

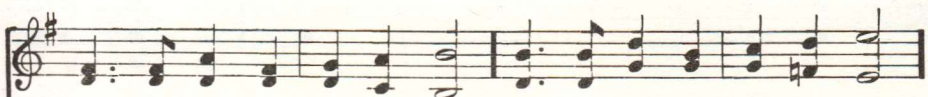
COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE



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. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi - nal har - vest home.



All is safe - ly gath - ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares there - in are sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
 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;
 There for ev - er pur - i - fied In Thy pres - ence 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.
 Come with all Thine an - gels, come Raise the glo - rious har - vest home. A - men.

