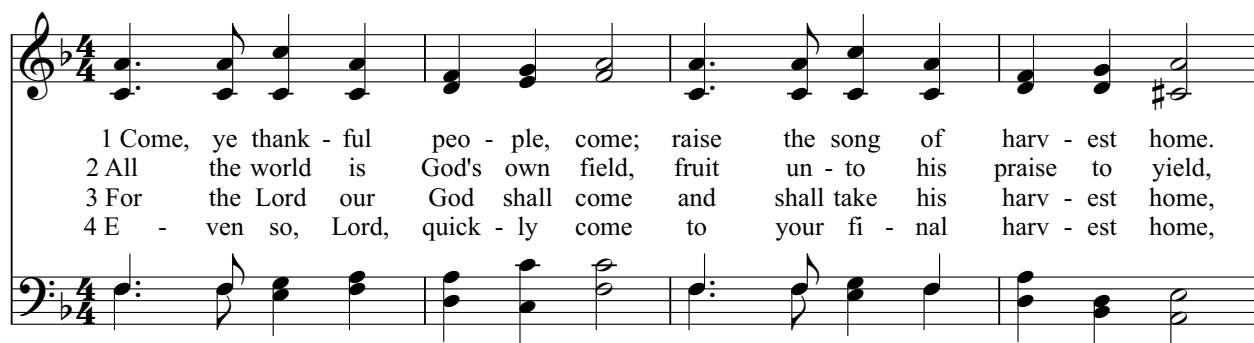
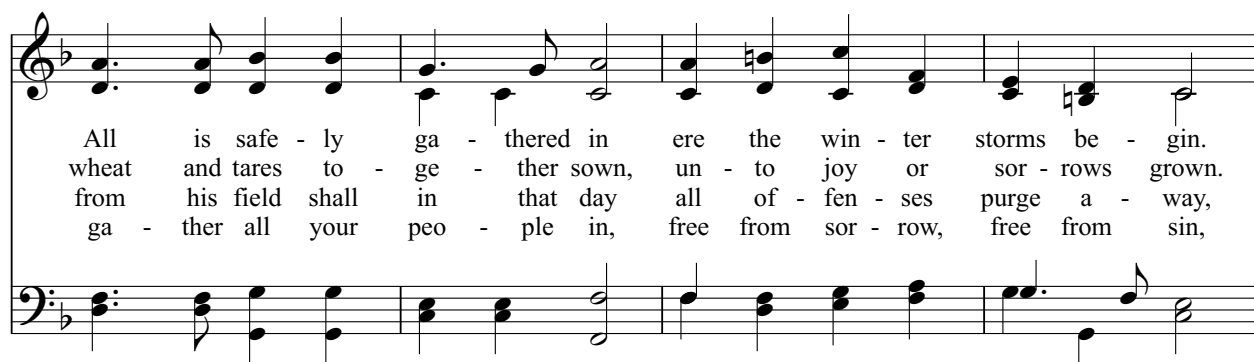



Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



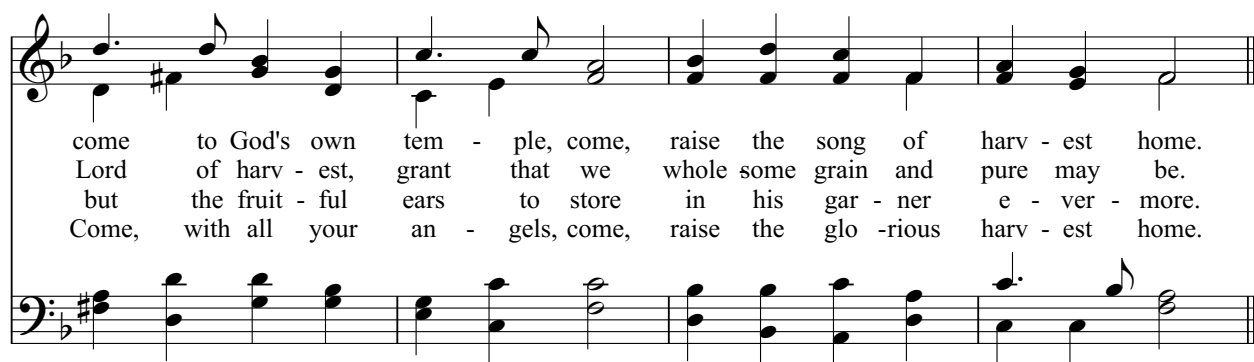
1 Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of harv - est home.
2 All the world is God's own field, fruit un - to his praise to yield,
3 For the Lord our God shall come and shall take his harv - est home,
4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to your fi - nal harv - est home,



All is safe - ly ga - thered in ere the win - ter storms be - gin.
wheat and tares to - ge - ther sown, un - to joy or sor - rows grown.
from his field shall in that day all of - fen - ses purge a - way,
ga - ther all your peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin,



God, our ma - ker, does pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap - pear,
give his an - gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
there, for - e - ver pu - ri - fied, in your pre - sence to a - bide.



come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of harv - est home.
Lord of harv - est, grant that we whole some grain and pure may be.
but the fruit - ful ears to store in his gar - ner e - ver - more.
Come, with all your an - gels, come, raise the glo - rious harv - est home.

Text: Henry Alford (1810-1871), alt.
Tune: George J. Elvey (1816-1893)



77 77D
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR
www.hymnary.org/text/come_ye_thankful_people_come