

## **Come, Ye Thankful People, Come**

1. Come, ye thankful people, come;  
    Raise the song of harvest home.  
All be safely gathered in  
    Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our maker, doth provide  
    For our wants to be supplied.  
Come to God's own temple, come;  
    Raise the song of harvest home.
2. All the world is God's own field,  
    Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
    Unto joy or sorrow grown.  
First the blade and then the ear,  
    Then the full corn shall appear.  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
    Whole-some grain and pure may be.
3. For the Lord, our god, shall come  
    And shall take His harvest home,  
From His field shall in that day  
    All offenses purge away,  
Give His angels charge at last  
    In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
    In His garner evermore.
4. Even so, Lord, quickly come  
    To Thy final harvest home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
    Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There, forever purified,  
    In Thy garner to abide:  
Come with all Thine angels, come,  
    Raise the glorious harvest home.