Come, Ye Thankful People, Come
By:Rev. Henry Alford (1810-1871)
From: Psalms and Hymns, 1844
Tune:St. George
Comp:Sir George J. Elvey, 1858

1)Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is 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)We ourselves are 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:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome 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)Then, thou church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home! Amen.