COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

1. Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of harvest home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit unto His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His harvest home;
4. Even so, Lord, quickly come To Thy final harvest home;

All is safely gathered in, Ere the winter storms begin;
Wheat and tares together sown, Unto joy or sorrow grown;
From His field shall in that day All offenses purge away;
Gather Thou Thy people in, Free from sorrow, free from sin;

God, our Maker, doth provide For our wants to be supplied,
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall appear;
Give His angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
There, forever purified, In Thy presence to abide;

Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest home.
Lord of harvest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruitful ears to store In His garner ever more.
Come, with all Thine angels, come, Raise the glorious harvest home.