

# Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

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 the har-vest home;  
 4. Then, thou Church tri-umph-ant come, Raise the song of 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 in that day All of-fen-ces purge a-way,  
 All be 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;  
 Giv-ing an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;  
 There, for-ev-er pur-i-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 the gar-ner ev-er-more.  
 Come, ten-thous-and an-gels, come, Raise the glor-ious har-vest home!