

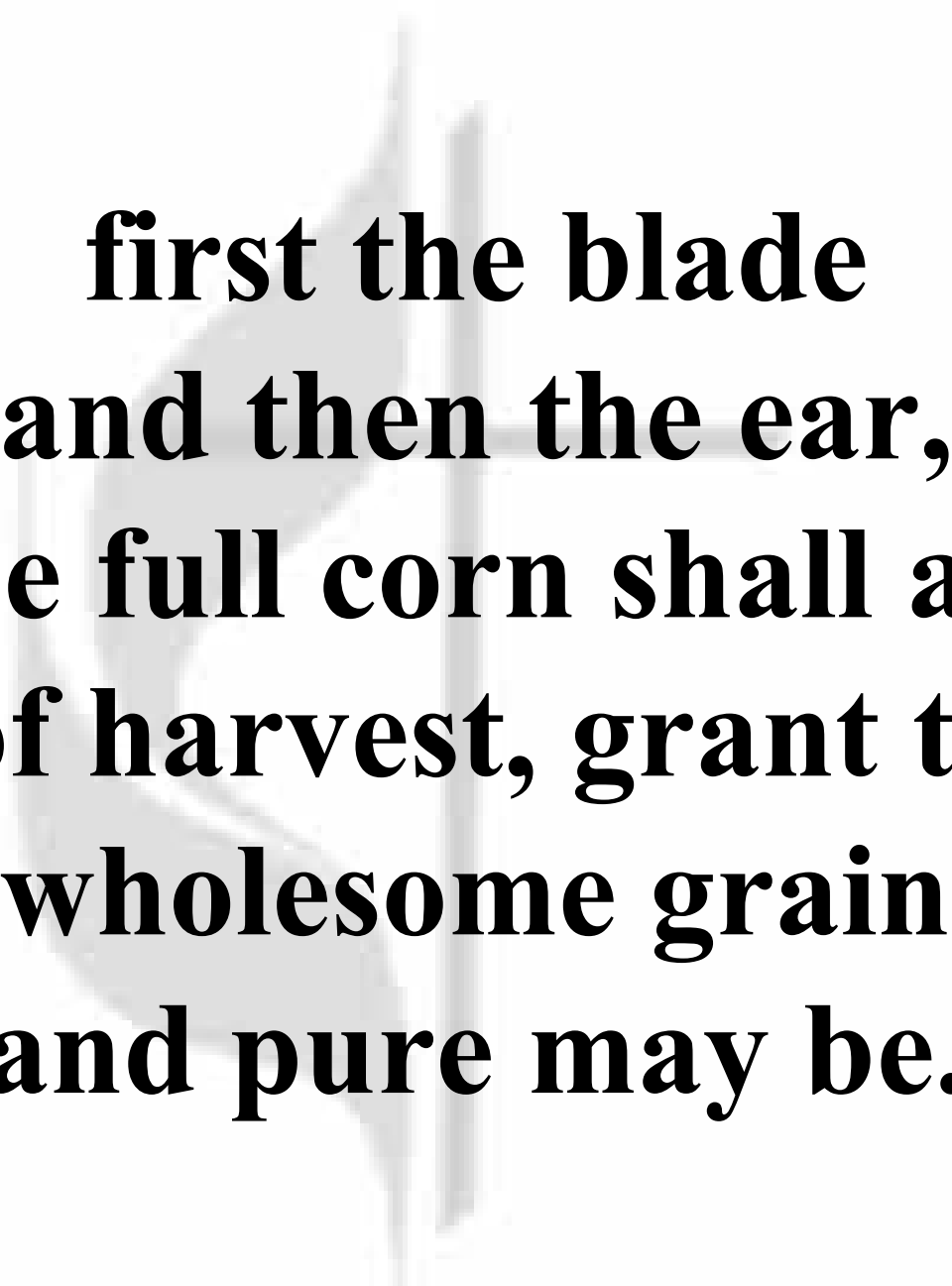
Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

WORDS: Henry Alford, 1844, alt. (Mk. 4:26-29; Mt. 13:36-43)

**1. Come, ye thankful
people, come,
raise the song of harvest home;
all is safely gathered in,
ere the winter storms begin.**


**God our Maker doth provide
for our wants to be supplied;
come to God's own
temple, come,
raise the song
of harvest home.**

**2. All the world is
God's own field,
fruit as praise to God we yield;
wheat and tares
together sown
are to joy or sorrow grown;**



**first the blade
and then the ear,
then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
wholesome grain
and pure may be.**

**3. For the Lord
our God shall come,
and shall take
the harvest home;
from the field shall in that day
all offenses purge away,**



**giving angels
charge at last
in the fire the tares to cast;
but the fruitful
ears to store
in the garner evermore.**

**4. Even so, Lord,
quickly come,
bring thy final harvest home;
gather thou thy people in,
free from sorrow,
free from sin,**

**there, forever purified,
in thy presence to abide;
come, with all
thine angels, come,
raise the glorious
harvest home.**