

797 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

You crown the year with Your bounty. Psalm 65:11

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 un-to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest-home;

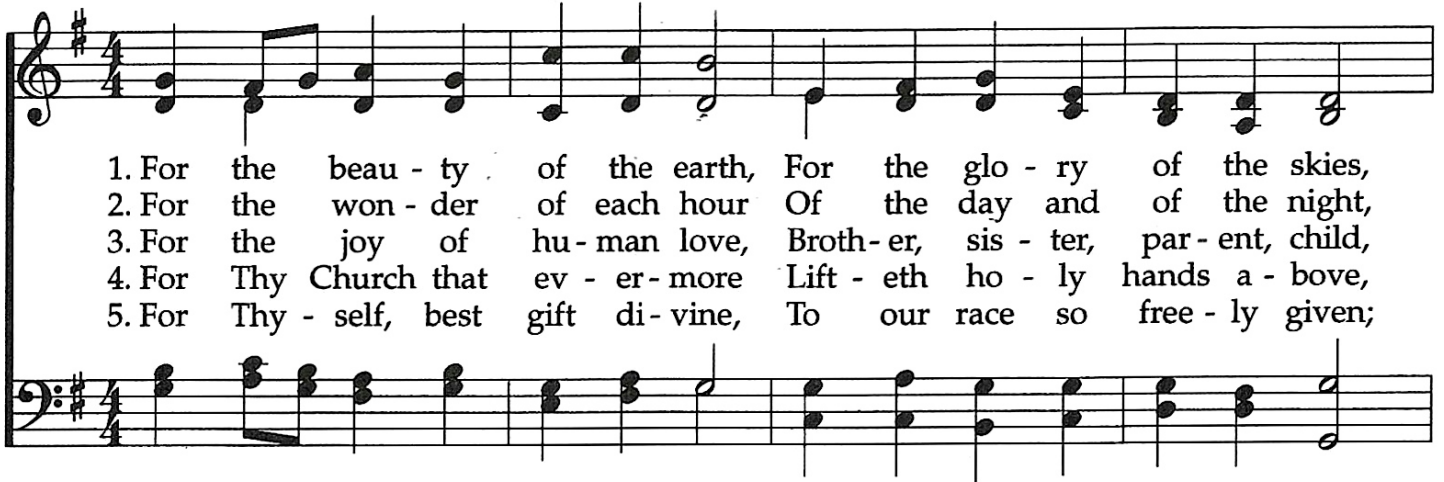
All is safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win-ter storms be-gin.
 Wheat and tares to- geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown.
 From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way.
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin.

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;
 Give His 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.

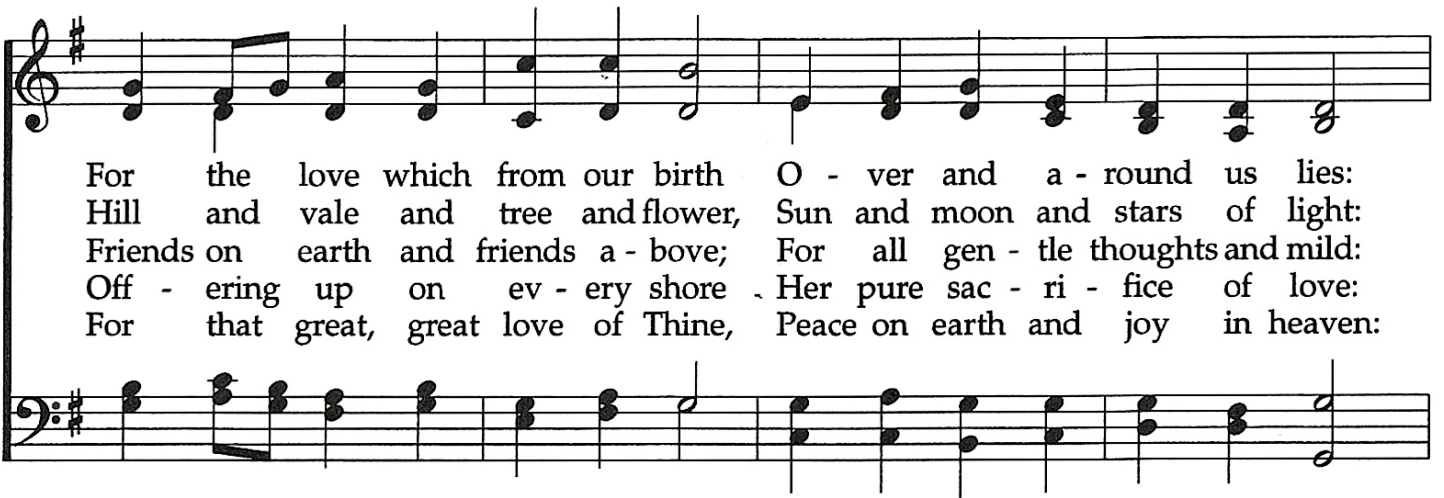
Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels come; Raise the glo-rious har-vest home.

For the Beauty of the Earth 793

Give thanks to the Lord for His unfailing love and His wonderful deeds. Psalm 107:8



1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the won - der of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For Thy Church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,
5. For Thy - self, best gift di - vine, To our race so free - ly given;



For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:
Hill and vale and tree and flower, Sun and moon and stars of light:
Friends on earth and friends a - bove; For all gen - tle thoughts and mild:
Off - ering up on ev - ery shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love:
For that great, great love of Thine, Peace on earth and joy in heaven:



Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise.

TEXT: Folliott S. Pierpoint, altered
MUSIC: Conrad Kocher; arranged by William H. Monk

DIX
7.7.7.7.7.