

Let us give Thanks
to the Lord



A Service of Thanksgiving

*Praise, O praise our God and King; hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.*

The Preparation for Worship

The Call to Worship

- Minister: O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.
- People: Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.
- Minister: I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people, in the courts of the Lord's house.
- People: I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

The Invocation (In unison)

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, the fountain of all goodness, who openest Thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing; we give Thee thanks and praise that in Thy mercy Thou hast brought us through the circuit of another year, and that, according to Thy promise, seedtime and harvest have not ceased. We bless Thee that Thou hast crowned the year with Thy goodness, and hast bestowed upon us the kindly fruits of the earth. We pray Thee to grant us grace that we may receive them thankfully and use them carefully, for our own comfort, for the relief of those that are needy, and for the glory of Thy name. Teach us to remember that it is not by bread alone that man doth live, and grant us evermore to feed on Him who is the true bread from heaven, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Hymn "For the Beauty of the Earth"

Tune: Dix

For the beauty of the earth;
For the glory of the skies;
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above;
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Amen.

A Litany of Thanksgiving

Minister: Almighty God, Creator and Sustainer of all, Giver of every good and perfect gift; For the joy of seedtime and the riches of harvest;

People: We give Thee thanks, O God.

Minister: For life-filled seed and sacred earth, for blessed sun and blessed rain;

People: We give Thee thanks, O God.

Minister: For the bounty of field and garden, forest and mine;

People: We give Thee thanks, O God.

Minister: For divine love that blesses our lives and speaks to our souls, reconciling us to Thee and to our fellow-men;

People: We give Thee thanks, O God.

Minister: Help us that our farms and homes, our shops and factories, our bodies, minds, and strength may be used as a sacred trust from Thee;

People: We beseech Thee, O God.

Minister: That we may be good stewards of all these Thy blessings, and that we may so share our bounty with those in need across the world as to cause all lands to break forth into songs of thanksgiving.

People: We beseech Thee, O God.

The Gloria Patri

The Reading from the Old Testament

Psalm 65

The Prayer of Thanksgiving

The Reading from the New Testament

St. Luke 17:11-19

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

The Presentation of Tithes and Offerings

The Doxology (Congregation standing as offering is brought forward)

The Prayer of Dedication

An Anthem

The Sermon

The Prayer of Consecration

A Hymn "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come"

Windsor

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.

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.

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.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide;
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home.

Amen

The Benediction

The Postlude