

London Gallery Quire 37

1

Jacob Brettell (1798-1862)


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

Edited and a symphony added by Francis Roads

The last full wain has come Harvest hymn


[♩=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




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



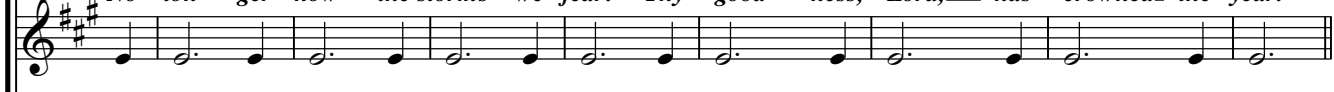
8

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



The last full wain has come 37

16

S



The la - bours of the year are done: Ac - cept our thanks all bount - eous 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



8

The la - bours of the year are done; Ac - cept our thanks all bount - eous 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



26

Symphony

S



A



T



B

