

Now Sing We a Song for the Harvest

Words: John Chadwick, 1871

Music: R. J. C., 1910.

Now sing we a song for the harvest;
Thanksgiving and honor and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days.

For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest, eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it on mountain and moorland,
We glean it from meadow and lea,
We garner it from the cloud-land,
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,
Of harvests the eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating,
Thanksgiving, and honor, and praise!