Beautiful Gleanings Bring

1. Go, in early morning, into the harvest white, Sing a song of gladness labor with all your might; Let the words of Jesus dready, weeping an anxious tear; To the heart that's aching promise, wages, He you will pay; Go with great rejoicing

2. For the faint and weary, carry a smile of cheer, With the sad and over the nation ring, With the coming evening under a load of care, Lend a hand of comfort, gleanings from fields of sin, Thrust thy glowing sickle,

3. In the name of Jesus, gather the sheaves today, Read the precious cover its ailings there. See the beautiful harvest white! bring the harvest in. See you there,
Beautiful Gleanings Bring

Go, ye there, and labor with all your might; Let them there your

an-thems of glad-ness ring. Go, ye now, and beau-ti-ful glean-ings bring!