

# Lord of the harvest

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1. Lord of the har - vest, it is right and meet That we should lay ob - la - tions  
 2. Sweet is the praise that fol - lows toil and prayer; Sweet is the wor - ship that with  
 3. We toiled and prayed and Thou hast heard on high; Hast cheered our hearts and changed our  
 4. So sing we now in time with that great song, That all the age of a - ges  
 5. To Thee, O Lord of har - vest, Who has heard, And to Thy white-robed reap - ers  
 6. O Christ, Who in the wide world's fal - low lea, Hast sown in blood the pre - cious  
 7. To Thee, O Ho - ly Ghost, Whose gra - cious rain And liv - ing breath hath fed the  
 8. Yes, West and East, the Har - vest men went forth: "We come" has sound - ed to the  
 9. In fields of home, in fields the far a - way, Toil - ers for Je - sus hail the  
 10. The winds of God have blown with liv - ing breath, His dew - s have fall - en on the  
 11. Yea, for sweet hope ful - filled, new hope be - gun, Sing Al - le - lu - ia to the  
 12. Glo - ry to God! the church in pa - tience cries; Glo - ry to God! the church in

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at Thy feet, With joy - ful Al - le - lu - ia!  
 heaven we share, Who sing the Al - le - lu - ia!  
 sup - pliant cry To fes - tal Al - le - lu - ia!  
 shall pro - long, The end - less Al - le - lu - ia!  
 given the word, We sing our Al - le - lu - ia!  
 seed, to Thee We sing in Al - le - lu - ia!  
 ghost - ly grain, We sing our Al - le - lu - ia!  
 South and North. At morn sing Al - le - lu - ia!  
 gold - en day. At noon sing Al - le - lu - ia!  
 plains of death. At eve sing Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Three - in - One, A - dor - ing Al - le - lu - ia!  
 bliss re - plies, With end - less Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Words: Samuel John Stone, (1839 - 1900)

Music: *Alleluia Perenne*, 10 10 7, William Henry Monk (1823 - 1889)