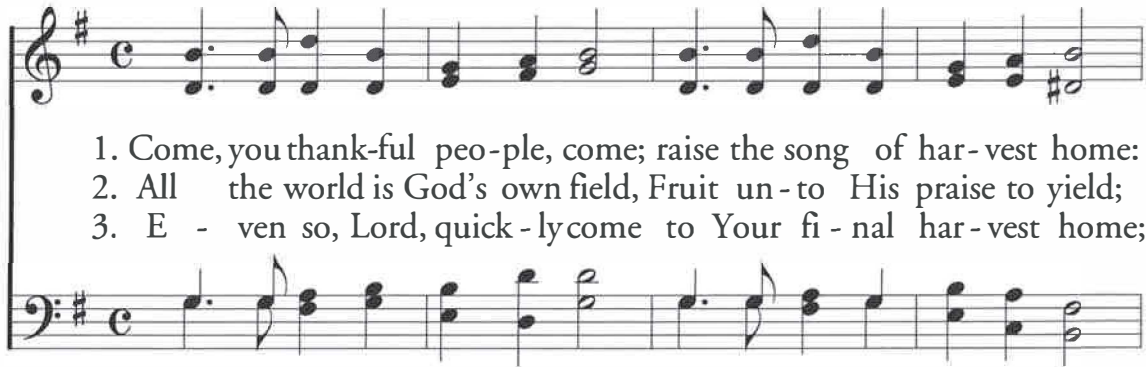
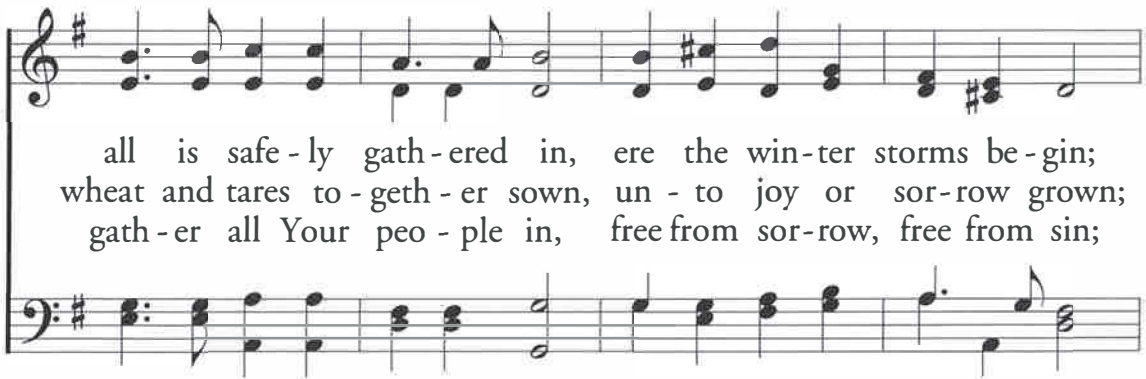


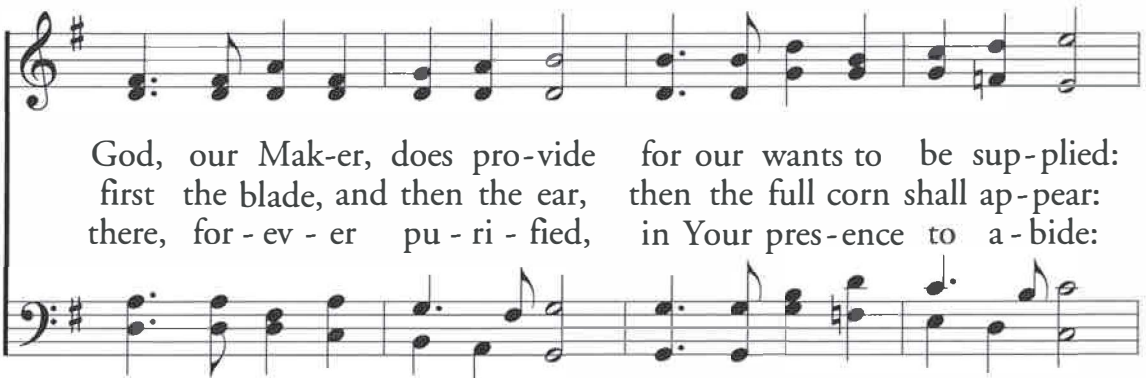
COME, YOU THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME



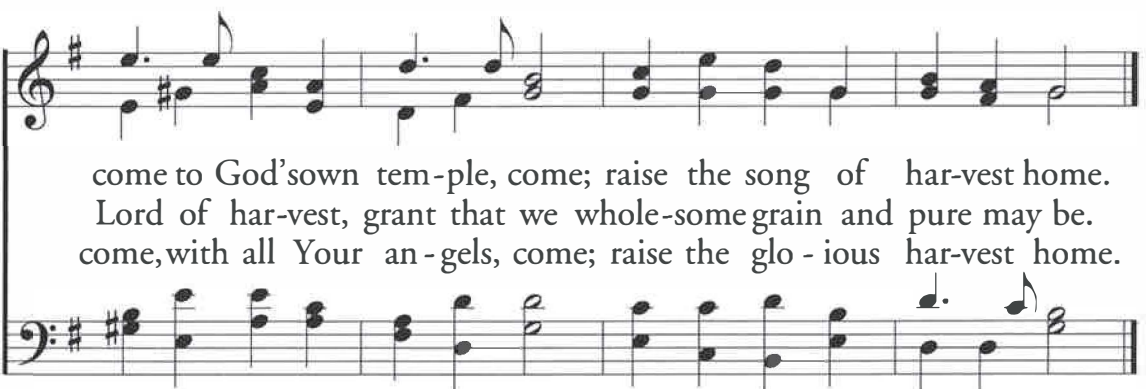
1. Come, you thank-ful peo-ple, come; raise the song of har-vest home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
3. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to Your fi - nal har-vest home;



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;
gath - er all Your peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin;



God, our Mak - er, does pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied:
first the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap - pear:
there, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in Your 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.
come, with all Your an - gels, come; raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

Words: Henry Alford
Music: George J. Elvey