

# **Come, Ye Thankful People, Come**

Words: Henry Alford (adapted)

Music: George J. Elvey

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 needs 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 sorrows grown:  
First the blade, then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear;  
Lord of harvest, may we be  
Harvest workers all for Thee.