

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Henry Alford

George J. Elvey

Come, ye thank-ful peop-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home:
All the world is God's own field, fruit un-to His praise to yield;
For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take his har-vest home;
E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come to Thy fi-nal har-vest home;

5

all is safe-ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, un-to joy or sor-row grown:
from His field shall in that day all of-fens-es purge a-way;
gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, free from sor-row, free from sin;

9

God, our Mak-er, 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-ev-er pu-ri-fied, in Thy pres-ence to a-bide;

13

come to God's own tem-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home.
Lord of har-vest, 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 har-vest home.