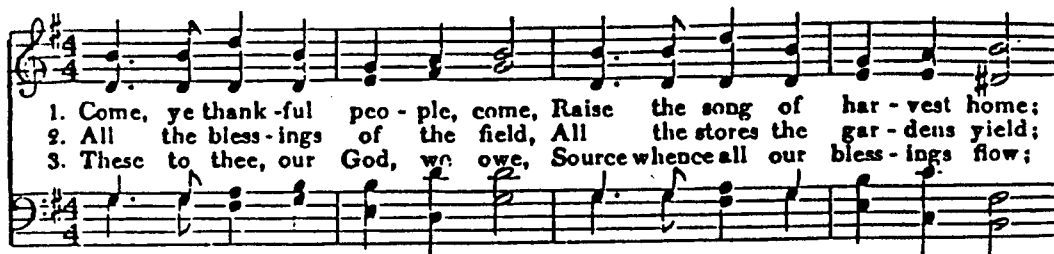


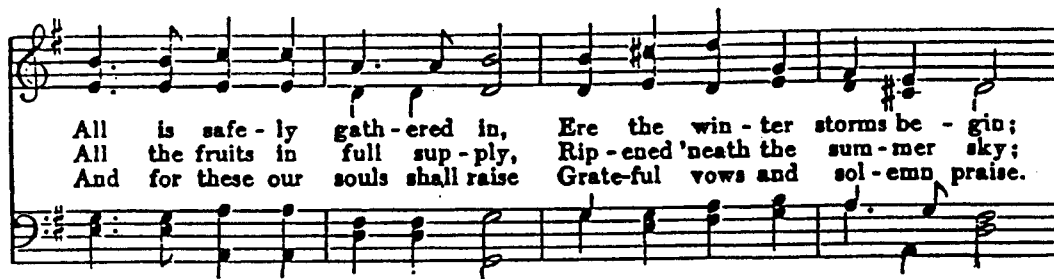
COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME

Henry Alford, 1844
Hugh Hartsborne, 1915

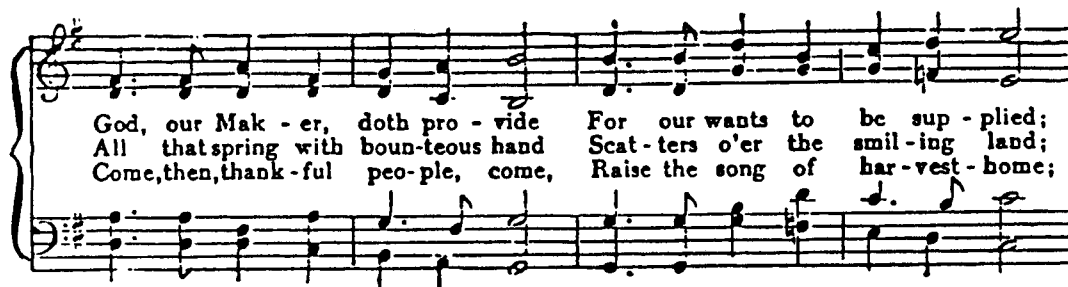
George J. Elvey, 1858



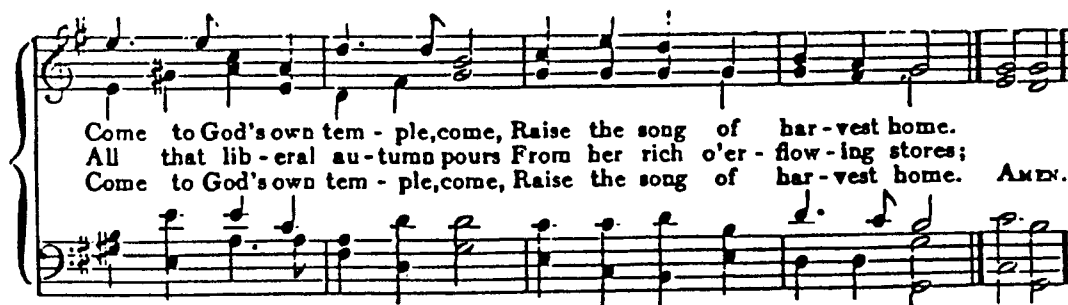
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home;
2. All the bless-ings of the field, All the stores the gar-dens yield;
3. These to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
All the fruits in full sup-ply, Rip-ened 'neath the sum-mer sky;
And for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol-emn praise.



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
All that spring with boun-teous hand Scat-ters o'er the smil-ing land;
Come, then, thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.
All that lib-eral au-tumn pours From her rich o'er-flow-ing stores;
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home. AMEN.