

## 722

**Come Ye Thankful People, Come***Thou crownest the year with thy goodness – Psalm 65:11*

D A B<sub>min</sub> D D A B<sub>min</sub> F#

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest home:  
 2. All the bless - ings of the field, All the stores the gar - dens yield;  
 3. These to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow;

B<sub>min</sub> E<sub>min</sub> A D D A B<sub>min</sub> A A

All is safe - ly gath - ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.  
 All the fruits in full sup - ply, Rip - ened 'neath the sum - mer sky;  
 And for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.

A D D G

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:  
 All that spring with boun - teous hand Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;  
 Come, then, thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home;

B E<sub>min</sub> A D G D B<sub>min</sub> D A D

Come to God's own tem - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest home.  
 All that lib - eral au - tumn pours From her rich o'er - flow - ing stores.  
 Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.

G D

A - men.