

Come Ye Thankful People, Come

Words: H. Alford
(1810-71)

Music: G.J.Elvey
(1816-93)

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple come, raise the song of har-vest home;
All this world is God's own field, fruit un - to his prais-es yield;

5

S.

A.

T.

B.

all is safe - ly gath-ered in, ere the win-terstorms be - gin; God, our ma-ker,
wheat and tares there - in are sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown; ripe-ning with a

10

2
S. doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied; come to God's own
won-drous power till the fi - nal har-vest hour: grant, O Lord of

A. doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied; come to God's own
won-drous power till the fi - nal har-vest hour: grant, O Lord of

T. doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied; come to God's own
won-drous power till the fi - nal har - vest hour: grant O Lord of

B. doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied; come to God's own
won-drous power till the fi - nal har-vest hour: grant, O Lord of

14

S. tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home.
life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be.

A. tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home.
life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be.

T. tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home.
life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be

B. tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home.
life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be

3. For we know that thou wilt come,
and wilt take thy people home;
from thy field wilt purge away
all that doth offend, that day;
and thine angels charge at last
in the fire the tares to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store
in thy garner evermore.

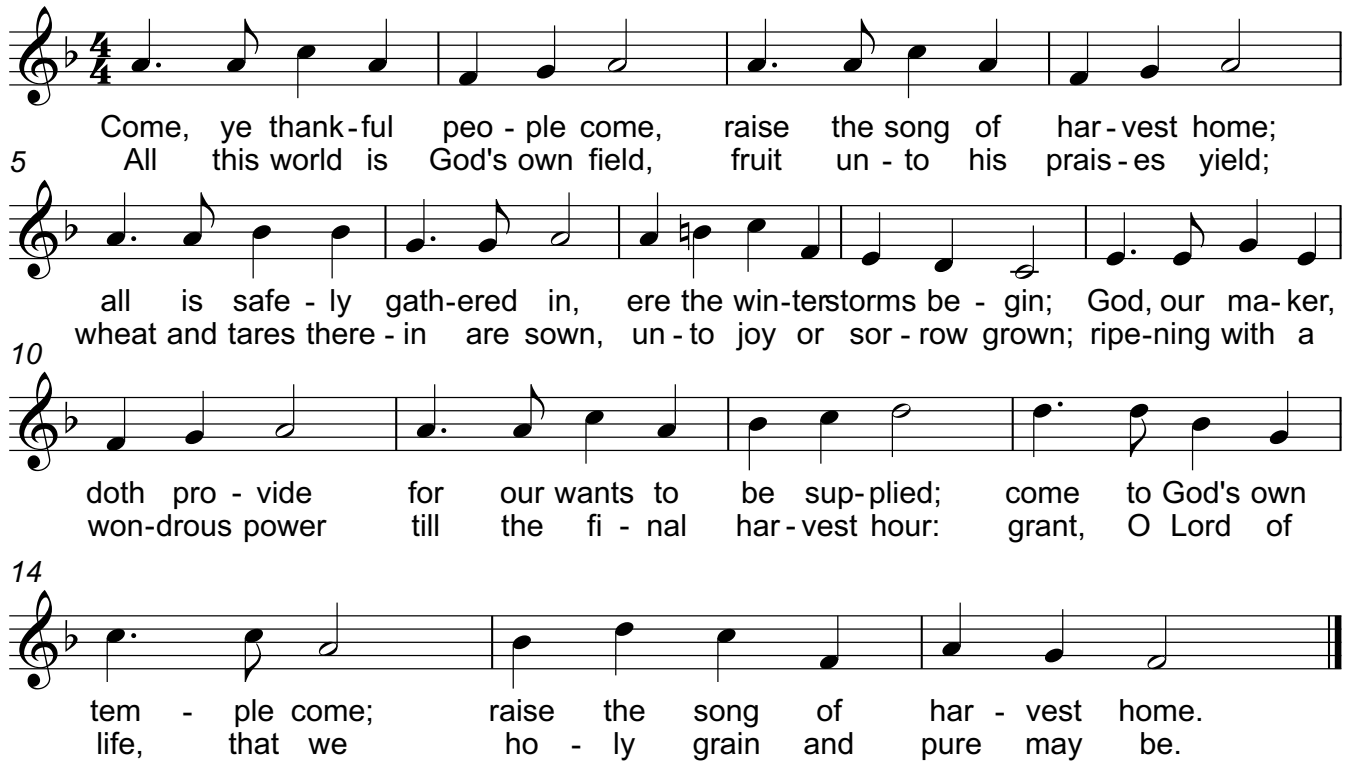
4. Come then, Lord of mercy, come
bid us sing thy harvest-home:
let thy saints be gathered in,
free from sorrow, free from sin:
all upon the golden floor
praising thee for evermore:
come, with all thine angels, come,
bid us sing thy harvest-home.

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Soprano

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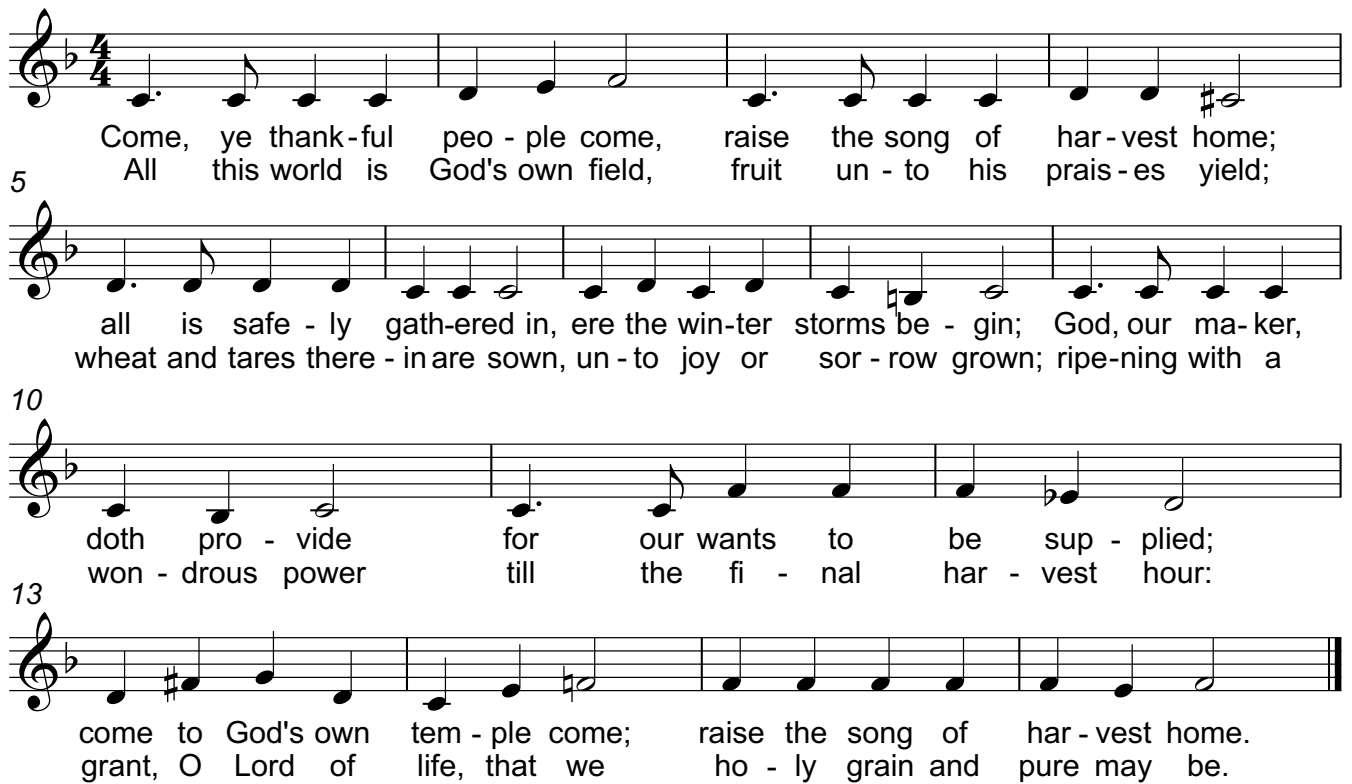
5 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple come, raise the song of har-vest home;
All this world is God's own field, fruit un - to his prais-es yield;
all is safe - ly gath-ered in, ere the win-terstorms be - gin; God, our ma-ker,
10 wheat and tares there - in are sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown; ripe-ning with a
doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup-plied; come to God's own
won-drous power till the fi - nal har-vest hour: grant, O Lord of
14 tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home.
life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be.

Come Ye Thankful People, Come

Alto

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5 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple come, raise the song of har-vest home;
All this world is God's own field, fruit un - to his prais-es yield;

10 all is safe - ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be - gin; God, our ma-ker,
wheat and tares there - in are sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown; ripe-ning with a

13 doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied;
won - drous power till the fi - nal har - vest hour:

come to God's own tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home.
grant, O Lord of life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be.

Come Ye Thankful People, Come

Tenor

Words: H. Alford
(1810-71)

Music: G.J.Elvey
(1816-93)

8 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple come, raise the song of har-vest home;
All this world is God's own field, fruit un - to his prais-es yield;

5 all is safe - ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be - gin God, our ma-ker,
wheat and tares there - in are sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown; ripe-ning with a

10 doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup-plied; come to God's own
wondrous power till the fi - nal har - vest hour: grant O Lord of

14 tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home.
life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be

The musical score is written for a Tenor voice in 4/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four staves of music, each with a starting measure number (8, 5, 10, 14) and a corresponding line of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple come, raise the song of har-vest home; All this world is God's own field, fruit un - to his prais-es yield; all is safe - ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be - gin God, our ma-ker, wheat and tares there - in are sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown; ripe-ning with a doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup-plied; come to God's own wondrous power till the fi - nal har - vest hour: grant O Lord of tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home. life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be'. The music is written in a simple, clear style with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Bass

Music: G.J.Elvey
(1816-93)

Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple come, raise the song of har-vest home;
All this world is God's own field, fruit un - to his prais-es yield;

5

all is safe - ly gath-ered in, ere the win-ter storms be - gin; God, our ma-ker,
wheat and tares there - in are sown, un-to joy or sor - row grown; ripe-ning with a

10

doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied;
won - drous power till the fi - nal har - vest hour:

13

come to God's own tem - ple come; raise the song of har - vest home.
grant, O Lord of life, that we ho - ly grain and pure may be

4. Come then, Lord of mercy, come
bid us sing thy harvest-home:
let thy saints be gathered in,
free from sorrow, free from sin:
all upon the golden floor
praising thee for evermore:
come, with all thine angels, come,
bid us sing thy harvest-home.