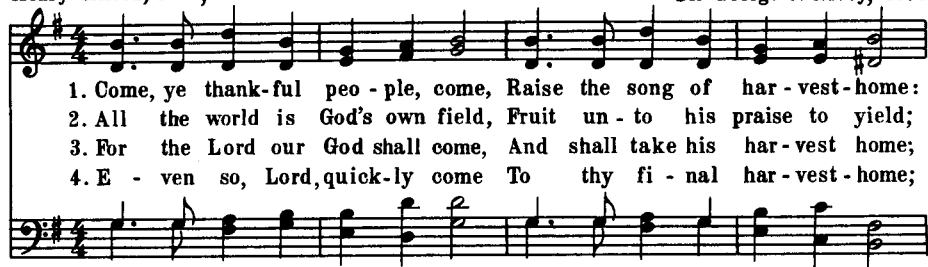


The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. Matt. 13:39

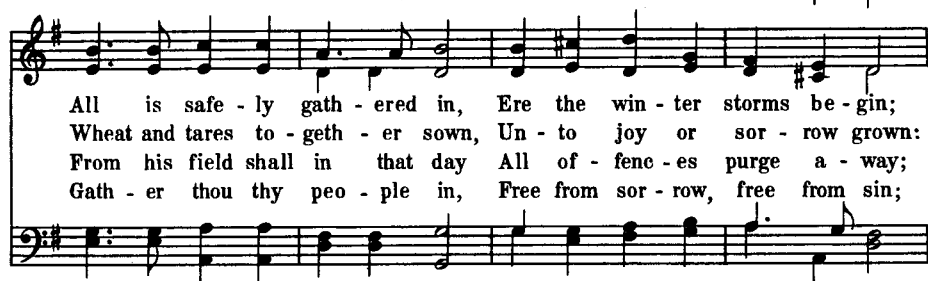
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Henry Alford, 1844, text of 1867

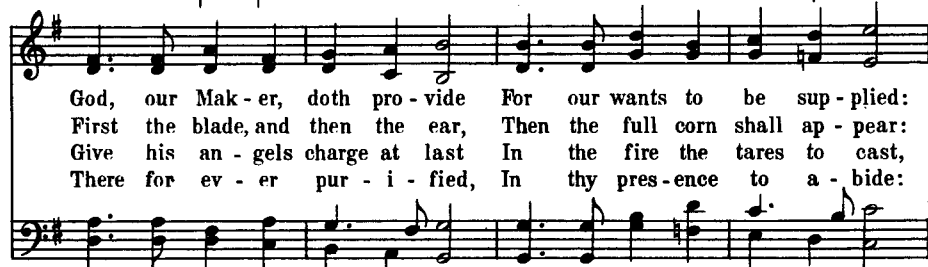
Sir George J. Elvey, 1859



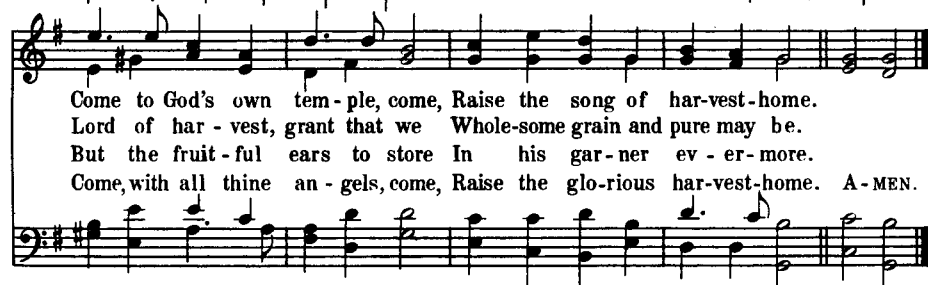
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to his praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take his har-vest home;
 4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To thy fi-nal har-vest-home;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 Wheat and tares to-ge-th-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:
 From his field shall in that day All of-fenc-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 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.
 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. A-MEN.

The following hymns are also appropriate:

Christ, by heavenly hosts adored.....623
 Give thanks unto the Lord, Jehovah.....512
 "Great is thy faithfulness".....27
 Let us, with a gladsome mind.....30
 My soul, bless the Lord.....110

Now thank we all our God.....86
 O people blest, whose sons in youth.....289
 Praise to God, immortal praise.....112
 Thy might sets fast the mountains.....111
 We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing.....286

We praise thee, O God, our Redeemer, Creator. 83