

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home:  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied:  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

- 2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together 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  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that Day  
All offences purge away;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come!  
Bring Thy final harvest home!  
Gather all Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There, for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home!