

To Him who all this beauty made,  
 Whose mercies every morn are new,  
 Who through the night has kept us safe from harm,  
 Lift up we first our morning song of praise.  
 Then to our labour go we forth with cheerful hearts  
 and willing hands.

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5 FULL CHORUS. "*To Him who made us.*"

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To Him who made us, and whose power upholds,  
 Whose bounteous hand our every want supplies,  
 Be endless praise;  
 Whose wondrous love our erring way enfolds,  
 And night and day with goodness crowns our lives.

To Him whose power the changing seasons bring,  
 The seed-time, harvest, gentle dew and rain,  
 Be endless praise;  
 For mercies new let our glad voices ring,  
 And high o'er all exalt and praise His name.

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6 RECITATIVE. (WILLIAM.) "*Now steady swing your scythes.*"

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Now steady swing your scythes in measured time,  
 Nor fear upon the smooth and well rolled field a single  
 stone to meet  
 With startling crash and injured blade.  
 Do well what you do, for a small farm well tilled is better  
 than a large one slighted.

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7 SEMI-CHORUS. (MOWERS) "*With step firm and steady.*"

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With step firm and steady the measure we keep,  
 See the grass fall before us as onward we sweep.  
 With care follow close cutting smooth as you go,  
 For when work is well done, then 'tis twice done, you know.

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9 RECITATIVE. (ANNA.) "*The sun has now drunk up the morning dew.*"

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The sun has now drunk up the morning dew,  
 And as he rises gains more power,  
 With light and graceful fork prepare we now to spread the  
 fallen grass,  
 To swing the scythe needs sturdy arms,  
 To swing the scythe needs muscles terse,  
 But here may boys of tender years,  
 And maidens too lend helping hand.