

Lord of the Harvest, Once Again

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

Henry Jenner, 1861.

Lord of the harvest, once again,
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed time, and by harvest tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green it puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task:
So shall Thine angels issue forth:
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need:
O Bread of life, from day to day