

367 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



1 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of har-vest home.
 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit in thank-ful praise to yield,
 3 For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the har-vest home;
 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come to thy fi - nal har-vest home.



All is safe-ly gath - ered in, ere the win-ter storms be - gin.
 wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown.
 from each field shall in that day all of - fens - es purge a - way;
 Gath - er thou thy peo - ple in, free from sor-row, free from sin,



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied.
 First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap - pear.
 give the an - gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,
 there for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in thy pres - ence to a - bide:



Come to God's own tem - ple, come; raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole-some grain and pure may be.
 but the fruit - ful ears to store in God's gar - ner ev - er - more.
 come, with all thine an - gels, come; raise the glo - rious har-vest home!



Despite its familiar Thanksgiving associations, the real concern of this text is to recall the harvest imagery Jesus used to describe the fulfillment of God's sovereignty. The tune name commemorates the royal chapel where the composer was organist for forty-seven years.