Come, Ye Thankful People, Come
Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness. Psalm 65:11

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. 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 Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown,
Ere the win-ter storms be-gin Un-to joy or sor-row grown.
From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way.
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-pied.
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 Whole-some 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.

TEXT: Henry Alford
MUSIC: George J. Elvey

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR
7.7.7.7.D.