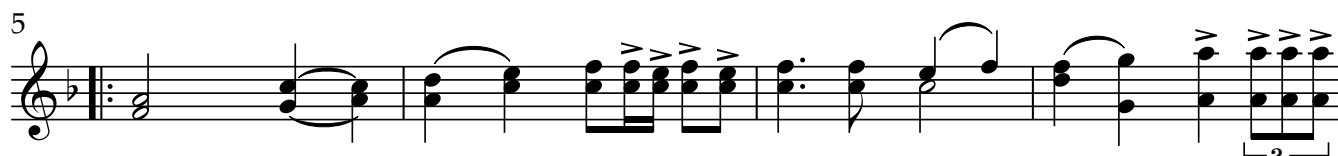
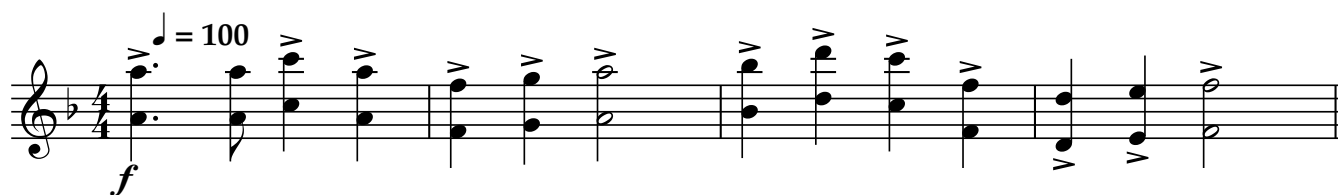


Violin 1

Come Ye Thankful People Come

Orchestrated by Phillip E Allen

George J Elvey



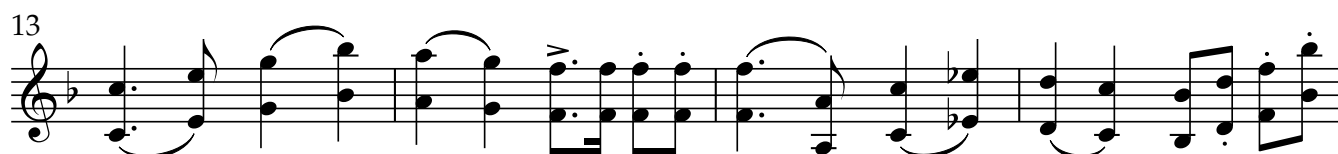
Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come,
 We our-selves are God's own field,
 For the Lord our God shall come,
 E - ven so, Lord quick - ly come,

Raise the song of har-vest home!
 Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
 And shall take His har-vest home;
 Bring Thy fi - nal har-vest home;



All is safe - ly gath-ered in
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown,
 From His field shall purge a - way
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in,

Ere the win-ter storms be - gin.
 Un - to joy or sor-row grown.
 All that doth of - fend that day.
 Free from sor-row, free from sin.



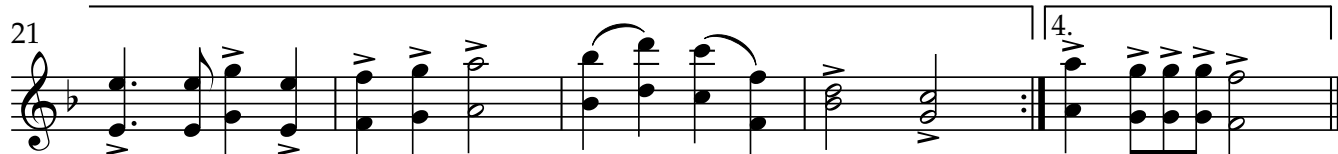
God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Give His an - gels charge at last
 There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied,

For our wants to be sup-plied.
 Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
 In the fire the tares to cast;
 In Thy pres-ence to a - bide;



Come to God's own tem - ple, come,
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we
 But the fruit - ful ears to store
 Come, with all Thine an - gels, come,

Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Whole-some grain and pure may be.
 In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
 Raise the glo-rious



har-vest home.