

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

D **G A D** **A D Bm G F#**
Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest-Home;
All the world is God's own field, Fruit on-to His praise to yield;
For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
Even so, Lord, quick-ly come, To Thy fi - nal Har - vest-Home!

Bm7 G A D Bm A D A E A
All is safely gathered in, Ere the win -ter storms be - gin.
Wheat and tares to-gether sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
From His field shall in that day All of - fenc-es purge a - way;
Gather Thou Thy people in, Free from sor -row, free from sin;

(A) A7 D A D D7 G D G
God, our Maker, 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 angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There forever pur - i - fied, In Thy Pres-ence to a - bide:

B7 Em A D G D Bm7 D A D
Come to God's own temple, 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 His gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, with all Thine angels, come, Raise the glo - rious Har -vest-Home!