

To you, O Lord, our hearts we raise

William Chatterton Dix (1837-1898) alt. The Editors.

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1. To you, O Lord, our hearts we raise
in hymns of adoration;
to you 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.
2. And now on this our festal day,
your bounteous hand confessing,
upon your altar, Lord, we lay
the first-fruits of your blessing:
by you our souls are truly fed
with grace so freely given,
O God, who gives us earthly bread,
give us the bread of heaven.
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, when comes your harvest time,
stand at the last delighted,
Christ's labourers, by grace sublime
to heav'n's great feast invited.

4. Oh blessèd is that land of God,
where saints live on for ever;
where golden fields spread far and
broad, where flows the crystal river:
the voices of its holy throng
with ours today are blending:
thrice-blessèd is that harvest-song
which never has an ending.

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