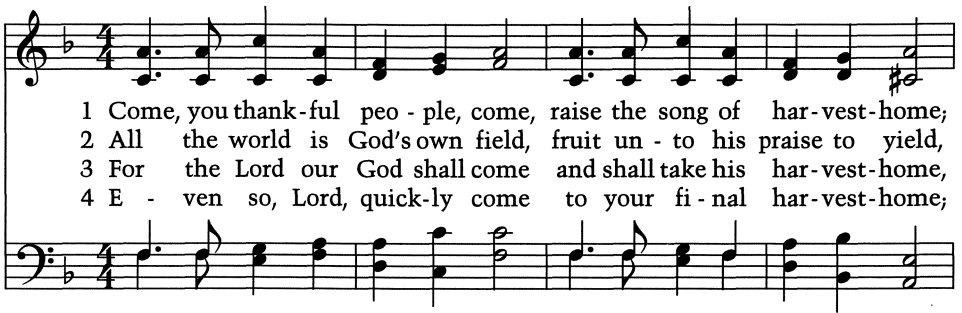
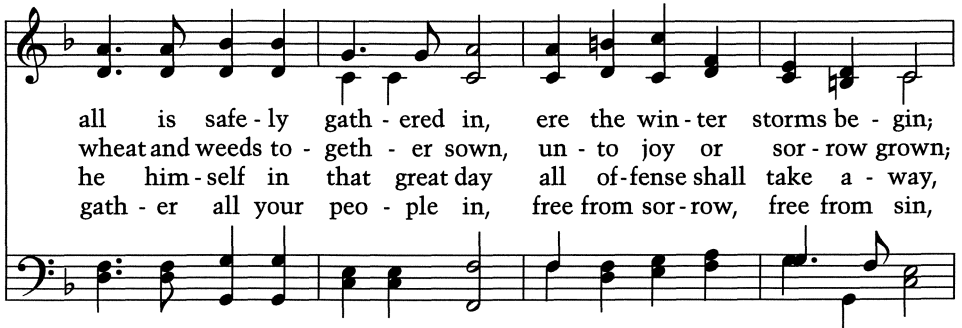


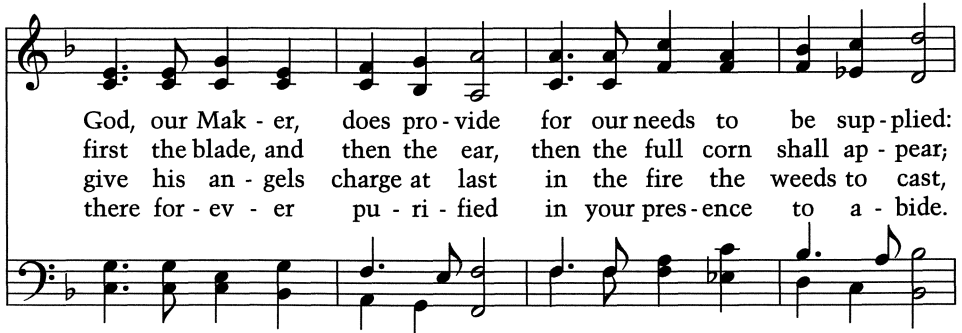
Come, You Thankful People, Come 450



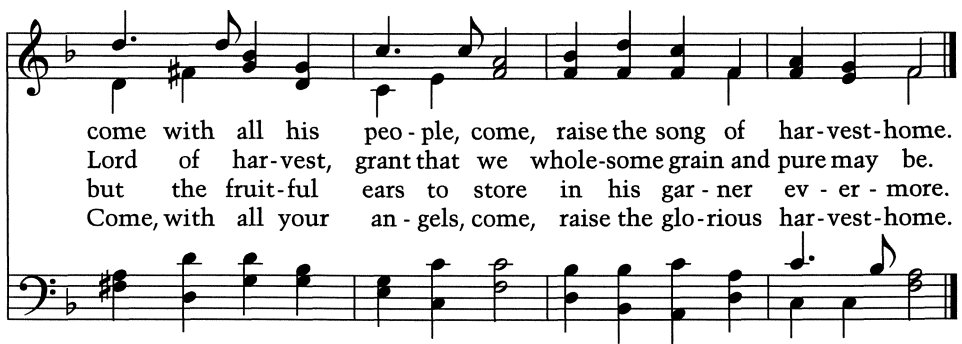
1 Come, you thank-ful peo - ple, come, raise the song of har-vest-home;
 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit un - to his praise to yield,
 3 For the Lord our God shall come and shall take his har-vest-home,
 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come to your fi-nal har-vest-home;



all is safe-ly gath - ered in, ere the win-ter storms be - gin,
 wheat and weeds to - geth - er sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown;
 he him - self in that great day all of-fense shall take a - way,
 gath - er all your peo - ple in, free from sor-row, free from sin,



God, our Mak - er, does pro-vide for our needs 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 weeds to cast,
 there for - ev - er pu - ri - fied in your pres-ence to a - bide.



come with all his peo - 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 your an - gels, come, raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

TEXT: Henry Alford (1844 and 1867), alt.
 TUNE: George Job Elvey (1859)

7.7.7.7.D.
 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR (205 F)