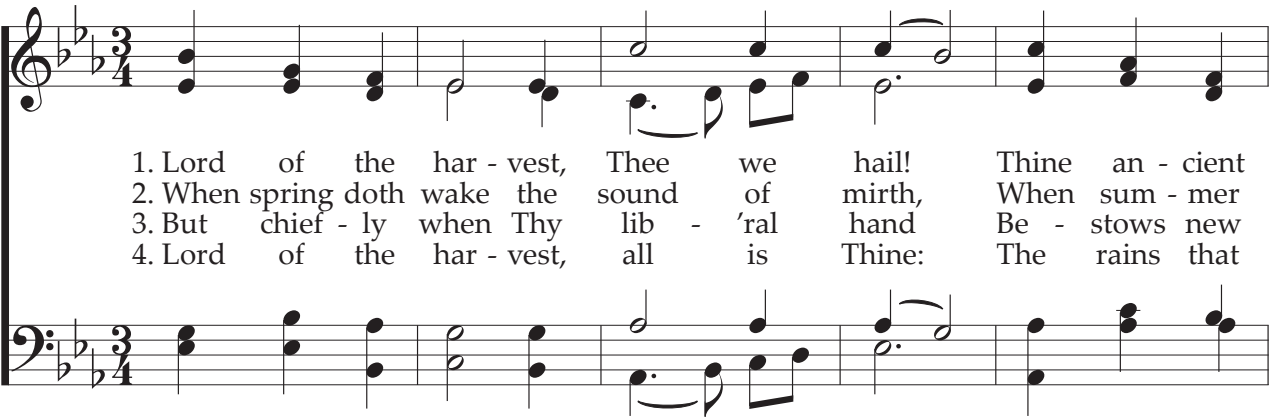
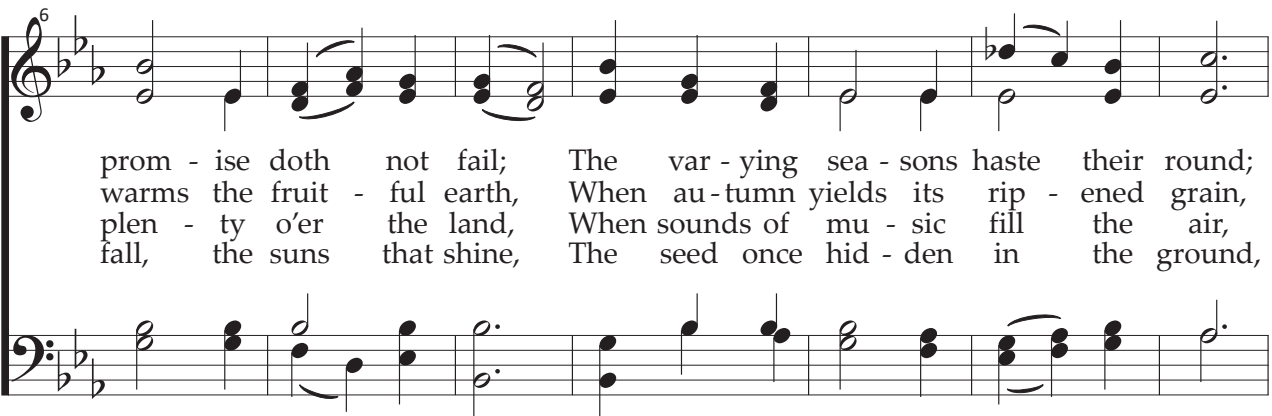


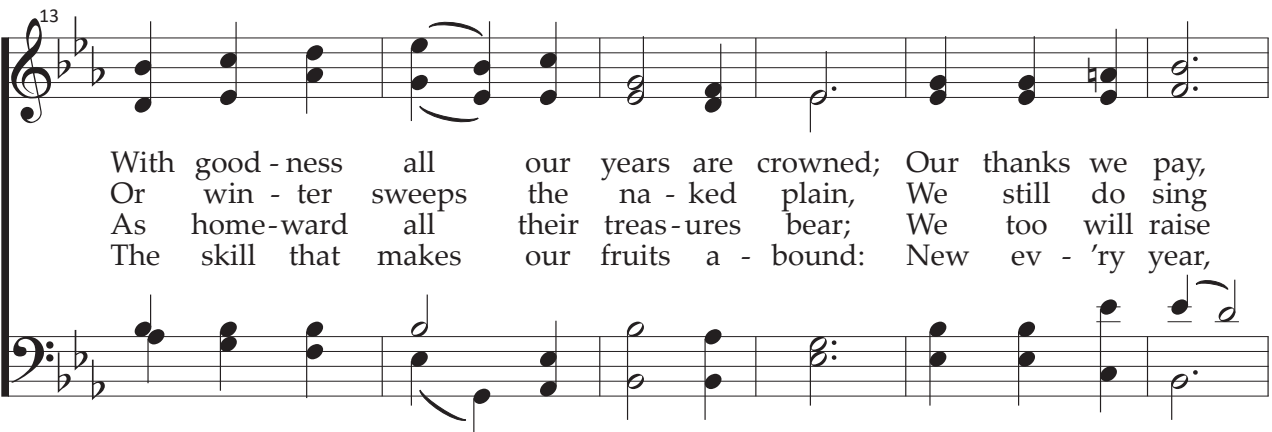
Lord of the Harvest, Thee We Hail



1. Lord of the har - vest, Thee we hail! Thine an - cient
 2. When spring doth wake the sound of mirth, When sum - mer
 3. But chief - ly when Thy lib - 'ral hand Be - stows new
 4. Lord of the har - vest, all is Thine: The rains that



prom - ise doth not fail; The var - ying sea - sons haste their round;
 warms the fruit - ful earth, When au - tumn yields its rip - ened grain,
 plen - ty o'er the land, When sounds of mu - sic fill the air,
 fall, the suns that shine, The seed once hid - den in the ground,



With good - ness all our years are crowned; Our thanks we pay,
 Or win - ter sweeps the na - ked plain, We still do sing
 As home - ward all their treas - ures bear; We too will raise
 The skill that makes our fruits a - bound: New ev - 'ry year,



This ho - ly day, Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.
 To Thee our King; Through all their chang - es Thou dost reign.
 Our hymn of praise, For we Thy com - mon boun - ties share.
 Thy gifts ap - pear; New prais - es from our lips shall sound.