To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: GOLDEN SHEAVES

| s, - | m - s - s - f - | m - r - d - d - | r - m - f - l, - | t, - - - d - s, - |
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ador- ation, To

| m - s - s - f - | m - r - d - m - | m - r - m - fe - | l - - - s - r - |
Thee bring sacri- fice of praise With shouts of exul- tation; Bright

| r - - r s - m - | r - de - m - l, - | f - f - s - f s | l - - - l - f s |
robes of gold the fields adorn, The hills with joy are ringing, The

| l - l - s - d - | f - f - m - d - | r - m - f - l, - | t, - - - d - |
valleys stand so thick with corn That even they are singing.

The other verses

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 the souls of men are 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 garners bright elected.

4 Oh, blessed 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 blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

Tune GOLDEN SHEAVES by Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842–1900); words by William Chatterton Dix (1837–1898). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.