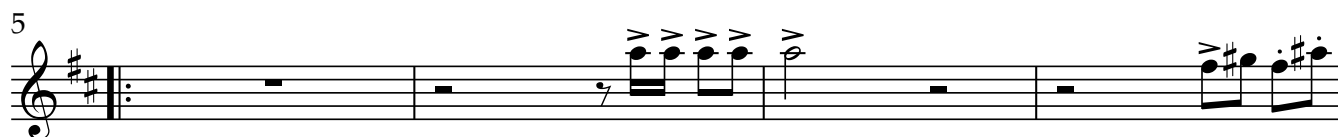
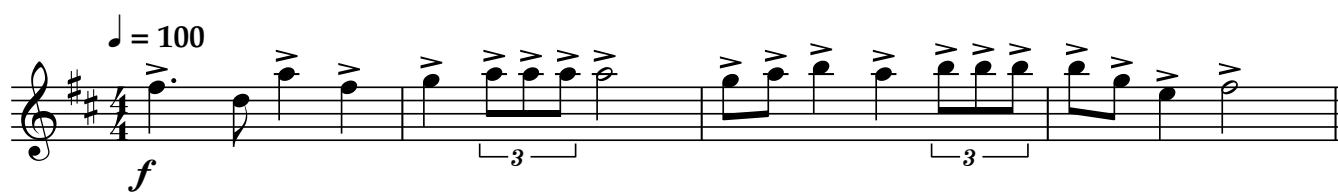


Baritone Saxophone Come Ye Thankful People Come

Orchestrated by Phillip E Allen

George J Elvey



Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come,	Raise the song of har-vest home!
We our-selves are God's own field,	Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
For the Lord our God shall come,	And shall take His har-vest home;
E - ven so, Lord quick - ly come,	Bring Thy fi - nal har-vest home;



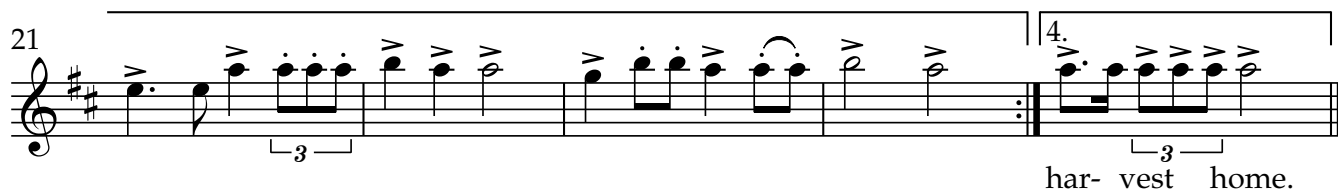
All is safe - ly gath-ered in	Ere the win-ter storms be - gin.
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown,	Un - to joy or sor - row grown.
From His field shall purge a - way	All that doth of - fend that day.
Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in,	Free from sor row, free from sin.



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 - bid;



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.