

John Hampden Gurney
(1802-62)

Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail (II)

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

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1 Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail!
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day,
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.

2 When spring doth wake the sound of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When autumn yields its ripened grain,
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,
We still do sing
To Thee our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.