

Hymns

O Holy Spirit, Root of Life

1 O Ho - ly Spir - it, root of life, cre -
2 E - ter - nal vig - or, Sav - ing One, you
3 O ho - ly Wis - dom, soar - ing pow'r, en -

a - tor, cleans - er of all things: a - noint our wounds, a -
free us by your liv - ing Word, be - com - ing flesh to
com - pass us with wings un - furled, and car - ry us, en -

wak - en us with lus - trous move - ment of your wings.
wear our pain, and all cre - a - tion is re - stored.
cir - cling all a - bove, be - low, and through the world.

Text: Jean Janzen, b. 1933; based on Hildegard of Bingen, 1098–1179

Music: PUER NOBIS, European tune; adapt. Michael Praetorius, 1571–1621

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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 thy fi - nal har - vest home.



All be 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 then 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 gar - ner 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!

Text: Henry Alford, 1810–1871, alt.

Music: ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR, George J. Elvey, 1816–1893

As the Grains of Wheat

Refrain

As the grains of wheat once scat-tered on the hill were

gath-ered in - to one to be - come our bread; so may all your peo-ple from

all the ends of earth be gath-ered in - to one in you.

1 As this cup of bless-ing is shared with-in our midst,
2 Let this be a fore-taste of all that is to come when

Refrain

may we share the pres - ence of your love.
all cre - a - tion shares this feast with you.

Text: Didache, 2nd cent.; Marty Haugen, b. 1950

Music: AS THE GRAINS, Marty Haugen

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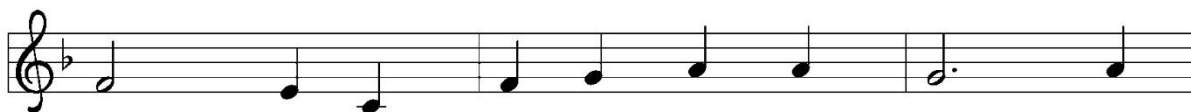
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O Bread of Life from Heaven



1 O bread of life from heav - en, O food to pil - grims
 2 O fount of grace re - deem - ing, O riv - er ev - er
 3 We love you, Je - sus, ten - der, in all your hid - den



giv - en, O man - na from a - bove: feed
 stream - ing from Je - sus' wound - ed side: come
 splen - dor with - in these means of grace. Oh,



with the bless - ed sweet - ness of your di - vine com -
 now, your love be - stow - ing on thirst - ing souls, and
 let the veil be riv - en, and our clear eye in



plete - ness the souls that want and need your love.
 flow - ing till all are ful - ly sat - is - fied.
 heav - en be - hold your glo - ry face to face.

Text: Latin hymn, c. 1661; tr. Hugh T. Henry, 1862–1946, sts. 1, 3; tr. Philip Schaff, 1819–1893, st. 2
 Music: O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN, Heinrich Isaac, 1450–1517

Sing to the Lord of Harvest



1 Sing to the Lord of har - vest your songs of love and praise;
2 God makes the clouds drop fat - ness, the des - erts bloom and spring,
3 Bring to this sa - cred al - tar the gifts his good-ness gave,



with joy - ful hearts and voic - es your al - le - lu - ias raise;
the hills leap up in glad - ness, the val - leys laugh and sing.
the gold - en sheaves of har - vest, the souls Christ died to save.



by him the roll - ing sea - sons in fruit - ful or - der move;
God fills them with his full - ness, all things with large in - crease,
Your hearts lay down be - fore him when at his feet you fall,



sing to the Lord of har - vest a joy - ous song of love.
and crowns the year with good - ness, with plen - ty and with peace.
and with your lives a - dore him who gave his life for all.

Text: John S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875, alt.

Music: WIE LIEBLICH IST DER MAIEN, Johann Steurlein, 1546–1613