

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.

We ourselves are 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.

For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take his harvest home;  
from his field shall purge away all that doth offend, that day;  
give his angels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store in his garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come, raise the song of harvest home;  
all be safely gathered in, free from sorrow, free from sin,  
there, forever purified, in God's garner to abide;  
Come, ten thousand angels, come, raise the glorious harvest home.

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**Preparation of the Gifts: Make me a channel of your peace** *Dedicated to Mrs Frances Tracy (© 1967 OCP Publications)*

Make me a channel of your peace.  
Where there is hatred, let me bring your love.  
Where there is injury your pardon, Lord,  
And where there's doubt true faith in you.

Make me a channel of your peace.  
Where there's despair in life, let me bring hope.  
Where there is darkness only light,  
and where there's sadness ever joy.

Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek  
so much to be consoled as to console,  
to be understood as to understand,  
to be loved, as to love, with all my soul.