

Come, Ye Thankful People

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Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest 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.