

Come You Thankful People, Come

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Come you thankful people come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home.
All be safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, does provide,
For our wants to be supplied.
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

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.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Your final Harvest-home;
Gather now Your people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, forever purified,
In Your garner to abide.
Come with all Your angels come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home.

Bible Verse: You have multiplied the nation; You have increased its joy; they rejoice before You as with joy at the harvest, as they are glad when they divide the spoil. Isaiah 9:3
ESV