

# Hymn

## Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Piano Sheet Music / Guitar Sheet Music

# 聖歌

## 收成樂歌

鋼琴樂譜 / 簡譜 / 吉他樂譜



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Date: June 26, 2023



## Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

*Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom . . .*

— Matthew 13:43

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR

George J. Elvey

Henry Alford

1 齊 來 感 謝 主 恩 多， 同 來 唱 收 成 樂 歌 ；  
 2 普 世 皆 是 主 禾 田， 當 結 果 實 獻 主 前 ；  
 3 主 將 來 必 主 再 降 臨， 將 將 穀 收 入 天 庫 中 ；  
 4 我 願 主 早 來 臨， 將 嘉 穀 末 次 收 清 ；

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;

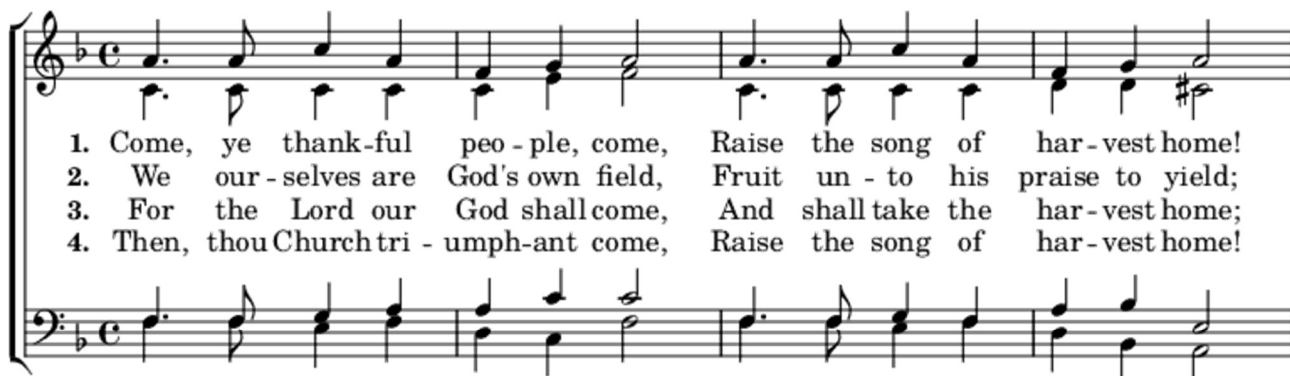
1 今 美 穀 已 入 倉 中， 及 此 時 尚 非 嚴 冬 ；  
 2 稗 與 麥 同 撒 田 裡， 長 出 時 有 憂 有 喜 ；  
 3 到 那 日 主 必 掃 淨， 田 中 污 穢 全 除 清 ；  
 4 召 齊 祢 民 同 聚 會， 再 無 憂 愁 再 無 罪 ；

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

1 造 物 主 預 備 豐 富， 足 夠 我 用 何 等 福 ；  
 2 先 發 幼 苗 後 吐 穗， 終 必 顯 良 苗 可 貴 ；  
 3 祂 必 命 令 眾 天 使， 用 火 燒 滅 惡 稗 子 ；  
 4 使 他 永 遠 得 清 潔， 在 主 面 前 得 基 業 ；

1 God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;  
 2 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;  
 3 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,  
 4 There for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide;

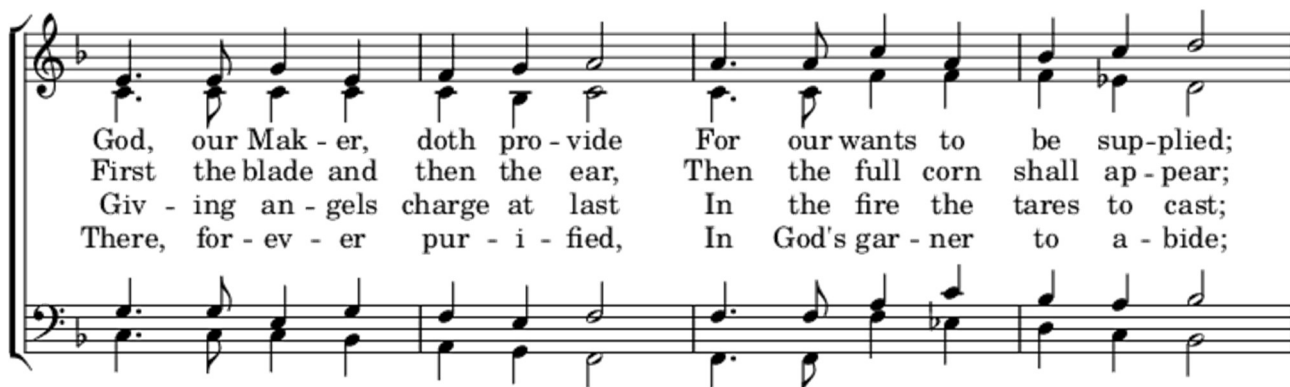
# Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



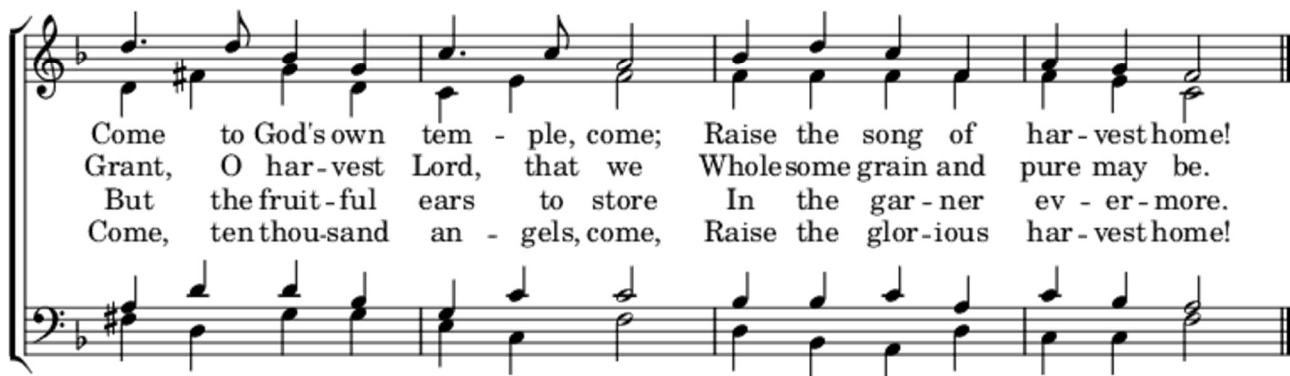
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home!  
2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un-to his praise to yield;  
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take the har-vest home;  
4. Then, thou Church tri-umph-ant come, Raise the song of har-vest home!



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-fen-ces purge a-way,  
All be safe-ly gath-ered 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;  
Giv-ing an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;  
There, for-ev-er pur-i-fied, In God's gar-ner to a-bide;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home!  
Grant, O har-vest Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.  
But the fruit-ful ears to store In the gar-ner ev-er-more.  
Come, ten thousand an-gels, come, Raise the glor-ious har-vest home!

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1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of  
 2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un-to His  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come And shall take His  
 4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come, Bring Thy fi-nal

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

Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Mak-er,  
 Un-to joy or sor-row grown; First the blade, and  
 All that doth of-fend that day; Give His an-gels  
 Free from sor-row, free from sin; There, for-ev-er

Baptist Hymnal 1991 637  
 WORDS: Henry Allford, 1818-1871  
 MUSIC (ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR 7.7.7.D.): George J. Elvey, 1836-1884

637 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:  
 then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;  
 charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;  
 pu-ri-fied, 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.

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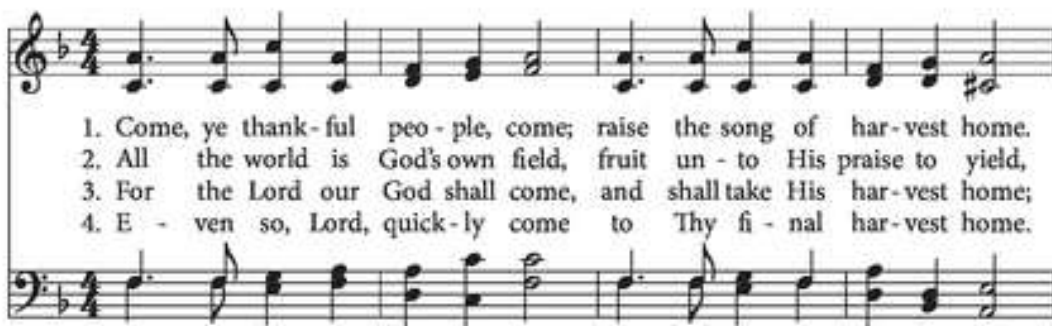
## COMISSION

## 394 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

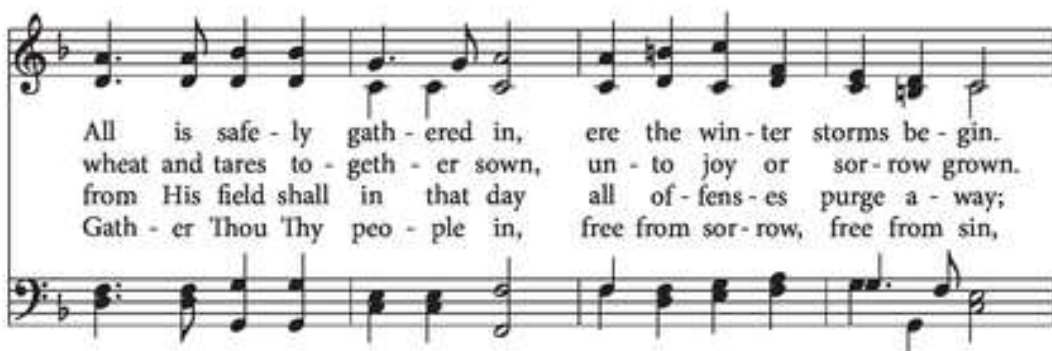
Henry Alford, 1844

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR  
77 77 D

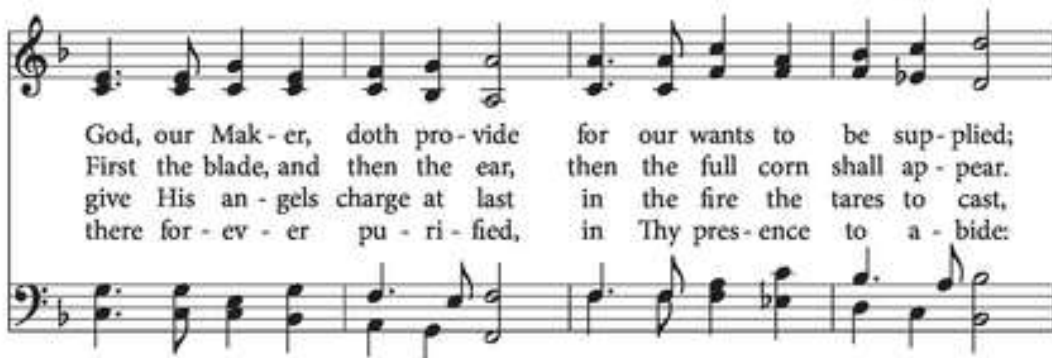
George Elvey, 1858



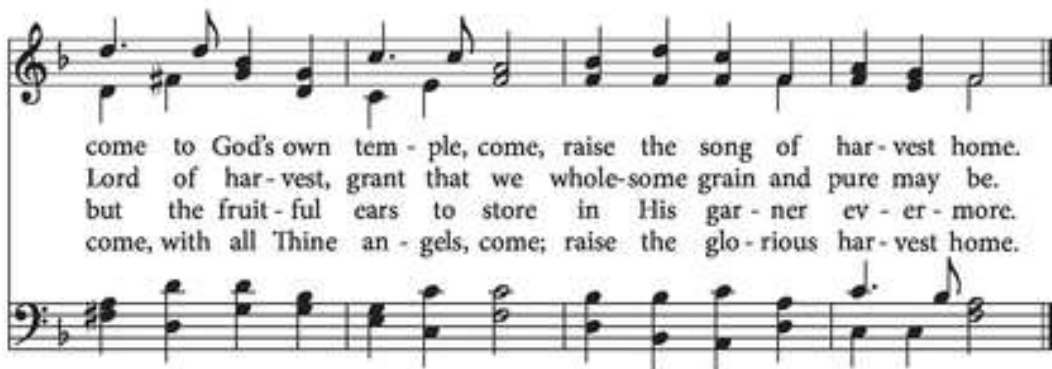
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come; raise the song of har-vest home.  
 2. All the world is God's own field, fruit un-to His praise to yield,  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take His har-vest home;  
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come to Thy fi - nal har-vest home.



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,



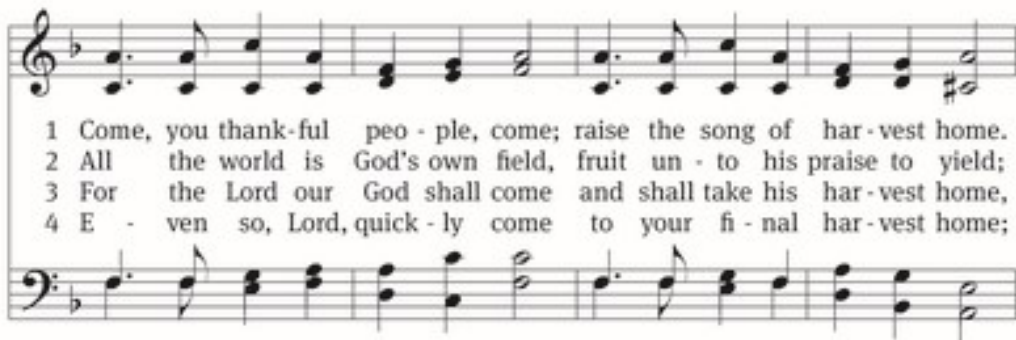
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied;  
 First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap - pear.  
 give His an - gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,  
 there for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in Thy pres - ence to a - bide:



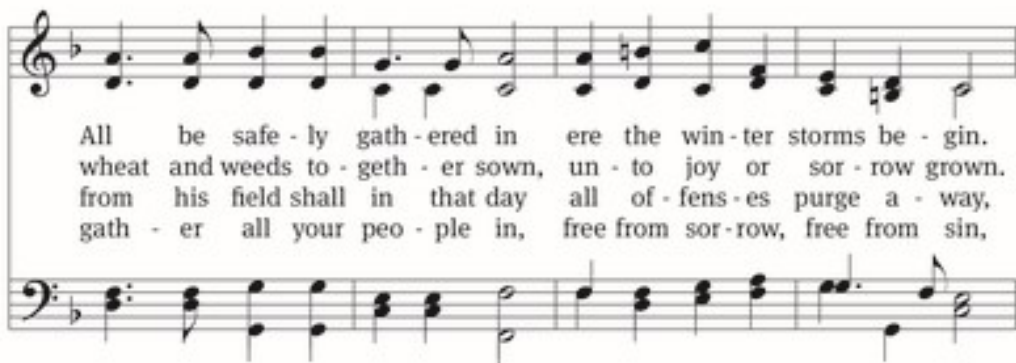
come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.  
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole - some grain and pure may be.  
 but the fruit - ful ears to store in His gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 come, with all Thine an - gels, come; raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

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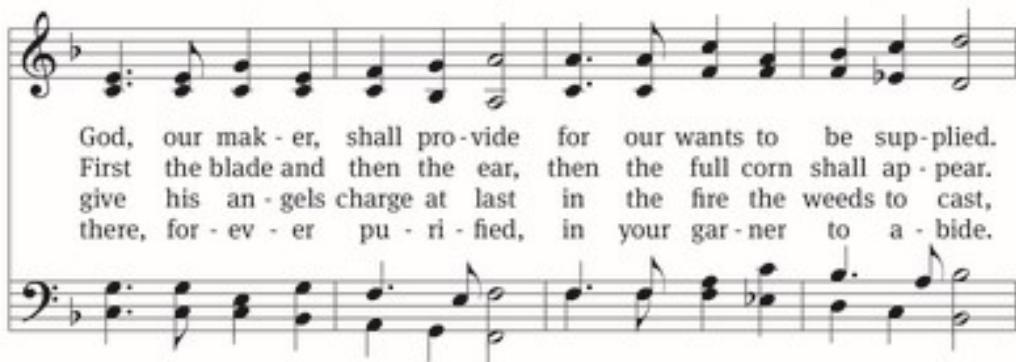
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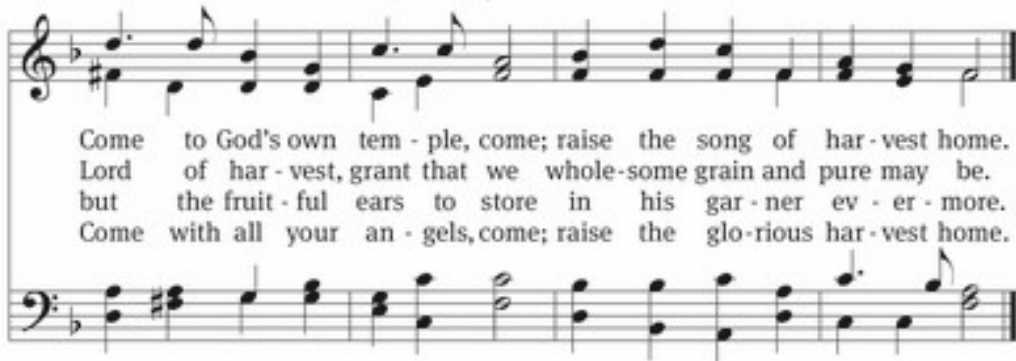
1 Come, you thank-ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.  
 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit un - to his praise to yield;  
 3 For the Lord our God shall come and shall take his har - vest home,  
 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to your fi - nal har - vest home;



All be safe - ly gath - ered in ere the win - ter storms be - gin.  
 wheat and weeds 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 all your peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin,



God, our mak - er, shall 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 weeds to cast,  
 there, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in your gar - ner 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 your an - gels, come; raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

Text: Henry Alford, 1810–1871, alt.

Tune: George J. Elvey, 1816–1893; setting: *The Lutheran Hymnal*, 1941

Text and music: public domain

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR

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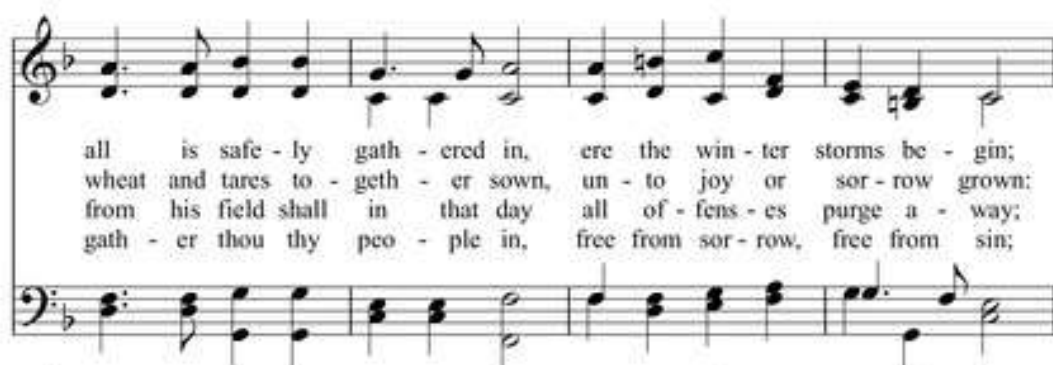
MH 13:24-30, 36-43; Ps 65:11, 100:4



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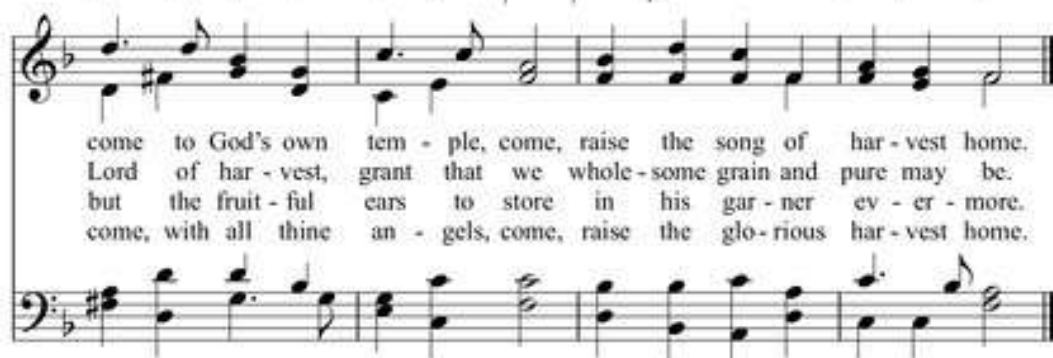
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, raise the song of har-vest home;  
 2. All the world is God's own field, fruit un-to his praise to yield;  
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take his har-vest home;  
 4. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come to thy fi-nal har-vest home;



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,  
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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.

Come, Ye Thankful People Come - crd  
Words: Henry Alford (1810-1871)  
Music: George J. Elvey (1816-1893)

D G D  
Come, ye thankful people, come,  
G D  
Raise the song of harvest home!  
G A7 D  
All is safely gathered in,  
E7 A7  
Ere the winter storms begin.

D  
God our Maker doth provide  
D7 G  
For our wants to be supplied;  
B7 Em A D  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
G D A7 D  
Raise the song of harvest home.  
All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit as praise to God we yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown  
Are to joy or sorrow grown;  
First the blade and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear;  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take the harvest home;  
From the field shall in that day  
All offenses purge away,  
Giving angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In the garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,  
Bring Thy final harvest home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There, forever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide;  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest home.