

## HYMN

- 1      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 !
  
- 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.
  
- 3      For the Lord our God shall come,  
        And shall take his harvest home ;  
        From his field shall in that day  
        All offences purge away ;  
        Give his angels charge at last  
        In the fire the tares to cast ;  
        But the fruitful ears to store  
        In his garner evermore.
  
- 4      Even so, Lord, quickly come  
        To 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.

H. ALFORD