



Hymn – Thou Crownest the Year with Thy Goodness

Refrain: +++

**Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness,
And Thy paths drip with fatness-
Our hearts overflow with gladness,
And our lips rejoice with thankfulness!**

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Come, ye thankful people, come:
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All be safely gathered in,
Before the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, does provide
for our wants to be supplied-
Come to God's own temple, come:
Raise the song of harvest-home!

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All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His 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.

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For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home
From His field shall purge away
All that does offend today:
Give His angels charge, at last,
In the fire the tares to cast-
But the fruitful wheat to store
In His barn for evermore.

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Then, thou Church triumphant, come:
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All be safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin
There forever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come:
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

St. Stephen (his story can be found in Acts 6 &7)



"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Acts 7:60