

HYMN 1

- 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 for ever purified,
 In thy presence to abide :
 Come, with all thine angels come ;
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

HENRY ALFORD

HYMN 3

- 1 There is a day, 'tis hastening on,
When Zion's God shall purge his floor;
His own elect shall then be known,
For he shall count those jewels o'er.

- 2 And who shall stand the fiery test
Of this tremendous awful day;
When thou in wrath and terror dress'd,
Shalt fan the worthless chaff away?

- 3 Nought but the grains of gospel gold
Will ever stand this trying day;
When like a scroll, together rolled,
The starry heavens shall pass away.

- 4 How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesu's blood thy only plea?
Is he thy great forerunner there?

- 5 Is thy proud heart subdued by grace,
To seek salvation in his name?
There's wisdom, power and righteousness,
All cent'ring in the worthy Lamb.

- 6 Then thou mayest rest, assured of this,
And lift thy favoured head with joy;
Thy hopes of heaven's eternal bliss,
Earth, hell, and sin shall ne'er destroy.

JOHN KENT