

Guilford C.M.

1.To praise the ev - er boun - teous Lord my soul, wake all thy pow'rs: He calls and at his
 2.Well pleas'd the toil - ing swains be - hold the wav - ing yel - low crop; With joy they bear the

3.Then in the last great har - vest, I shall reap a glor - ious crop; The har - vest shall by—

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voice come forth the smil - ing har - vest— hours. 1.His
 sheaves a - way, — and sow a - gain in— hope. 2,3.Thus

far ex - ceed what I have sow'd in hope. 1.His cov - 'nant with the— earth He keeps, My
 2,3.Thus teach me, gra - cious— God, to sow The

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2,3.Thus teach me, gra - cious

cov - 'nant with the earth He keeps, My tongue His good - ness sings. My tongue His good - ness
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