

The last full wain has come

1

Jacob Brettell (1798-1862)

Creation, by Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) (adapted)
Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

[♩=80]

Soprano [Air]

1. The last full wain has come, has come! And brought the golden har - vest home.
2. *For the bright sun whose fer - vid ray Ri - pens the corn and cheers the day;*
3. For the rich sea of shin - ing grain That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
4. *For these, bright Re - gent of the skies, Our grate-ful thanks to thee shall rise;*

Alto

Tenor

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2. *For the bright sun whose fer - vid ray Ri - pens the corn and cheers the day;*
3. For the rich sea of shin - ing grain That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
4. *For these, bright Re - gent of the skies, Our grate-ful thanks to thee shall rise;*

Bass

8

S

The la - bours of the year are done: Ac - cept our thanks all boun - teous One!
For the round moon whose yel - low light Gilds the long la - bours of the night,
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan The wea - ry sun - burnt hus - band-man.
No lon - ger now the storms we fear: Thy good - ness, Lord, has crowned the year.

A

T

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B

Harvest hymn

16

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26

Symphony

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