

**May 25<sup>th</sup>, 2021**

**Choral Prelude: Felix Mendelssohn *Veni Domine, Op 39, No. 1***

*Veni Domine, et noli tardare.*

Relaxa facinora plebi tuae, et revoca dispersos in terram tuam.

Excita Domine potentiam tuam, ut salvos nos facias,

*Veni Domine, et noli tardare.*

*Come, Lord, and do not delay.*

Come and free Thy people from their misdeeds, and bring back the dispersed to your land.

Raise up, Lord, Thy power and make us safe.

*Come, Lord, and do not delay.*

vv. 1, 3

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 is 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 thou thy peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin;

*Descant*

4 there, for ev - er pur - i - fied, in thy pres - ence

1 God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide for our wants to  
 2 first the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn  
 3 give his an - gels charge at last in the fire the  
 4 there, for ev - er pur - i - fied, in thy pres - ence

to a - bide; come, with all thine an - gels  
 be sup - plied; come to God's own tem - ple,  
 shall ap - pear: grant, O har - vest Lord, that  
 tares to cast, but the fruit - ful ears, to  
 to a - bide; come, with all thine an - gels

come, raise the glo - rious har - vest - home.  
 come, raise the song of har - vest - home.  
 we whole - some grain and pure may be.  
 store in his gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 come, raise the glo - rious har - vest - home.

*Thanksgiving Day.*

Words: Henry Alford (1810-1871), alt.

Music: *St. George's, Windsor*, George Job Elvey (1816-1893); desc. Craig Sellar Lang (1891-1971)

# Morning

vv. 1, 3

1 A - wake, my soul, and with the sun thy  
 2 Lord, I my vows to thee re - new; dis -  
 3 Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest, this day, all  
 \* 4 Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; praise

dai - ly stage of du - ty run; shake off dull sloth, and  
 perse my sins as morn - ing dew; guard my first springs of  
 I de - sign, or do, or say; that all my powers, with  
 him, all crea - tures here be - low; praise him a - bove, ye

joy - ful rise to pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice:  
 thought and will, and with thy - self my spi - rit fill.  
 all their might, in thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.  
 heaven - ly host: praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Words: Thomas Ken (1637-1711), alt.

Music: *Morning Hymn*, melody François Hippolyte Barthélemon (1741-1808);  
 harm. *The Church Hymnal for the Church Year*, 1917