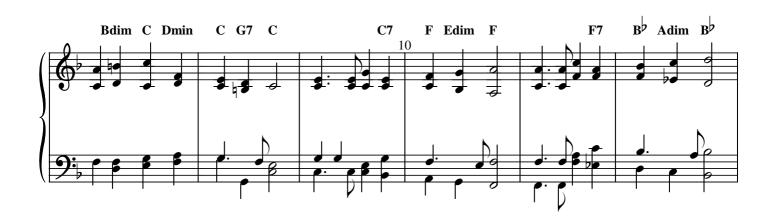
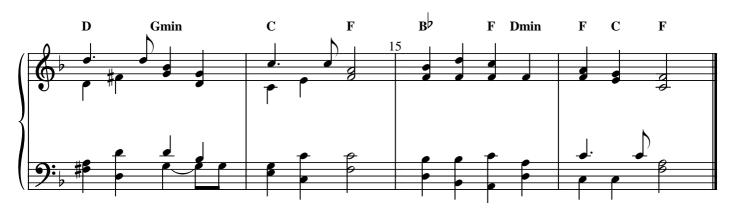
Come, ye thankful people, come

George Job Elvey, 1816-1893

St. Geroge's Windsor 77.77.D







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.

Charles Wesley