

The last full wain has come

Jacob Brettell (1798-1862)


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

Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

Harvest hymn

[♩=80]

Voice



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 heers 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;


Keyboard

8



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.

16



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26



Symphony