

367 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



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 in thank-ful praise to yield,
 3 For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take the 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 each 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 the 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:



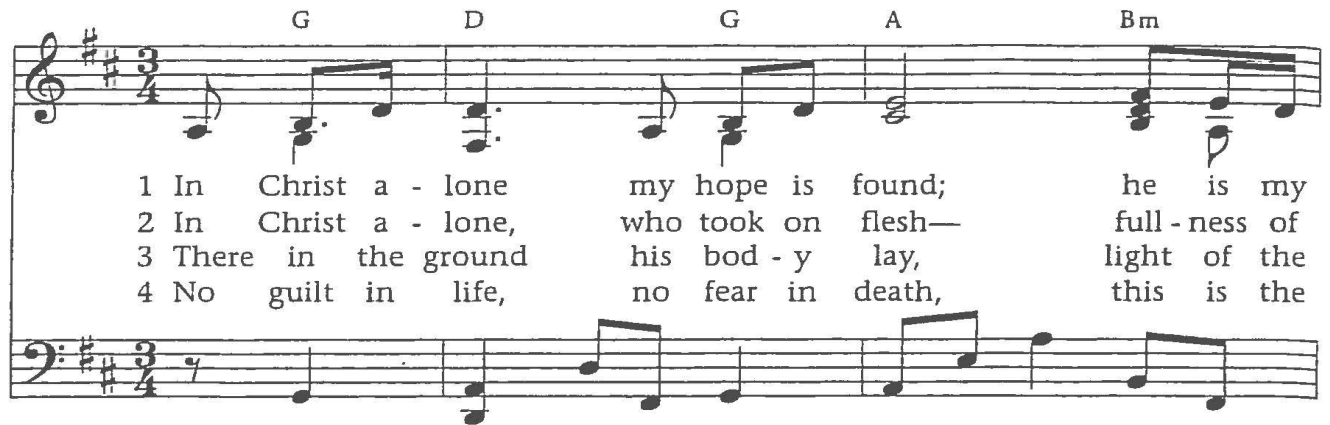
Come to God's own tem - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole - some grain and pure may be.
 but the fruit - ful ears to store in God's gar - ner ev - er - more.
 come, with all thine an - gels, come; raise the glo - rious har - vest home!



Despite its familiar Thanksgiving associations, the real concern of this text is to recall the harvest imagery Jesus used to describe the fulfillment of God's sovereignty. The tune name commemorates the royal chapel where the composer was organist for forty-seven years.

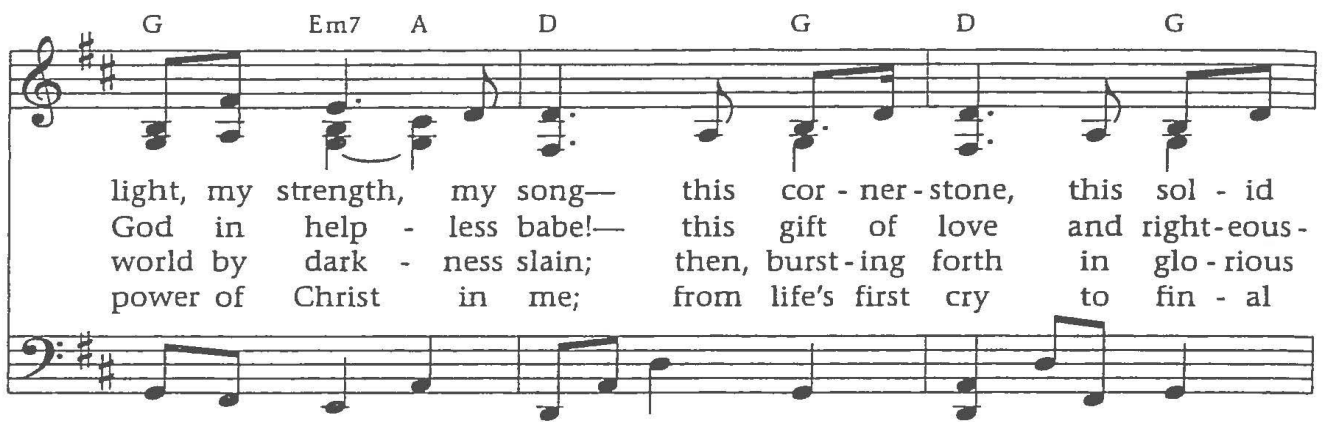
In Christ Alone

G D G A Bm



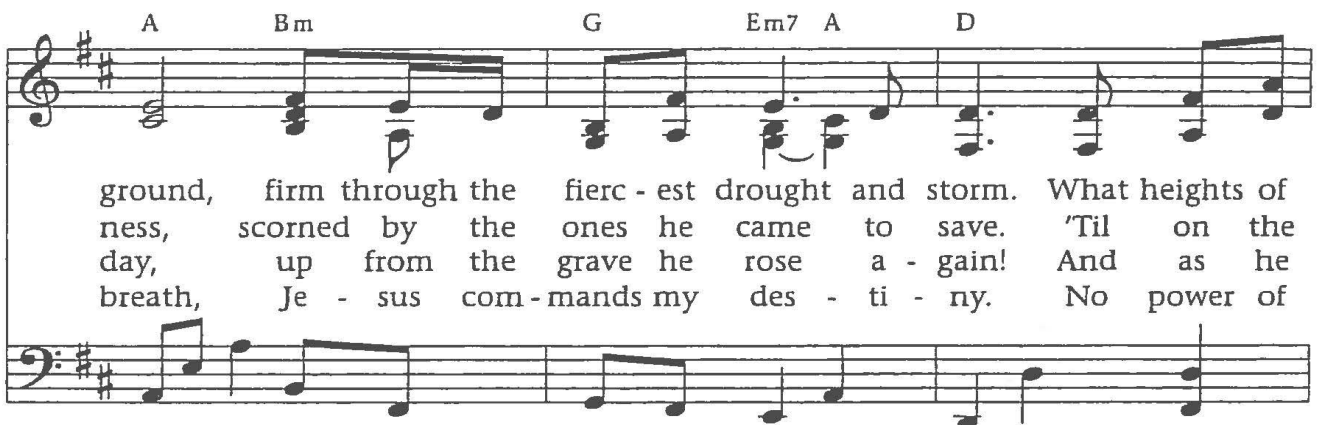
1 In Christ a - lone my hope is found; he is my
 2 In Christ a - lone, who took on flesh— full - ness of
 3 There in the ground his bod - y lay, light of the
 4 No guilt in life, no fear in death, this is the

G Em7 A D G D G



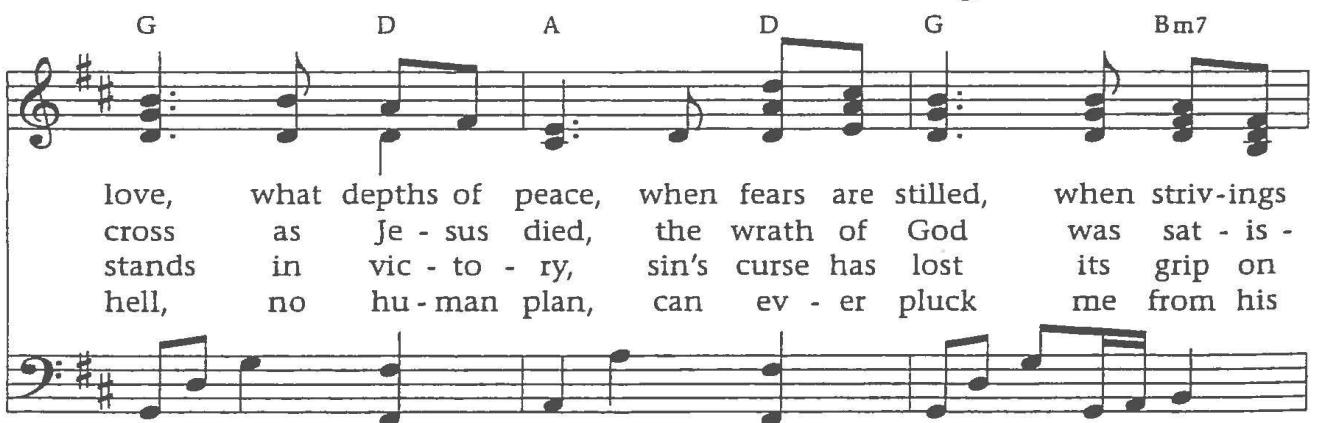
light, my strength, my song— this cor - ner - stone, this sol - id
 God in help - less babe!— this gift of love and right - eous -
 world by dark - ness slain; then, burst - ing forth in glo - rious
 power of Christ in me; from life's first cry to fin - al

A Bm G Em7 A D



ground, firm through the fierc - est drought and storm. What heights of
 ness, scorned by the ones he came to save. 'Til on the
 day, up from the grave he rose a - gain! And as he
 breath, Je - sus com - mands my des - ti - ny. No power of

G D A D G Bm7



love, what depths of peace, when fears are stilled, when striv - ings
 cross as Je - sus died, the wrath of God was sat - is -
 stands in vic - to - ry, sin's curse has lost its grip on
 hell, no hu - man plan, can ev - er pluck me from his

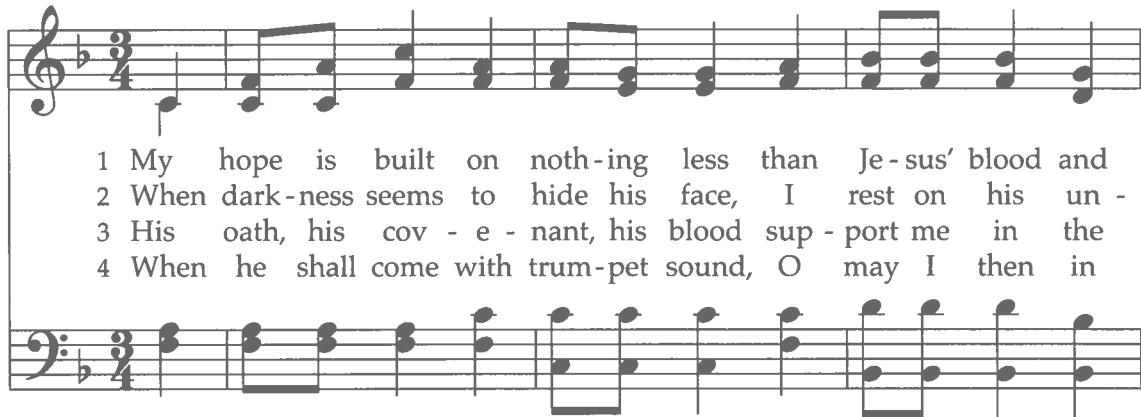
cease. My com - fort - er, my all in all,
fied. For ev - ery sin on him was laid;
me; for I am his and he is mine,
hand; 'til he re - turns or calls me home,

here in the love of Christ I stand.
here in the death of Christ I live.
bought with the pre - cious blood of Christ.
here in the power of Christ I'll stand!

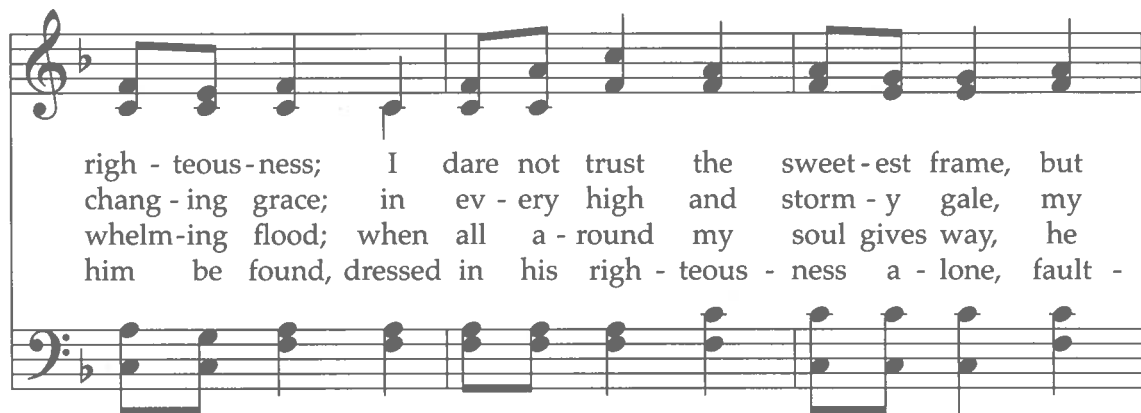
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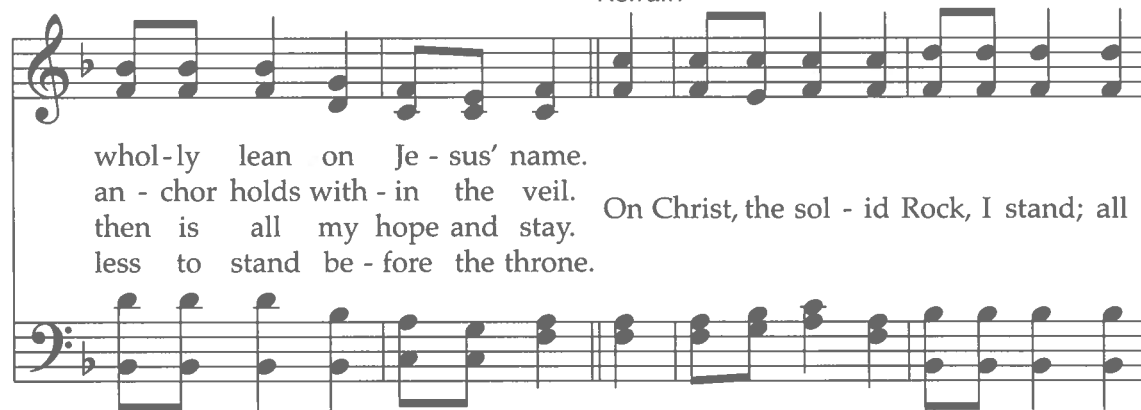
My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less 353



1 My hope is built on noth-ing less than Je-sus' blood and
 2 When dark-ness seems to hide his face, I rest on his un-
 3 His oath, his cov-e-nant, his blood sup-port me in the
 4 When he shall come with trum-pet sound, O may I then in



righteous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, but
 chang-ing grace; in ev-ery high and storm-y gale, my
 whelm-ing flood; when all a-round my soul gives way, he
 him be found, dressed in his right-eous-ness a-lone, fault-

Refrain


whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 an-chor holds with-in the veil. On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; all
 then is all my hope and stay.
 less to stand be-fore the throne.



oth-er ground is sink-ing sand; all oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

This hymn develops the imagery of Jesus' remark (Matthew 7:24-27 / Luke 6:47-49) that those who believe in him and act on that belief are like someone who builds a house on a rock. The text is set to a tune created for it by a prolific 19th-century American composer and editor.