

# AMNS 291 To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise

W. Chatterton Dix  
(1837-1898)

Melody: Golden Sheaves

Arthur Sullivan  
(1842-1900)

1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - do - ra - tion,  
2. And now, on this our fes - tal day, thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing,  
3. We bear the bur - den of the day, and of - ten toil seems drear - y;  
4. O bless-ed is that land of God, where saints a - bide for ev - er;

to thee bring sa - cri - fice of praise with shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:  
up - on thine al - tar, Lord, we lay the first - fruits of thy bless - ing:  
but la - bour ends with sun - set ray, and rest comes for the wear - y:  
where gol - den fields spread far and broad, where flows the crys - tal riv - er:

bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing,  
by thee the souls of men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal;  
may we, the an - gel - reap - ing o'er, stand at the last ac - cep - ted,  
the strains of all its ho - ly throng with ours to - day are blend - ing;

the val - leys stand so thick with corn that e - ven they are sing - ing.  
thou who dost give us earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.  
Christ's gol - den sheaves for ev - er - more to gar - ners bright e - lec - ted.  
thrice bless - ed is that har - vest - song which nev - er hath an end - ing.