

Come, You Thankful People, Come

Henry Alford

1. Come, you thankful people, come,
 raise the song of harvest home:
all is safely gathered in,
 ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, does 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 offenses purge away;
giving angels charge at last
 in the fire the tares to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store
 in God's garner evermore.
4. Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 to your final harvest home;
gather all your people in,
 free from sorrow, free from sin;
there, for ever purified,
 in your presence to abide:
come, with all your angels, come,
 raise the glorious harvest home.

Lyrics: 77.77 D; Henry Alford, 1810-1871, in his "Psalms and Hymns", 1844.