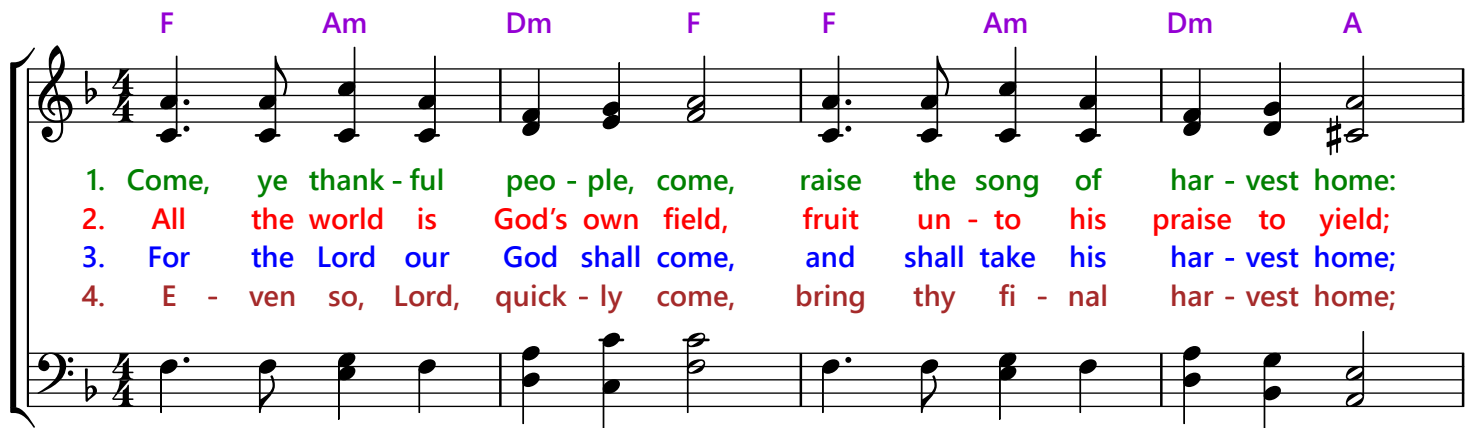


Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

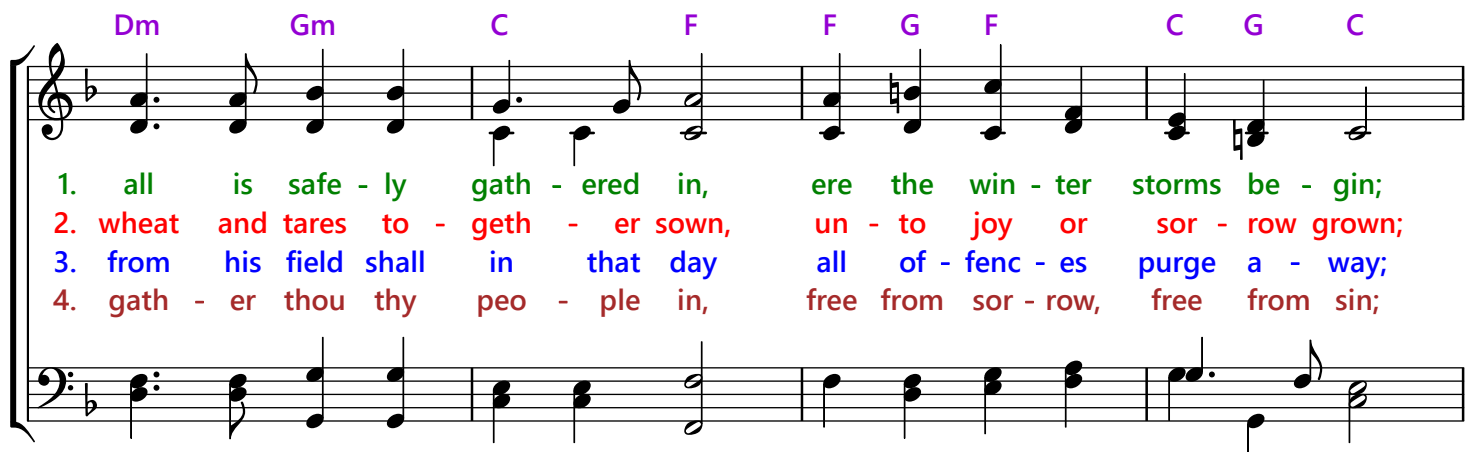
Henry Alford / SAINT GEORGE'S WINDSOR

F Am Dm F F Am Dm A



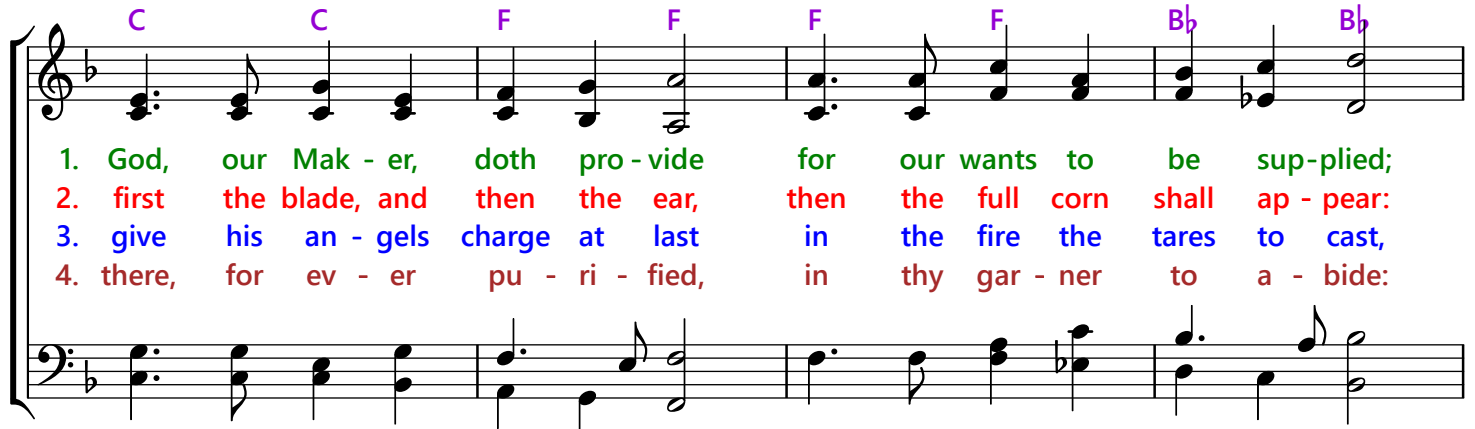
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home;
2. All the world is God's own field, fruit un-to his praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take his har-vest home;
4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come, bring thy fi-nal har-vest home;

Dm Gm C F F G F C G C



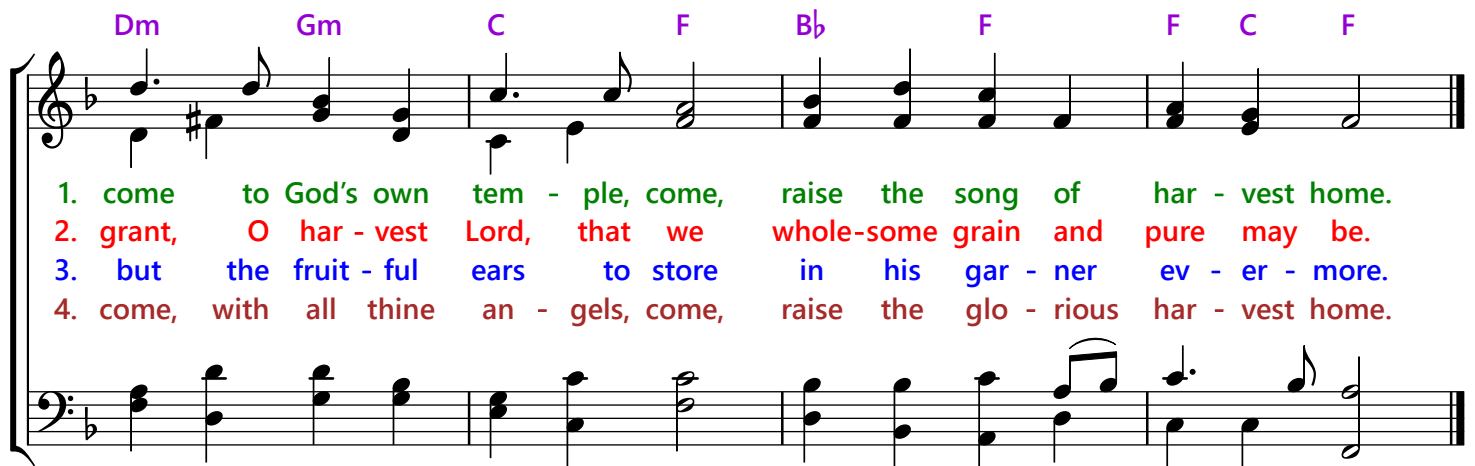
1. all is safe-ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
2. wheat and tares to- geth-er sown, un-to joy or sor-row grown;
3. from his field shall in that day all of-fenc-es purge a-way;
4. gath-er thou thy peo-ple in, free from sor-row, free from sin;

C C F F F F Bb Bb



1. God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide for our wants to be sup-plied;
2. first the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap-pear;
3. give his an-gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
4. there, for ev-er pu-ri-fied, in thy gar-ner to a-bide;

Dm Gm C F Bb F F C F



1. come to God's own tem-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home.
2. grant, O har-vest Lord, that we whole-some grain and pure may be.
3. but the fruit-ful ears to store in his gar-ner ev-er-more.
4. come, with all thine an-gels, come, raise the glo-rious har-vest home.