



To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise  
in hymns of adoration,  
to thee bring sacrifice of praise  
with shouts of exultation:  
bright robes of gold the fields adorn,  
the hills with joy are ringing,  
the valleys stand so thick with corn  
that even they are singing.

And now, on this our festal day,  
thy bounteous hand confessing,  
upon thine altar, Lord, we lay  
the first-fruits of thy blessing:  
by thee the souls of men are fed  
with gifts of grace supernal;  
thou who dost give us earthly bread;  
give us the bread eternal.

We bear the burden of the day,  
and often toil seems dreary;  
but labour ends with sunset ray,  
and rest comes for the weary:  
may we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
to garner bright elected.

O blessèd is that land of God,  
where saints abide for ever;  
where golden fields spread far and broad,  
where flows the crystal river:  
the strains of all its holy throng  
with ours to-day are blending;  
thrice blessèd is that harvest-song  
which never hath an ending.