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Come, Ye Thankful People

St. George's, Windsor. 7.7.7.D.

HENRY ALFORD, 1844

GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1859

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. Then, thou church tri-um-phant, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;

All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms he-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;
 All are safe-ly gath-ered 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 God's gar-ner to a-bide;

Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home!
 Grant, O har-vest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, ten thou-sand an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest home!