



HARVEST HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

TO BE SUNG IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, BRIGHTON, ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17TH.

WRITTEN BY W. S. PASSMORE.

COMPOSED BY CHARLES BRAID

Sym.

Hail! to Thee great King of Kings, For the joys Thy boun - ty brings,

Bend we now the low - ly knee, Lift - ing hom - age up to Thee,

DUET. Two Trebles.

The gold - en floods of wa - - - ving grain That de - luded ev' - ry sod, O'er

The gold - en floods of wa - - - ving grain That de - luded ev' - ry sod, O'er



earth have waft - ed smiles a - gain to | praise Thee gra - - - cious God.

earth have waft - ed smiles a - gain to praise Thee gra - - - cious God.

SOLO TREBLE.

'Tis thy plenteous hand that bends
Yonder groaning orchard low ;
'Tis thy loving-kindness sends
Plenty's voice to banish woe ;
Hail ! thou Great Jehovah, hail !

(Music same as first SOLO.)

TRIO. Two Trebles and Bass.



Lo! the rud - dy vine - yard flow - eth, And the land with glad - ness glow - eth, Hush'd is ev' - ry cry of wail - ing.

Lo! the rud - dy vine - yard flow - eth, And the land with glad - ness glow - eth, Hush'd is ev' - ry cry of wail - ing.

Lo! the rud - dy vine - yard flow - eth, And the land with glad - ness glow - eth, Hush'd is ev' - ry cry of wail - ing.

CHORUS.



Hear, oh! God, our grate - ful hail - ing. Hear thy crea - tures' ho - mage soar - ing, Hear, oh! hear our

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The musical score consists of four systems. The first three systems are for vocal parts: Soprano (top), Alto (middle), and Bass (bottom). Each system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "souls out - - pour - - ing. Hail! Al - migh - ty Fa - ther, hail!". The fourth system is for piano accompaniment, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

SOLO. Hail to thee, great King of Kings!
For the joys thy bounty brings;
Bend we now the humble knee,
Lifting homage up to thee!
Hail! thou Great Jehovah, hail!

DUET. The golden floods of waving grain,
That deluged ev'ry sod,
O'er earth have wafted smiles again,
To praise thee, Gracious God;
Hail! Almighty Father, hail!

SOLO. 'Tis thy plenteous hand that bends
Yonder groaning orchard low;
'Tis thy loving-kindness sends
Plenty's voice to banish woe!
Hail! thou Great Jehovah, hail!

CHORUS. Lo! the ruddy vineyard floweth,
And the land with gladness gloweth;
Hush'd is ev'ry cry of wailing,
Hear, oh God! our grateful hailing;
Hear thy creatures' homage soaring;
Hear, oh! hear, our souls' outpouring,
Hail! Almighty Father, hail!