TO THEE, O LORD, OUR HEARTS WE RAISE

Soprano Descant

1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of adoration, To bring sacrifice of praise with shouts of exultation. Bright robes of gold the fields adorn, the hills with joy are ringing, The

2. And now, on this our festival day, Thy bounteous hand confessing, Up-thine altar, Lord, we lay the first fruits of Thy blessing. By la - bor ends with sunset ray, and rest comes for the weary. May

3. We bear the burden of the day, and often toil seems dreary; But we, the angel reaping over, stand at the last accepted, Christ's

4. Ah.

Ah.

Ah.

Ah.

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