

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

St. George's, Windsor

Henry Alford

1810-1871

George J. Elvey

1816-1893

1.) Come, ye 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 Thy fi-nal har-vest home;

All is safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
Wheat and tares to-gether sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
From His field shall in that day All of-fen-ces purge a-way;
Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin,

God our Mak-er doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied: Come, to God's own
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear: Lord of har-vest
Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast; But the fruit-ful
There for-ev-er pur-i-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide: Come, with all Thine

tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest home. A-men.