Golden Sheaves (8.7.8.7.D. Iambic)

Composed for "Church Hymns with Tunes", S.P.C.K., 1874.



- 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.
- 3 We bear the burden of the day,
 And often toil seems dreary;
 But labour ends with sunset ray,
 And rest comes to the weary:
 May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
 Stand at the last accepted,
 Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
 To garners bright elected.

- 2 And now, on this our festal day,
 Thy bounteous hand confessing,
 Before Thee, thankfully 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.
- 4 Oh, 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. Amen.

William Chatterton Dix, 1837 - 98.