

Come, ye thankful people, come,
raise the sing of harvest-home!
All be safely guarded in,
ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
for our wants to be supplied;
come to God's own temple come;
raise the song of harvest-home!

We ourselves are God's own field,
fruit unto His praise to yield;
wheat and tares together sown,
unto joy or sorrow grown;
first the blade and then the ear,
then the full corn shall appear:
grant, O harvest Lord, that we
wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
and shall take His harvest home;
from His field shall purge away
all that doth offend, that day,
give His angels charge at last
in the fire the tares to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store
in His garner evermore.

Then, Thou Church triumphant, come,
raise the song of harvest-home
all be safely gathered in,
free from sorrow, free from sin,
there for ever purified
in God's garner to abide;
come, ten thousand angels, come,
raise the glorious harvest-home!