Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

"Thou crownest the year with Thy bounty." (Ps. 65:11)

HENRY ALFORD

1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest home!
2. We ourselves are 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, To Thy final harvest home;

All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin;
Wheat and tares together now Un to joy or sorrow grown;
From His field shall purge a way All that doth offend that day;
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;
Give His angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
There for ever purified, In Thy presence to abide;

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

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