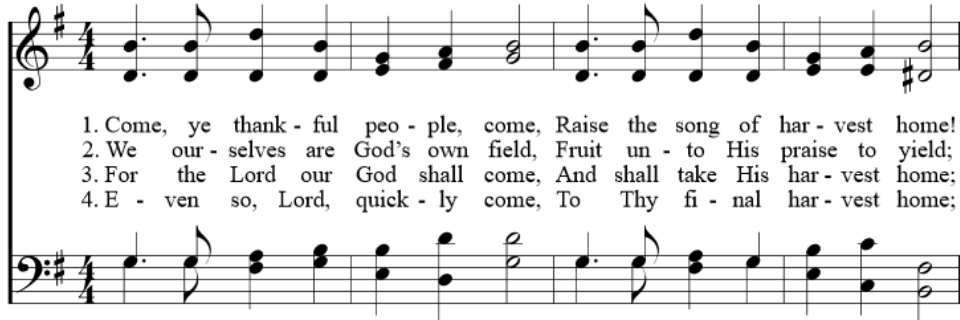


Come, Ye Thankful People, Come 310

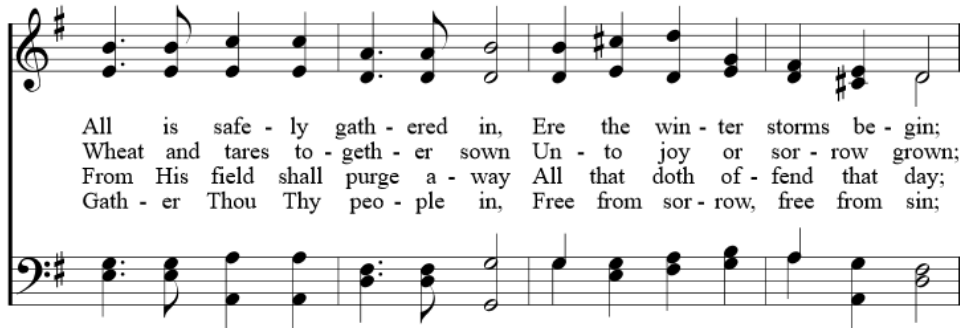
"Thou crownest the year with Thy bounty." (Ps. 65:11)

HENRY ALFORD

GEORGE J. ELVEY



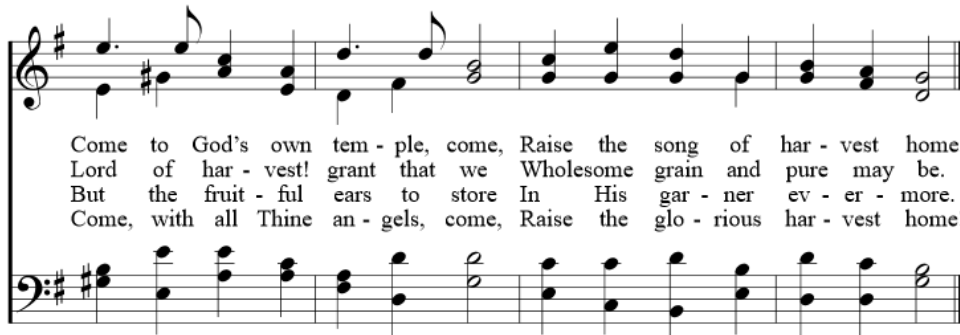
1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home!
2. We our - selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come, To Thy fi - nal har - vest home;



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;
From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day;
Gath - er Thou 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;
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
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 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest home!