

# To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise

Words: W. Chatterton Dix  
(1837-98)

Music: Arthur Sullivan  
(1842-1900)

Soprano

1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - dor - a - tion, to  
2. And now on this our fes - tal day, thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing, u -

Alto

1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - dor - a - tion, to  
2. And now on this our fest - al day, thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing, u -

Tenor

1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - dor - a - tion, to  
2. And now on this our fes - tal day, thy boun - teous hand con - fess - ing, u -

Bass

1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - dor - a - tion, to  
2. And now on this our fes - tal day, thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing, u -

5

S.

thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise withshouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: bright robes of gold the  
pon thine al - tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless - ing: by thee the souls of

A.

thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise withshouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: bright robes of gold the  
pon thine al - tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless - ing: by thee the souls of

T.

thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise withshouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: bright robes of gold the  
pon thine al - tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless - ing: by thee the souls of

B.

thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise withshouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: bright robes of gold the  
pon thine al - tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless - ing: by thee the souls of

2 10

S. field a - dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing, the  
men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal; thou

A. field a - dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing, the  
men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal; thou

T. field a - dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing, the  
men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal; thou

B. field a - dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing, the  
men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal; thou

13

S. val - leys stand so thick with corn that e - ven they are ring - ing.  
who dost give us earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.

A. val - leys stand so thick with corn that e - ven they are ring - ing.  
who dost give us earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.

T. val - leys stand so thick with corn that e - ven they are ring - ing.  
who dost give us earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.

B. val - leys stand so thick with corn that e - ven they are ring - ing.  
who dost give us earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.

3. We bear the burden of the day,  
and often toil seems dreary;  
but labour ends with sunset ray,  
and rest comes for the weary:  
may we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
to garner bright elected.

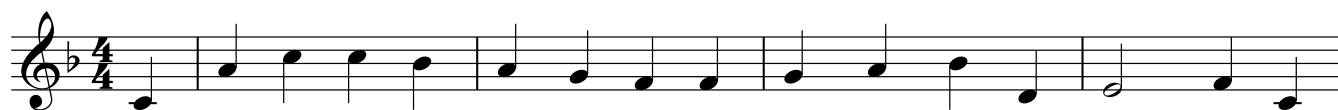
4. O blessed is that land of God,  
where saints abide forever;  
where golden fields spread far and broad,  
where flows the crystal river:  
the strains of all its holy throng  
with ours today are blending;  
thrice blessed is that harvest song  
which never hath an ending.

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Soprano

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1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - dor - a - tion, to  
2. And now on this our fes - tal day, thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing, u -

5



thee bring sac-ri - fice of praise withshouts of ex-ul - ta - tion: bright robes of gold the  
pon thine al-tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless - ing: by thee the souls of

10



field a - dorn, the hills with joy are\_\_ ring - ing, the\_\_  
men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal; thou\_\_

13



val - leys stand so thick with corn that e - ven they are ring - ing.  
who dost give us earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.

# To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise

Alto

Words: W. Chatterton Dix  
(1837-98)

Music: Arthur Sullivan  
(1842-1900)

1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a-dor-a-tion, to  
2. And now on this our fest-al day, thy boun-teous hand con-fess-ing, u -

5  
thee bring sac-ri-fice of praise with shouts of ex-ul-ta-tion: bright robes of gold the  
pon thine al-tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless-ing: by thee the souls of

10  
field a-dorn, the hills with joy are ring-ing, the val-leys stand so  
men are fed with gifts of grace su-per-nal; thou who dost give us

14  
thick with corn that e-ven they are ring-ing.  
earth-ly bread; give us the bread e-ter-nal.

# To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise

Tenor

Words: W. Chatterton Dix  
(1837-98)

Music: Arthur Sullivan  
(1842-1900)

1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - dor - a - tion, to  
2. And now on this our fes - tal day, thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing, u -

5  
thee bring sac-ri - fice of praise withshouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: bright robes of gold the  
pon thine al-tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless - ing: by thee the souls of

10  
field a-dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing, the val - leys stand so  
men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal; thou who dost give us

14  
thick with corn that e - ven they are ring - ing.  
earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a Tenor voice part. It consists of four staves of music in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff begins with a measure rest for 5 measures. The third staff begins with a measure rest for 10 measures. The fourth staff begins with a measure rest for 14 measures. The lyrics are: 1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise in hymns of a - dor - a - tion, to 2. And now on this our fes - tal day, thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing, u - thee bring sac-ri - fice of praise withshouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: bright robes of gold the pon thine al-tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless - ing: by thee the souls of field a-dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing, the val - leys stand so men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal; thou who dost give us thick with corn that e - ven they are ring - ing. earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.

# To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise

Bass

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2. And now on this our fes - tal day, thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing, u -

5



thee bring sac-ri - fice of praise withshouts of ex - ul - ta - tion: bright robes of gold the  
pon thine al-tar, Lord we lay the first fruits of thy bless - ing: by thee the souls of

10



field a-dorn, the hills with joy are ring - ing, the val - leys stand so  
men are fed with gifts of grace su - per - nal; thou who dost give us

14



thick with corn that e - ven they are ring - ing.  
earth - ly bread; give us the bread e - ter - nal.

3. We bear the burden of the day,  
and often toil seems dreary;  
but labour ends with sunset ray,  
and rest comes for the weary:  
may we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
stand at the last accepted,  
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