

## Come, Ye Thankful People

Henry Alford (1810-1871) Psalms and Hymns, 1844.

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.

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.

Then, thou Church triumphant come  
Raise the song of harvest Home;  
All are safely gathered in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There for ever purified,  
In God's garner to abide:  
Come, ten thousand angels, come.  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

Also attributed to the original author:

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take the harvest home;  
From the field shall in that day  
All offenses purge away,  
Giving angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In the garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,  
Bring Thy final harvest home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There, forever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide;  
Come, with all thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest home.