Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Henry Alford

SATB

George J. Elvey

arr by Linda Pratt

Come, ye thankful people, come;
Raise the song of harvest home.

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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
All the world is God's own field,
Wheat and tares together sewn,
Harvest home.

Praise to yield.
Fruit unto his
Un to joy or
First, the blade, and then the ear. Then the full corn shall appear. Lord of harvest, grant that we whole some grain and pure may be.
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.

Lord of harvest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be!