

The last full wain has come

Jacob Brettell (1798-1862)

Creation, by Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) (adapted)

Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

Harvest hymn

[♩=80]

Soprano [Air]

1. The last full wain has come, has come! And brought the gold en 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

1. The last full wain has come, has come, And brought the gold - en 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;

Bass

Keyboard

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

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.

B

Kbd.

The last full wain has come

16

S

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T

8

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B

Kbd.

26

Symphony

S

A

T

8

B

Kbd.