# Come, You Thankful People, Come. #450

1 Come, you thankful people, come,

raise the song of harvest-home;

all is safely gathered in,

ere the winter storms begin;

God, our Maker, does provide

for our needs to be supplied:

come with all his people, come,

raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,

fruit unto his praise to yield,

wheat and weeds 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.

3 For the Lord our God shall come

and shall take his harvest-home,

he himself in that great day

all offense shall take away,

give his angels charge at last

in the fire the weeds to cast,

but the fruitful ears to store

in his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come

to your final harvest-home;

gather all your people in,

free from sorrow, free from sin,

there forever purified

in your presence to abide.

Come, with all your angels, come,

raise the glorious harvest-home.

TEXT: Henry Alford (1844 and 1867), alt.

TUNE: George Job Elvey (1859)

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