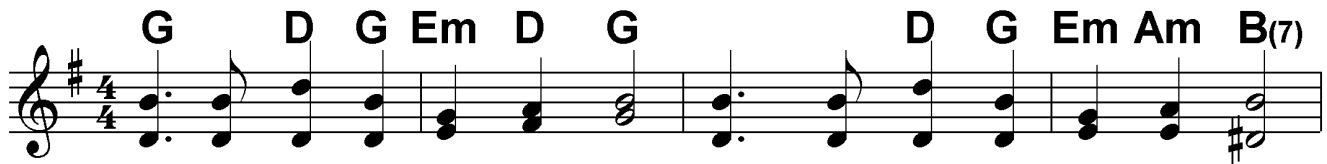


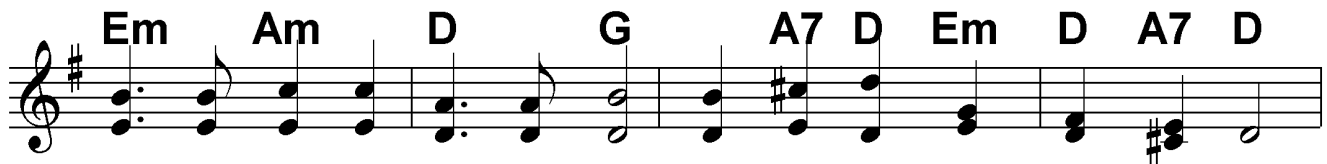
Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Words: Henry Alford, 1844

Music: George J. Elvey, 1858



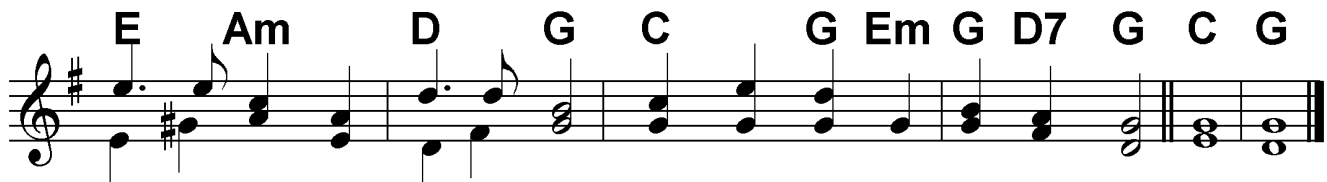
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home!
2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;



All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - gath - er sown Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend that day;



God, our Ma - ker, 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;



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. A - men.