

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

"You crown the year with Your bounty" (PSALM 65:11)

HENRY ALFORD, 1810-1871

GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1816-1893

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;
 2. All the world is 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. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come, Bring thy fi - nal har-vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - erd 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 - fens - es purge a - way,
 Gath - er thou thy peo - ple 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 thy pre - sence to a - bide;

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.
 Come, with all thine an - gels, come, Raise the song of har-vest home. A-men.

HARVEST AND THANKSGIVING

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR
7.7.7.D.