

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

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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. 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-geth-er sown, un-to joy or sor-row grown;
 gath-er all 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:
 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.
 come, with all Thy an-gels, come; raise the glo-rious har-vest home.