Come, You Thankful People, Come

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 to gather 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 whole-some 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 ever more.

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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