Come, Ye Thankful People

Come, ye thankful people, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown.

God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied.
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.

Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Whole-some grain and pure may be.

Text: Henry Alford, 1810–1871
Music: George J. Elvey, 1816–1893