

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR

Arr. M. Williams for
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Music by George Job Elvey
Lyrics by Henry Alford

A dm G C F C G C

C am G C C am G E

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

am dm G C C G D G

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 the 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,

G C C F

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;
giv - ing 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;

A dm G C F C G C

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 the gar - ner ev - er - more.
come, with all thine an - gels, come, raise the glo - rious har - vest home.