

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Leigh Nash

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

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

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 His garner evermore

Even so, Lord, quickly come, bring Thy final harvest home
Gather Thou Thy people in, free from sorrow, free from sin
There, forever purified, in Thy garner to abide

Come, with all Thine angels come, raise the glorious harvest home