

# Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

*Text: Henry Alford*

*Music: George J. Elvey*

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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.