

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

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

All the world is God's own field
Fruit unto His praise to yield
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto 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

For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest home
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore

Even so Lord quickly come
To 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