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## A HARVEST HYMN.

BY THE REV. I. P. PRESCOTT, M.A.

**H**EAR us, O Lord! in this our changeful time!  
Grant us Thy plenteous mercy, as of old  
When Thou for Israel, in far-distant clime,  
Didst pour rich blessings on Thy favour'd fold!

Already hast Thou lent a gracious ear  
To pray'r by many offered at Thy shrine:  
And now again we come, in love and fear,  
To render thanks for gifts we know are Thine!

Thou Who sun's rays upon the golden corn,  
And luscious fruits abundantly hast giv'n:  
Accept the willing tribute from us borne  
In strains ascending to the gates of Heav'n!

Poor as the tuneful anthem which we raise,  
Let it Thine honour and Thy might proclaim.  
Take this as homage of our grateful praise,  
While we thus laud Thy ever-glorious Name!

When by Tiberias sea the sower stray'd,  
Casting the grain on Galilean shore,  
There in Thy all-wise teaching was display'd  
How to prepare for Harvest evermore!

Harvest! when Angels shall the Reapers be—  
Harvest! where souls the precious garner'd wheat:  
Harvest! forcrunner of eternity—  
Harvest! where gather'd—all in Christ may meet!