O Happy Time Of Reaping

1. O happy time of reaping! Fields glow with ruddy grain,
   And we must now be keeping Our harvest feast again;
   With voice of joy and singing, Our praise to God shall rise,
   Who, while the seed was springing, Rained blessings from the skies.

2. Thine, Father, is the river That maketh rich the earth;
   Thru Thee, O gracious Giver, The buried seed had birth;
   Thou, on the furrows raining, Didst make them soft with show'r's,
   The thirsty crops maintaining Thru silent summer hours.

3. The year, by Thee anointed, Is now with goodness crowned,
   Robed in the robes appointed, With gladness girded round;
   We thank Thee for the blessing Which meets us on our way,
   And come, Thy love confessing, With happy hearts today.

4. But while our lips are praising, Our lives to Thee belong;
   With them we would be raising A nobler, sweeter song;
   One that may sound for ever, While earth's great harvest speeds,
   A song of high endeavor Rung out in earnest deeds. Amen.