Great God! as Seasons Disappear

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
Great God! as seasons disappear, And

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
changes mark the rolling year, Thy

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
favor still has crowned our days, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
we would cele- brate thy praise.

The other verses

2 The harvest song we would repeat;
"Thou givest us the finest wheat;"
"The joy of harvest" we have known;
The praise, O Lord! is all thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless thee, Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace;
Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Anonymous. Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.