Oh, Still In Accents Sweet And Strong

HERMON C. M.

1. Oh, still in accents sweet and strong Sounds forth the ancient word,
   More reapers for white harvest fields, More labor's for the Lord!

2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In selfish ease we lie,
   But girded for our Father's work, Go forth beneath His sky.

3. Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood, And pray'r's of saints were sown,
   We, to their labors entering in, Would reap where they have strown.

4. O Thou whose call our hearts has stirr'd! To do Thy will we come;
   Thrust in our sickles at Thy word, And bear our harvest home.