

AMNS 289 Come, ye thankful people, come

H. Alford
(1810-1871)

Melody: St. George

G. J. Elvey
(1816-1893)

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest-home:
2. All this world is God's own field, fruit un-to his praise to yield;
3. For we know that thou wilt come, and wilt take thy peo-ple home;
4. Come then, Lord of mer-cy, come, bid us sing thy har-vest-home:

all is safe-ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
wheat and tares there - in are sown, un-to joy or sor-row grown;
from thy field wilt purge a-way all that doth of-fend, that day;
let thy saints be gath-ered in, free from sor-row, free from sin:

God, our ma-ker, doth pro-vide for our wants to be sup-plied:
ripe-ning with a won-drous pow'r till the fi-nal har-vest-hour:
and thine an-gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
all up-on the gold-den floor prais-ing thee for ev-er-more:

come to God's own tem-ple, come; raise the song of har-vest-home.
grant, O Lord of life, that we ho-ly grain and pure may be.
but the fruit-ful ears to store in thy gar-ner ev-er-more.
come, with all thine an-gels come, bid us sing thy har-vest-home.