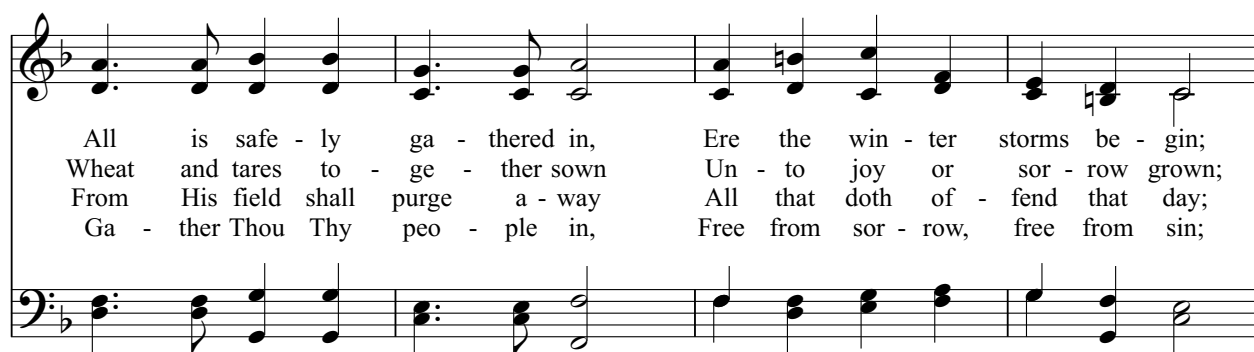


Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



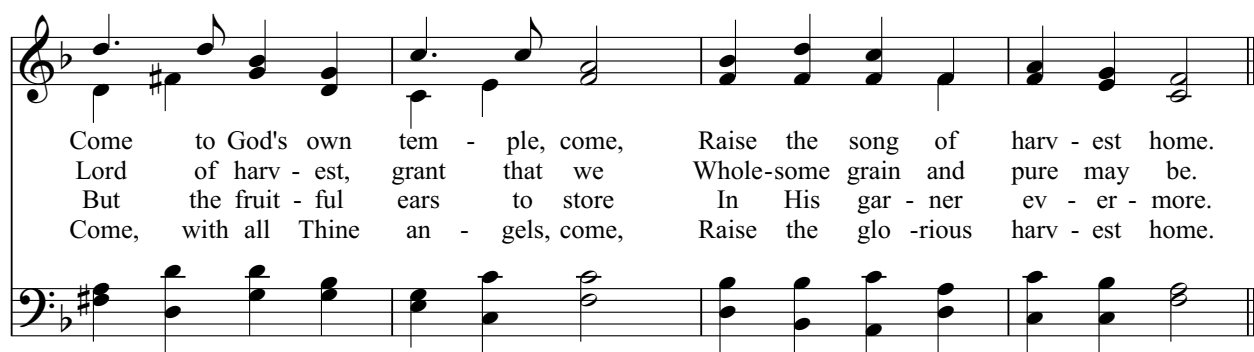
1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of harv - est home!
2. We our - selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come And shall take His harv - est home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come, Bring Thy fi - nal harv - est home;



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 - row grown;
From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day;
Ga - ther Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



God, our Ma - ker, doth 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 Thy 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 ev - er - more.
Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious harv - est home.

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



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