

HARVEST

From forth the harvest of the ground
 We taste the grace of God abound;
 Through cursèd soil of fallen years,
 A yield of redemption sown with tears.
 For 'midst the frosts of deepening night
 The King has come to put all right:
 Hence with a cry of victory clings
 The Gard'ner to the tree of death
 And life to earth brings.

And so, with wond'ring hope endowed,
 We see beyond the deepening shroud
 The harvest true in length'ning years,
 Where gleam transfigured human tears.
 All glory to the Father of Lights,
 And to his Son, our Jesus Christ;
 And with the Holy Spirit — one God
 In three — eternal praises be.
 Amen and amen!

SDG

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