

When you are reigning  
No one will hunger,  
your love sustaining;  
fruitful the land.

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1 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 safe-keeping,  
Thanks be to God.

2 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 world-wide task of caring  
For the hungry and despairing,  
In the harvests we are sharing,  
God's will is done.

3 For the harvests of his 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.

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1 I, the Lord of sea and sky,  
I have heard my people cry.  
All who dwell in dark and sin my hand will save.  
I who made the stars of night,  
I will make their darkness bright.

Who will bear my light to them?  
Whom shall I send?  
*Here I am, Lord.*  
*Is it I, Lord?*  
*I have heard you calling in the night.*  
*I will go, Lord, if you lead me.*  
*I will hold your people in my heart.*

2 I, the Lord of snow and rain,  
I have borne my people's pain.  
I have wept for love of them. They turn away.  
I will break their hearts of stone,  
give them hearts for love alone.  
I will speak my word to them.  
Whom shall I send?  
*Chorus*

3 I, the Lord of wind and flame,  
I will tend the poor and lame.  
I will set a feast for them.  
My hand will save.  
Finest bread I will provide  
till their hearts be satisfied.  
I will give my life to them.  
Whom shall I send?  
*Chorus*

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1 We plough the fields with tractors,  
With drills we sow the land;  
But growth is still the wondrous gift  
Of God's almighty hand.  
We add our fertilizers  
To help the growing grain;  
But for its full fruition,  
It needs God's sun and rain.  
*All good gifts around us*  
*Are sent from heaven above,*

*Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
For all his love.*

With many new machines now  
We do the work each day;  
We reap the fields with combines,  
We bale the new-mown hay.  
But still it's God who gives us  
Inventive skill and drives  
Which lighten labour's drudgery  
And give us better lives.

*Chorus*

Then why are people starving  
When we have life so good?  
And some in crowded cities  
Search dustbins for their food;  
And even some go hungry  
Who farm in distant lands;  
Lord, help us learn more swiftly  
To share with open hands.

*Chorus*

We thank thee then, O Father,  
For life so rich and good,  
For seedtime and the harvest,  
The wealth of daily food.  
No gifts have we to offer  
Such as thy love imparts,  
But what thou most desirest:  
Our humble thankful hearts.

*Chorus*

## Plough Sunday Service Hymn Sheet

- 1 Praise and thanksgiving  
Father, we offer,  
for all things living  
you have made good.  
Harvest of sown fields,  
fruits of the orchard,  
hay from the mown fields,  
blossom and wood.
- 2 Lord, bless the labour  
We bring to serve you,  
that with our neighbour  
we may be fed.  
Sowing or tilling,  
we would work with you;  
harvesting, milling,  
for daily bread.
- 3 Father, providing  
Food for your children,  
your wisdom guiding  
teaches us share  
one with another,  
So that rejoicing  
sister and brother  
may know thy care.
- 4 Then will thy blessing  
reach every people;  
each one confessing  
your gracious hand.