

Lord of the Harvest, it is right and meet

Lord of the harvest, it is right and meet  
that we should lay our first-fruits at thy feet  
with joyful Alleluia.

Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after prayer;  
sweet is the worship that with heaven we share,  
who sing the Alleluia.

Lowly we prayed and thou didst hear on high,  
didst lift our hearts and change our suppliant cry  
to festal Alleluia.

So sing we now in tune with that great song,  
that all the age of ages shall prolong,  
the endless Alleluia.

To thee, O Lord of Harvest, who hast heard,  
and to thy white-robed reapers given the word,  
we sing our Alleluia.

O Christ, who in the wide world's ghostly sea  
hast bid the net be cast anew, to thee,  
we sing our Alleluia.

To thee, eternal Spirit, who again  
hast moved with life upon the slumbrous main,  
we sing our Alleluia.

Yea, for sweet hope new-born, blest work begun,  
sing Alleluia to the Three in One,  
adoring Alleluia.

"Glory to God!" the Church in patience cries;  
"Glory to God! the Church at rest replies,  
with endless Alleluia.

Words: Samuel John Stone, 1871;  
as altered in the 1889 Supplement to Hymns Ancient & Modern  
Music: Harvest  
Meter: 10 10 7