O Where Are The Reapers

1. O where are the reapers that garner in
   The sheaves of the good
from the fields of sin? With sickness of truth must the
   And tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and work be done, And
   the harvest tide; But reapers are few, and the work is great, And
   the golden grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come, Then

2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
   The wheat may be there,
no one may rest till the "harvest home."
   Where are the reapers! O
   much will be lost should the harvest wait.
   who will come And share in the glory of the "harvest home?" O

3. The fields all are rip'n ing, and far and wide
   The world now is wait-

4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men,
   And gather together

Words: Eben E. Rexford
Music: George F. Root
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who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?