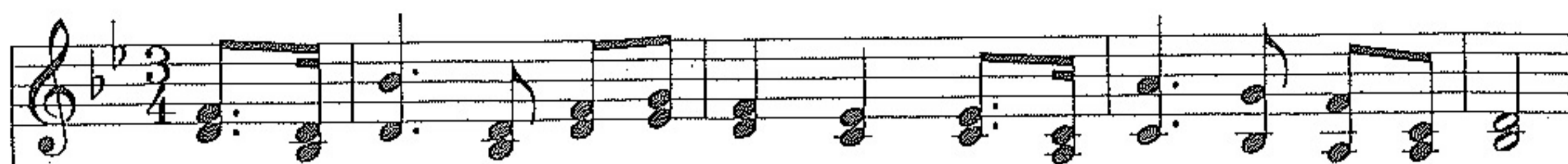
broad his won-der-ful name; the name all-vic-tor-ious of
 sight, his pres-ence we have; the great con-gre-ga-tion his
 loud and hon-or the Son: the prais-es of Je-sus the
 power, all wis-dom and might: all hon-or and bless-ing, with



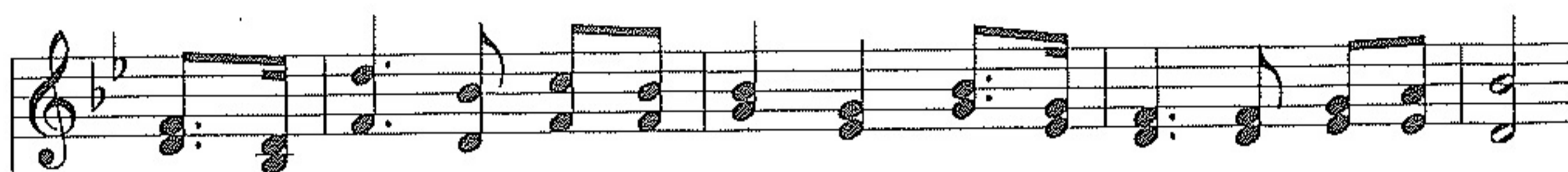
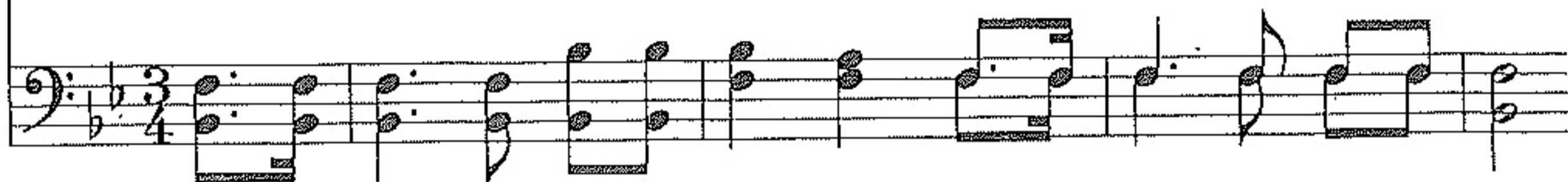
Je-sus ex-tol; his king-dom is glo-rious and rules o-ver all.
 tri-umph shall sing, as-crib-ing sal-va-tion to Je-sus our King.
 an-gels pro-claim, fall down on their fac-es and wor-ship the Lamb.
 an-gels a-bove, and thanks nev-er ceas-ing, and in-fi-nite love.



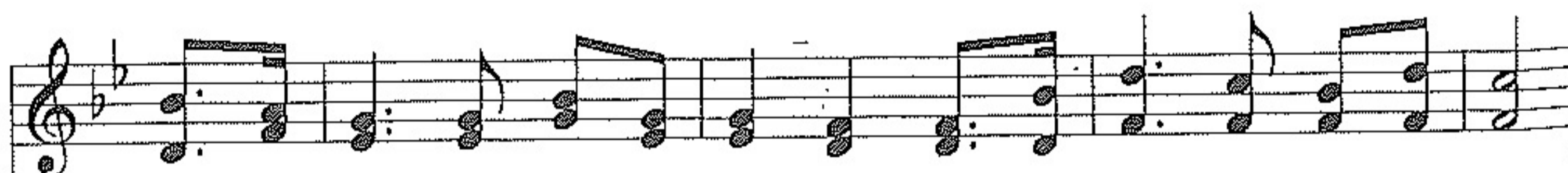
725 Thanks to God for My Redeemer



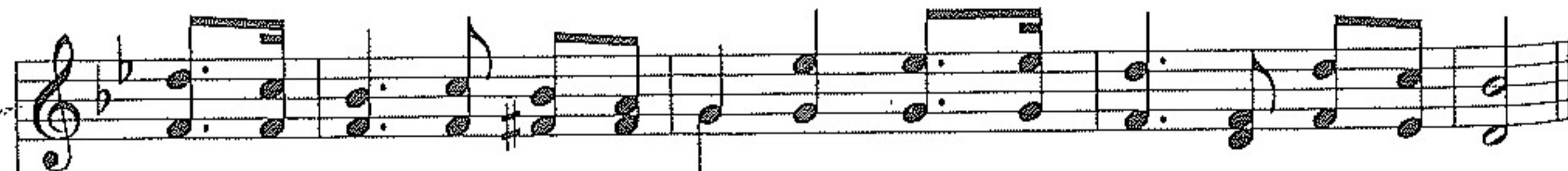
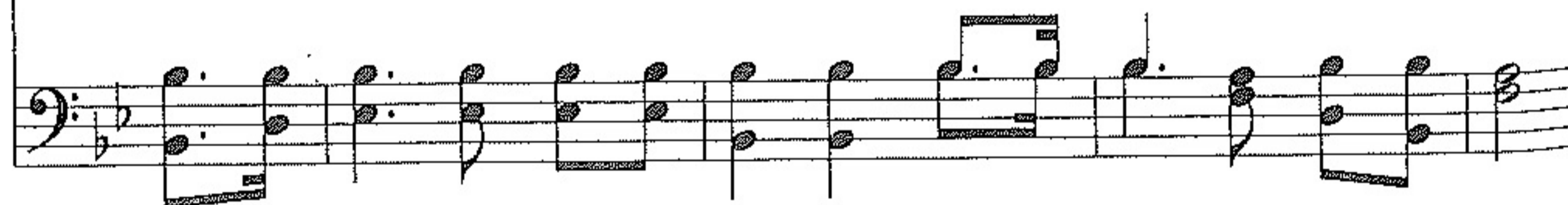
1 Thanks to God for my Re-deem - er, thanks for all thou dost pro-vide!
 2 Thanks for prayers that thou hast an-swered, thanks for what thou dost de - ny!
 3 Thanks for ros - es by the way - side, thanks for thorns their stems con-tain!



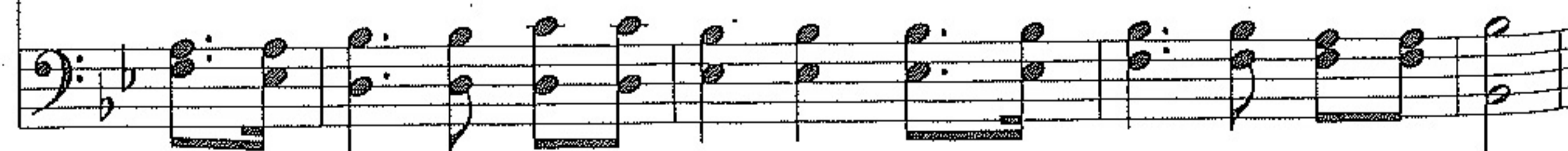
Thanks for times now but a mem - ory, thanks for Je - sus by my side!
 Thanks for storms that I have weath-ered, thanks for all thou dost sup - ply!
 Thanks for home and thanks for fire - side, thanks for hope, that sweet re - frain!



Thanks for pleas - ant, balm - y spring-time, thanks for dark and drear - y fall!
 Thanks for pain and thanks for plea - sure, thanks for com - fort in de - spair!
 Thanks for joy and thanks for sor - row, thanks for heaven-ly peace with thee!

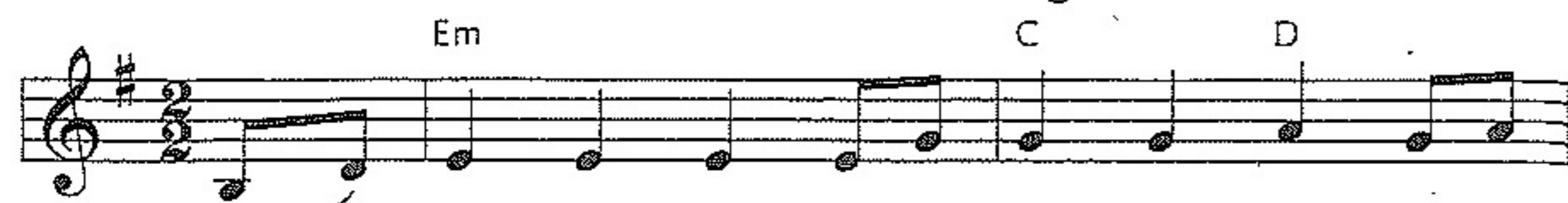


Thanks for tears by now for - got - ten, thanks for peace with - in my soul!
 Thanks for grace that none can meas - ure, thanks for love be - yond com - pare!
 Thanks for hope in the to - mor - row, thanks through all e - ter - ni - ty!



100 My Soul Cries Out with a Joyful Shout

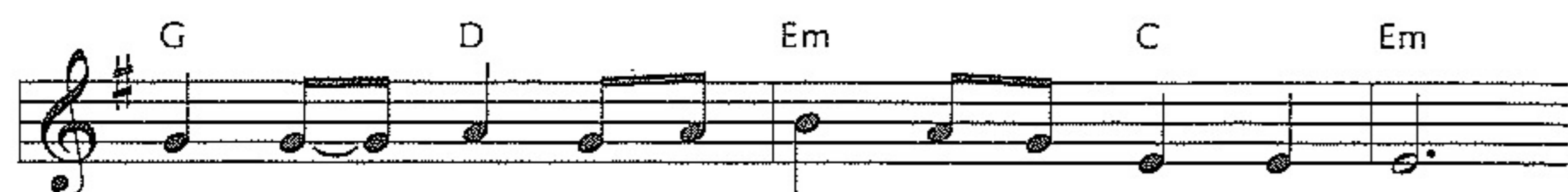
Canticle of the Turning



1 My soul cries out with a joy - ful shout that the
 2 Though I am small, my God, my all, you
 3 From the halls of power to the for - tress tower, not a
 4 Though the na - tions rage from age to age, we re -



God of my heart is great, and my spir - it sings of the
 work great things in me, and your mer - cy will last from the
 stone will be left on stone. Let the king be - ware for your
 mem - ber who holds us fast: God's mer - cy must de -



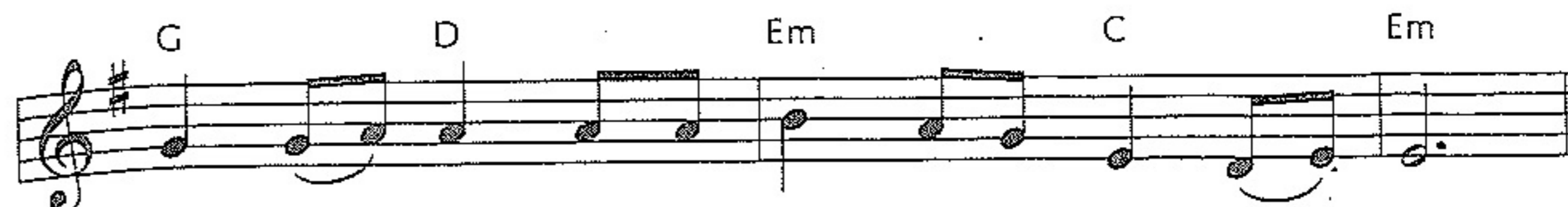
won - drous things that you bring to the ones who wait.
 depths of the past to the end of the age to be.
 jus - tice tears ev - ery ty - rant from his throne.
 liv - er us from the con - quer - or's crush - ing grasp.



You fixed your sight on your ser - vant's plight, and my
 Your ver - y name puts the proud to shame, and to
 The hun - gry poor shall weep no more, for the
 This sav - ing word that our fore - bears heard is the



weak - ness you did not spurn, so from east to west shall my
 those who would for you yearn, you will show your might, put the
 food they can nev - er earn; there are ta - bles spread; ev - ery
 prom - ise which holds us bound, till the spear and rod can be

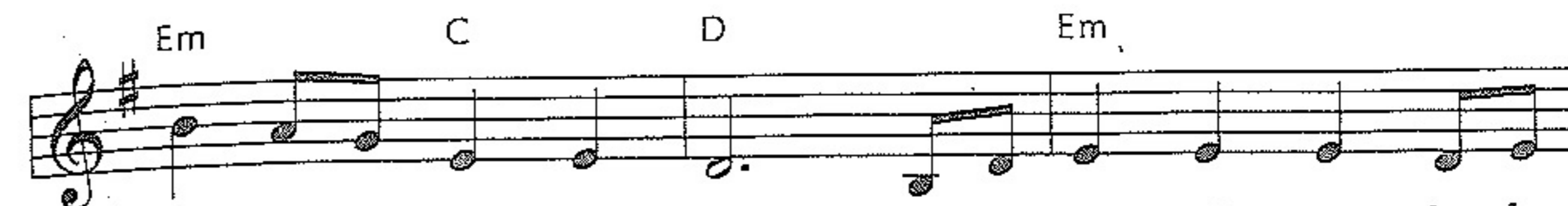


name be blest. Could the world be a - bout to turn?
 strong to flight, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 mouth be fed, for the world is a - bout to turn.
 crushed by God, who is turn - ing the world a - round.

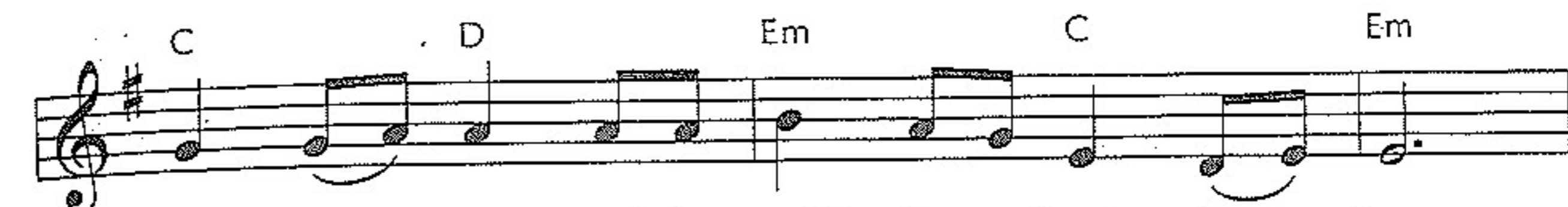


Refrain

My heart shall sing of the day you bring. Let the



fires of your jus - tice burn. Wipe a - way all tears, for the



dawn draws near, and the world is a - bout to turn.

By employing an energetic Irish folk song for its melody, this ballad-like paraphrase of the *Magnificat*, Mary's song at her meeting with her relative Elizabeth (Luke 1:46-55), recaptures both the wonder and the faith of the young woman who first recognized what God was doing.