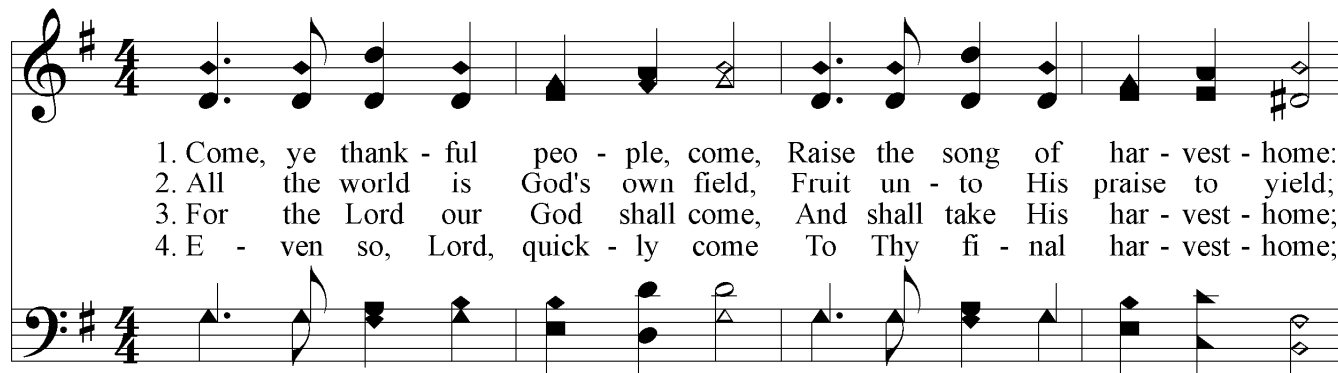
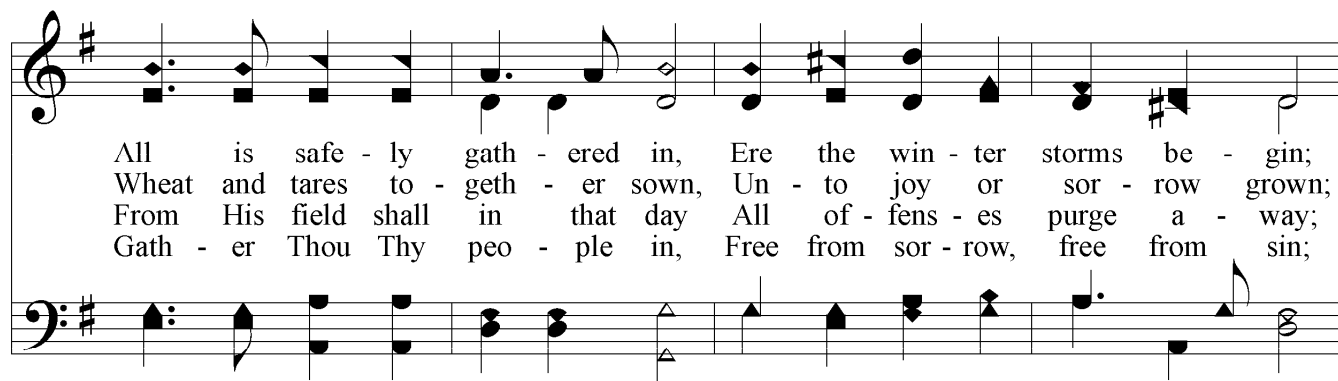


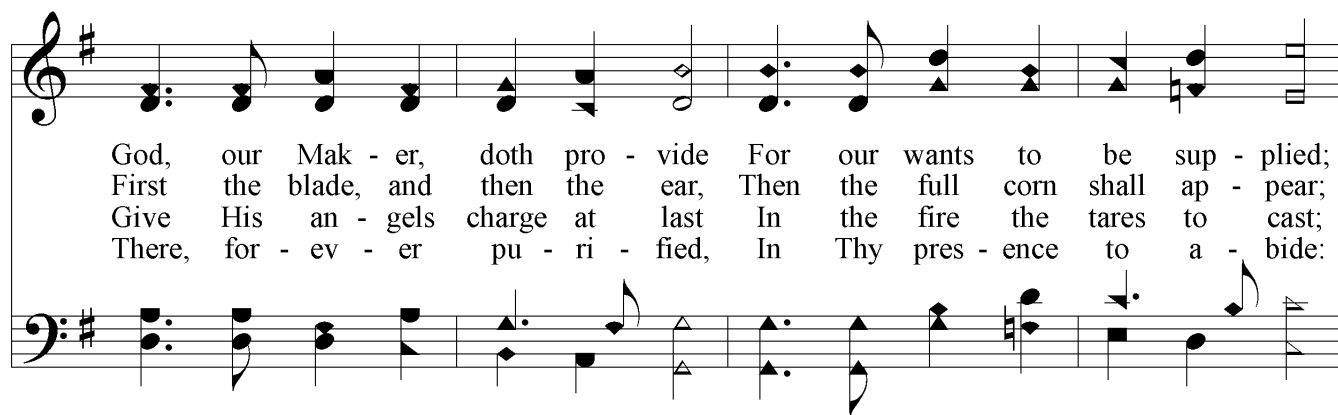
# Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



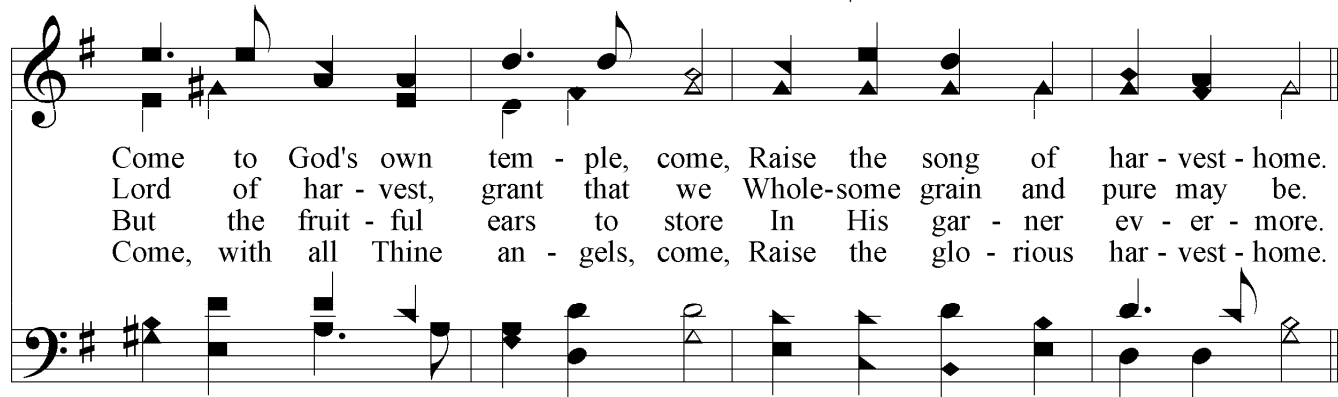
1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home;  
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;  
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest - home;  
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To Thy fi - nal har - vest - home;



All is 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 pres - ence 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.