

For the poor benighted millions  
 We can give and work and pray,  
 And our gifts and prayers united,  
 Sure will speed that happy day,  
 When no more to idols bowing  
 All shall own our Jesus, King:  
 And ten thousand voices ringing,  
 Shall His praise victorious sing.—AMEN.

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 souls 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 human sea,  
 Hast bid the net be cast anew to Thee,  
 We sing our Alleluia,