

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

F Dm C F F Dm Gm A

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 un-to his praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take his har-vest home;
 4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come to thy fi-nal har-vest home;

Dm Gm C F F C Dm C G C

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 his 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;

C F C F F Bb F Bb

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 his 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:

D Gm C F Bb F Dm F C F

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