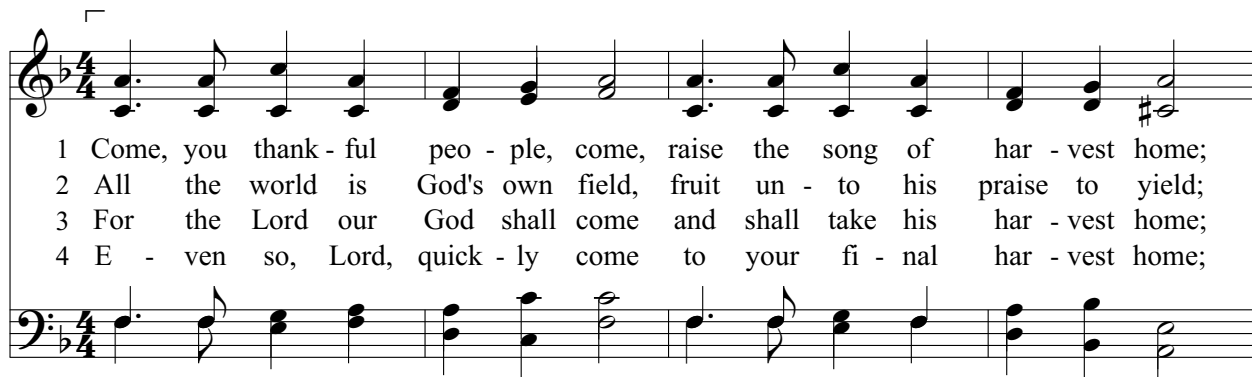
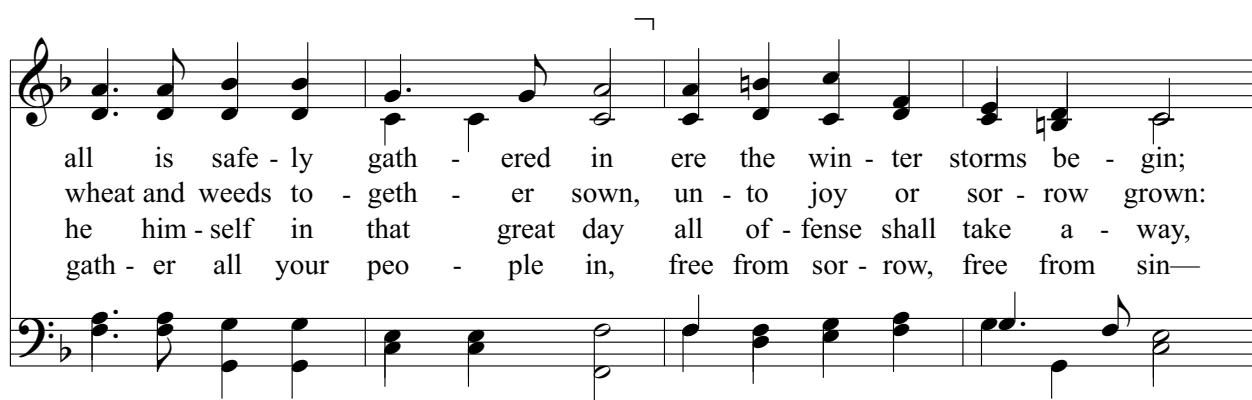


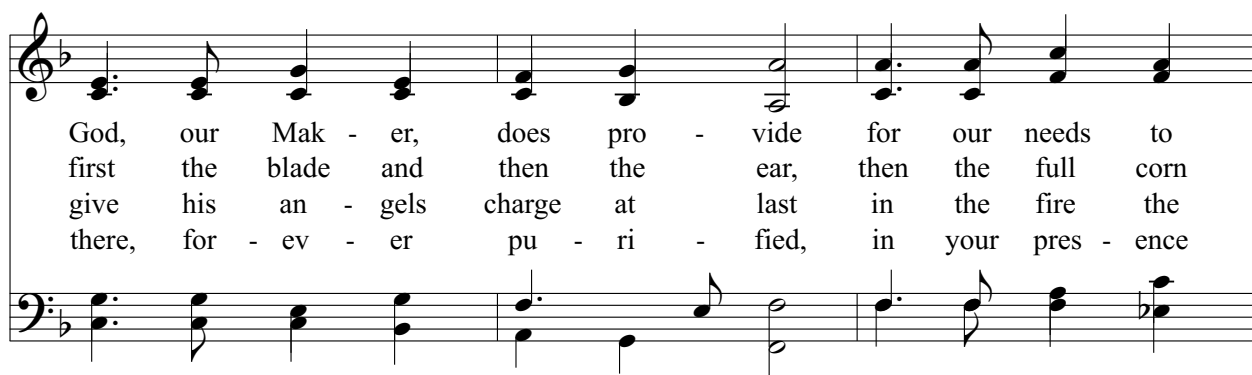
Come, You Thankful People, Come



1 Come, you thank - ful peo - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest 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 har - vest home;
4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to your fi - nal har - vest home;



all is safe - ly gath - ered in ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
wheat and weeds to - geth - er sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown:
he him - self in that great day all of - fense shall take a - way,
gath - er all your peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin—



God, our Mak - er, does pro - vide for our needs to
first the blade and then the ear, then the full corn
give his an - gels charge at last in the fire the
there, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in your pres - ence

Text: Henry Alford, 1844, alt.
Tune: George J. Elvey, 1858



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

be sup - plied; come, with all his peo - ple
shall ap - pear; Lord of har - vest, grant that
weeds to cast, but the fruit - ful ears to
to a - bide; come, with all your an - gels

come, raise the song of har - vest home.
we whole - some grain and pure may be.
store in his gar - ner ev - er - more.
come, raise the glo - rious har - vest home.