Lord, in thy name thy servants plead

Lord, in thy Name thy servants plead,
and thou hast sworn to hear;
thine is the harvest, thine the seed,
the fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
we trusted, Lord, with thee:
and still, now spring has on us smiled,
we wait on thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
the summer sun and air,
the green ear and the gold grain,
all thine, are ours by prayer.

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.

So grant the precious things brought forth
by sun and moon below,
that thee in thy new heaven and earth
we never may forgo.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
the God whom we adore,
be glory, as it was, is now
and shall be evermore.