

## Come, ye thankful people, come

1.

Come, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home:  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied:  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2.

All this world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto his praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto 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.

3.

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

Henry Alford, 1810-71

## **CHOIR**

### Sopranos

Carin Bertram  
May Cameron  
Nicola Campbell  
Lis Cook  
Gillian Coulter  
Frances Gordon  
Hazel Gourlay  
Sheena Matthews  
Kathleen Tawse  
Lesley Wyper

### Tenors

Anne Dawson  
John Edgar  
Mike McCutcheon  
Douglas Shaw

### Altos

Alison Bishop  
Lesley Craise  
Josephine Groves  
Stella O'Brien  
Jean Oliver  
Margaret Roy  
Tracy Short  
Dorothy Thomson

### Basses

Alan Brown  
Mike Chad  
Gavin Elliott  
Tom McAlpine  
Bob Simpson