

Opening Hymn Give Thanks WS78

Give Thanks

Words and Music by Henry Smith

CHORUS

♩ = 80 Am/C F C/E Dm Am

Give thanks with a grate - ful heart, give thanks to the Ho - ly One; Give

5 B♭ F/A F E♭ Gm7/C C7 Am/C Gm7/C C7 C/B♭

thanks be - cause He's giv - en Je - sus Christ, His Son. Give Son. And

VERSE

Am7 Dm7 C/D Dm7 Gm7 B♭/C C B♭/D C/E Fmaj7 Am/E

now let the weak say, "I am strong," let the poor say, "I am rich" be - cause of

15 Dm7 C/D Dm7 E♭ E♭/D Gm7/C C7 C/B♭ Gm7/C C7 Am/C

what the Lord has done for us; And us. Give

Last time to Coda *D.S. al Coda*

ENDING

19 Gm7/C C7 B♭/C F Fmaj7

us. Give thanks.

21 Gm7/F F

Give Thanks

Chorus

Give thanks with a grateful heart
Give thanks to the Holy One
Give thanks because He's given
Jesus Christ His Son

Verse

And now let the weak say I am strong
Let the poor say I am rich
Because of what the Lord has done for us

Ending

Give thanks

We Praise You, O God



1 We praise you, O God, our re - deem - er, cre - a - tor;
2 We wor - ship you, God of our fa - thers and mo - thers;
3 With voic - es u - nit - ed our prais - es we of - fer



in grate - ful de - vo - tion our trib - ute we bring.
through tri - al and tem - pest our guide you have been.
and glad - ly our songs of thanks - giv - ing we raise.



We lay it be - fore you; we kneel and a - dore you;
When per - ils o'er - take us, you will not for - sake us,
With you, Lord, be - side us, your strong arm will guide us.



we bless your ho - ly name; glad prais - es we sing.
and with your help, O Lord, our strug - gles we win.
To you, our great re - deem - er, for - ev - er be praise!

O God, Our Help in Ages Past



1 O God, our help in a - ges past, our hope for years to come,
2 Un - der the shad - ow of your throne your saints have dwelt se - cure;
3 Be - fore the hills in or - der stood or earth re - ceived its frame,
4 A thou - sand a - ges in your sight are like an eve - ning gone,



our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, and our e - ter - nal home:
suf - fi - cient is your arm a - lone, and our de - fense is sure.
from ev - er - last - ing you are God, to end - less years the same.
short as the watch that ends the night be - fore the ris - ing sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all our years away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
still be our guard while troubles last
and our eternal home.