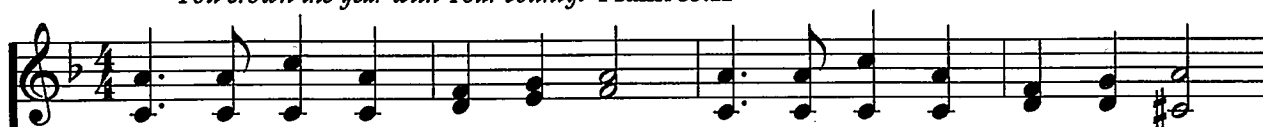




797 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



You crown the year with Your bounty. Psalm 65:11





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. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. 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 to- geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown.
 From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way.
 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;
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for-ev-er pu-ri-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.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels come; Raise the glo-rious har-vest home.

