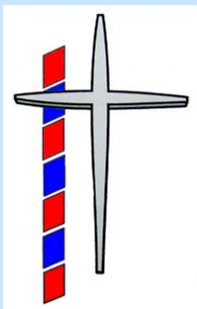


St. James at Calvary Worship Service



8th Sunday after Pentecost

July 19, 2026 - 10:30 am



Today's Music

689	<i>Praise and Thanksgiving</i>
679	<i>For the Fruit of all Creation</i>
693	<i>Come, Ye Thankful People, Come</i>
694	<i>Sing to the Lord of Harvest</i>

All music reprinted by permission of One License #738380-A

689

Praise and Thanksgiving

- 1. Praise and thanksgiving, God, we would offer
for all things living, you have made good;
harvest of sown fields, fruits of the orchard,
hay from the mown fields, blossom and wood.**

**2. God, bless the labor we bring to serve you,
that with our neighbor we may be fed.
Sowing or tilling, we would work with you,
harvesting, milling for daily bread.**

**3. Father, providing food for your children,
by Wisdom's guiding teach us to share
one with another, so that, rejoicing
with us, all others may know your care.**

**4. Then will your blessing reach ev'ry people,
freely confessing your gracious hand.
Where you are reigning, no one will hunger;
your love sustaining showers the land.**

Text: Albert F. Bayly, 1901-1984, alt.

679

For the Fruit of all Creation

**1. For the fruit of all creation,
thanks be to God.**

**For these gifts to ev'ry nation,
thanks be to God.**

**For the plowing, sowing, reaping,
silent growth while we are sleeping,
future needs in earth's safekeeping,
thanks be to God.**

2. In the just reward of labor,

God's will is done.

In the help we give our neighbor,

God's will is done.

**In our worldwide task of caring
for the hungry and despairing,
in the harvests we are sharing,
God's will is done.**

**3. For the harvest of the Spirit,
thanks be to God.**

**For the good we all inherit,
thanks be to God.**

**For the wonders that astound us,
for the truths that still confound us,
most of all, that love has found us,
thanks be to God.**

Text: Fred Pratt Green, 1903-2000

693

Come, Ye Thankful People Come

**1. Come, ye thankful people, come;
raise the song of harvest home,
All be 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 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.**

**3. For the Lord our God shall come
and shall take his harvest home;
from his field shall in that day
all offenses purge away.**

**give his angels charge at last
in the fire the tares to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store
in his garner evermore.**

**4. Even so, Lord, quickly come
to thy final harvest home.
Gather then thy people in,
free from sorrow, free from sin,**

there, forever purified,

in thy garner to abide.

Come, with all thine angels, come,

raise the glorious harvest home!

Text: Henry Alford, 1810-1871, alt.

694

Sing to the Lord of Harvest

**1. Sing to the Lord of harvest
your songs of love and praise;
with joyful hearts and voices
your alleluias raise;**

**by him the rolling seasons
in fruitful order move;
sing to the Lord of harvest
a joyous song of love.**

**2. God makes the clouds drop fatness,
the deserts bloom and spring,
the hills leap up in gladness,
the valleys laugh and sing.**

**God fills them with his fullness,
all things with large increase
and crowns the year with goodness,
with plenty and with peace.**

**3. Bring to this sacred altar
the gifts his goodness gave,
the golden sheaves of harvest,
the souls Christ died to save.**

**Your hearts lay down before him
when at his feet you fall,
and with your lives adore him
who gave his life for all.**

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

Heaven has come near.
Go, share the good news!
Thanks be to God.