

Come, Ye Thankful People Come

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest 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 har-vest home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come, Bring Thy fi - nal har-vest home;

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 purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day;
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:
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;

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.