

696 To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898) alt.

Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)

GOLDEN SHEAVES 87 87 D

1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - do - ra - tion; to

thee bring sa - cri - fice of praise with shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: bright

robes of gold the fields a - dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing, the

val - leys stand so thick with corn that e - ven they are sing - ing.

2. 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 our souls are truly fed
with gifts of grace supernal;
thou who dost give us earthly bread,
give us the bread eternal.

3. 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.

4. 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 today are blending;
thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
which never hath an ending.