

*The First Thanksgiving*  
Brownscombe



*Thanksgiving Day*

by Henry Alford, (1810-1871)

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.

For the Lord our God shall come, and shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that day, all offenses 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.

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.

“...yet by the goodness of God, we are so far from want  
that we often wish you partakers of our plenty.”

—Edward Winslow

(The First Thanksgiving, 1621)

As you *enjoy* God's abundant blessings  
this Thanksgiving, may our Maker and Provider  
surround you with His love!

Thanking the Lord—especially for *you*.