

Now the Year Is Crowned with Blessing

Words: Ellen Fowler, 1891

Music: Frederick Maker, 1876.

Now the year is crowned with blessing
As we gather in the grain;
And, our grateful thanks expressing,
Loud we raise a joyous strain.
Bygone days of toil and sadness
Cannot now our peace destroy,
For the hills are clothed with gladness
And the valleys shout for joy.

Refrain

To the Lord their first-fruits bringing,
All His thankful people come,
To the Father praises singing
For the joy of Harvest-Home.

In the spring the smiling meadows
Donned their robes of living green,
As the sunshine chased the shadows
Swiftly o'er the changing scene;
In the summer time the story
Of a riper hope was told;
Then the rich autumnal glory
Decked the fields in cloth of gold.

Refrain

Shall not we, whose hearts are swelling
With the thought of former days,
Sing a joyous song foretelling
Future gladness, fuller praise?
For the cloud the bow retaineth
With its covenant of peace,
That, as long as earth remaineth,
Harvest time shall never cease.

Refrain

Though the fig tree may not flourish,
Though the vine no fruit may yield,
Though the earth no flocks may nourish
In the fold or in the field,
Still our hearts will trust His power
Who the ravens stoops to feed,
And the hand that clothes each flower
Shall supply our utmost need.

Refrain