Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR (7 7 7 7, D.)
George J. Elvey, 1859

Henry Alford, 1844

1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit unto His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His harvest home;
4. Even so, Lord, quickly come, Bring Thy final harvest home;

All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin.
Wheat and tares together sown Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Gather Thou Thy people in, Free from sorrow, free from sin,

God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied;
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall appear;
Giving angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There, forever purified, In Thy garner to abide;

Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest home.
Lord of harvest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
But the fruitful ears to store In His garner ev-er-more.
Come, with all Thine angels come, Raise the glorious harvest home.