

WESTMINSTER.

C.M.

JAMES TURLE, 1835.

Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser-vants plead, And Thou hast sworn to hear;

Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed, The fresh and fa - ding year. A - men.

2

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,  
 We trusted, Lord, with Thee;  
 And now that spring has on us smiled,  
 We wait on Thy decree.

3

The former and the latter rain,  
 The summer sun and air,  
 The green ear, and the golden grain.  
 All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
 The wondrous growth unseen,  
 The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,  
 The love that shines serene.

5

So grant the precious things brought forth  
 By sun and moon below,  
 That Thee, in Thy new heaven and earth,  
 We never may forego. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE, 1856

*Also the following:***423** We plow the fields, and scatter