November 22, 2026

Come, Ye Thankful People Come **UMH No. 694**

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 as praise to God we yield;
Wheat and tares together sown, are to 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 the field shall in that day all offenses purge away,
Giving angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store in the garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come, bring the 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.

WORDS: Henry Alford, 1844
MUSIC: George J. Elvey, 1858

"WE GATHER TOGETHER" **UMH No. 131**

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!

WORDS: Nederlandtsch Gedenckclanck, 1626; trans. by Theodore Baker, 1894
MUSIC: 16th cent. Dutch melody; arr. By Edward Kremser, 1877

Now Thank We All Our God **UMH No. 102**

1. Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voices,
who wondrous things has done, in whom this world rejoices;
who from our mothers' arms has blessed us on our way
with countless gifts of love, and still is ours today.

WORDS: Martin Rinkart, 1663; trans. By Catherine Winkworth, 1858
MUSIC: Johann Cruger, 1647; harm. by Felix Mendelssohn, 1840

The Spirit Sends Us Forth to Serve **TFWS No. 2241**

The Spirit sends us forth to serve;
We go in Jesus' name
To bring glad tidings to the poor,
God's favor to proclaim.

We go to comfort those who mourn
And set the burdened free;
Where hope is dim, to share a dream
And help the blind to see.

We go to be the hands of Christ,
To scatter joy like seed
And, all our days, to cherish life,
To do the loving deed.

Then let us go to serve in peace,
The gospel to proclaim.
God's Spirit has empowered us;
We go in Jesus' name.