

For the fruits of all creation,

thanks be to God.

For the gifts to every nation,

thanks be to God.

For the ploughing, sowing, reaping,

silent growth while we are sleeping,

future needs in earth's safekeeping,

thanks be to God.

In the just reward of labour,

God's will is done.

In the help we give our neighbour,

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.

For the harvests 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.

Fred Pratt Green (1903-2000)

There is a redeemer

Jesus, God's own son

Precious lamb of God, Messiah

Holy one

Thank you oh my father

For giving us your son

And leaving your spirit

'til the work on earth is done.

The hymns are from Ancient & Modern: Hymns and Songs for Refreshing Worship

Jesus my redeemer
Name above all names
Precious lamb of God, Messiah
Oh, for sinners slain.

*Thank you oh my father
For giving us your son
And leaving your spirit
'til the work on earth is done.*

When I stand in glory
I will see his face
And there I'll serve my king forever
In that holy place.

*Thank you oh my father
For giving us your son
And leaving your spirit
'til the work on earth is done.*

Keith Green (1953-1982) and Melody Green (b. 1946)

Lord Jesus, think on me,
and purge away my sin;
from earth-born passions set me free,
and make me pure within.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
with many a care opprest,
let me Thy loving servant be,
and taste Thy promised rest.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
nor let me go astray;
through darkness and perplexity
point Thou the heav'nly way.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
that, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
and share Thy joy at last.

*Synesius of Cyrene (c.365-414),
translated by Allen William Chatfield (1808-96)*

God of mercy, God of grace,
show the brightness of thy face.
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
fill thy Church with light divine,
and thy saving health extend
unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise thee, Lord!
Be by all that live adored.
Let the nations shout and sing
glory to their Saviour-King;
at thy feet their tribute pay,
and thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise thee, Lord,
earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give,
man to God devoted live,
all below and all above
one in joy and light and love.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)