

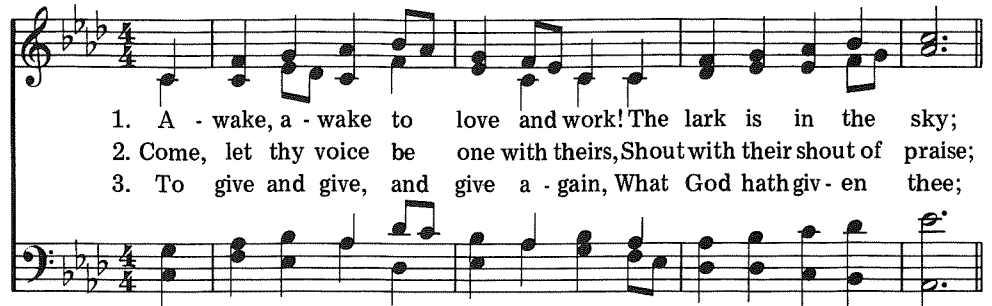
Awake, Awake to Love and Work 177

MORNING SONG 8.6.8.6.8.6.

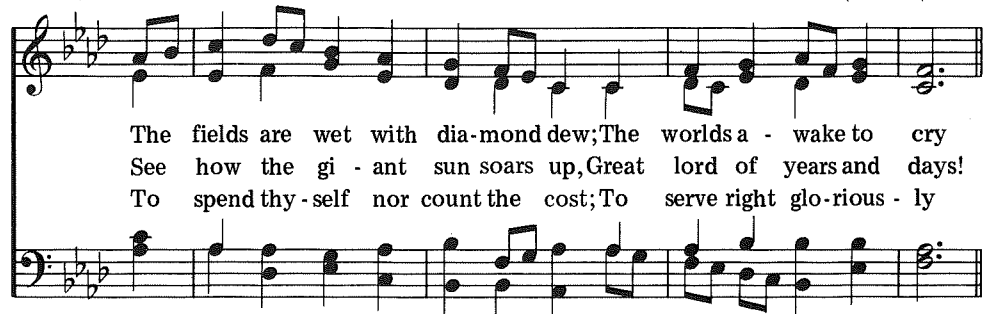
Melody, Kentucky Harmony, c. 1815

Harm. by C. Winfred Douglas, 1940

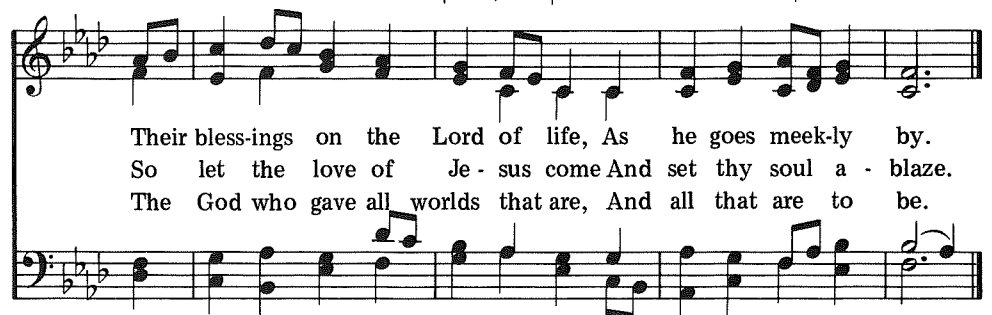
Geoffrey A. Studdert-Kennedy, 1921



1. A - wake, a - wake to love and work! The lark is in the sky;
2. Come, let thy voice be one with theirs, Shout with their shout of praise;
3. To give and give, and give a - gain, What God hath giv - en thee;



The fields are wet with dia-mond dew; The worlds a - wake to cry
See how the gi - ant sun soars up, Great lord of years and days!
To spend thy - self nor count the cost; To serve right glo-rious - ly



Their bless-ings on the Lord of life, As he goes meek-ly by.
So let the love of Je - sus come And set thy soul a - blaze.
The God who gave all worlds that are, And all that are to be.

Descant

3 On earth there's not a plant or flower but makes your glo - ry known.

1 I sing the might - y power of God that made the moun - tains rise,
 2 I sing the good - ness of our God that filled the earth with food;
 3 On earth there's not a plant or flower but makes your glo - ry known.

The clouds a - rise and spread their showers by or - der from your throne.

That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, and built the loft - y skies.
 God formed the crea - tures with a word, and then pro - nounced them good.
 The clouds a - rise and spread their showers by or - der from your throne.

All life is but a gift from you and ev - er in your care;

I sing the wis - dom that or - dained the sun to rule the day;
 Oh, how your won - ders are dis - played, wher - e'er I turn my eye:
 All life is but a gift from you and ev - er in your care;

Wher - ev - er peo - ple gath - er, you, O God, are pres - ent there.

The moon shines full at God's com - mand, and all the stars o - bey.
 If I sur - vey the ground I tread, or gaze up - on the sky!
 Wher - ev - er peo - ple gath - er, you, O God, are pres - ent there.

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Thanksgiving Version

Henry Alford, 1844

Anna L. Barbauld, 1743-1825, and others

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR 7.7.7.7.D.

George J. Elvey, 1858

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 blessings of the field,
 All the stores the gardens yield,
 All the fruits in full supply,
 Ripened 'neath the summer sky,
 All that spring with bounteous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land,
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores,
3. These to thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
 Come, then, thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of harvest home;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of harvest home.

Nun danket alle Gott

(Now Thank We All Our God)

Sir. 50:20-24; 39:35; Ps. 67

Martin Rinkart, 1647; transl. Catherine Winkworth, 1858; alt.

1 Nun dank - et al - le Gott, mit Herz - en, Mund und Händ - en,
 1 Now thank we all our God with heart and hands and voic - es,
 2 O may this boun-teous God through all our life be near us,
 3 All praise and thanks to God our Mak - er now be giv - en,

der gro - sse Ding - e tut an uns und al - len End - en;
 Who won - drous things has done, in whom this world re - joic - es,
 With ev - er joy - ful hearts and bless - ed peace to cheer us,
 To Christ, and Spir - it, too, our help in high - est heav - en,

der uns von Mut - ter - leib und Kind - es - bein - en an
 Who, from our par - ents' arms, has blessed us on our way
 And keep us still in grace, and guide us when per - plexed,
 The one e - ter - nal God, whom earth and heaven a - dore,

un - zäh - lig viel zu gut bis hier-her hat ge - tan.
 With count-less gifts of love, and still is ours to - day.
 And free us from all ills in this world and the next.
 For thus it was, is now, and shall be ev - er - more.

For much of his life, German Lutheran pastor and musician Martin Rinkart ministered to the walled city of Eisleben amidst the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. This hymn has become one of the most widely used hymns of the church.

Tune: NUNDANKET 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.
 Johann Crüger, 1647
 Harm. Felix Mendelssohn, 1840