

## 892 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



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 be 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 gar - ner 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.