

For the fruits of his creation,

thanks be to God.

For his 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 be done.

In the help we give our neighbour,

God's will be done.

In our worldwide task of caring

for the hungry and despairing,

in the harvests we are sharing,

God's will be 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.

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,

lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

the distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou

shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

lead thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
will lead me on.

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
the night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Forth in thy Name, O Lord, I go,
my daily labour to pursue;
thee, only thee, resolved to know
in all I think or speak or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
in all my works thy presence find,
and prove thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
and labor on at thy command,
and offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
and every moment watch and pray,
and still to things eternal look,
and hasten to thy glorious day.

For thee delightfully employ
whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
and run my course with even joy,
and closely walk with thee to heav'n.

Angel voices ever singing
round thy throne of light,
angel-harps for ever ringing,
rest not day nor night;
thousands only live to bless thee
and confess thee
Lord of might.

Thou who art beyond the farthest
mortal eye can scan,
can it be that thou regardest
songs of sinful man?
can we know that thou art near us,
and wilt hear us?
yea, we can.

Yea, we know that thou rejoicest
o'er each work of thine;
thou didst ears and hands and voices
for thy praise design;
craftsman's art and music's measure
for thy pleasure
all combine.

In thy house, great God, we offer
of thine own to thee;
and for thine acceptance proffer
all unworthily
hearts and minds and hands and voices
in our choicest
psalmody.

Honour, glory, might, and merit
thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
blessed Trinity.
Of the best that thou hast given
earth and heaven
render thee.