

Great God, as Seasons Disappear
Edmund Butcher, 1798.
Henry Gauntlett(1805-1876)

Great God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

The harvest song would we repeat,
Thou givest us the finest wheat;
The joys of harvest we have known;
The praise, O Lord is all Thine own.

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.

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

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.