Ho! Reapers Of Life’s Harvest

1. Ho! reapers of life’s harvest, Why stand with rust-ed blade,
   Until the night draws round thee, And day begins to fade?
   Why stand ye idly waiting For reapers more to come?
   The golden morn is passing: Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2. Thrust in your sharpened sick-le, And gather in the grain:
   The night is fast approach-ing, And soon will come again.
   The Master calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain?
   Shall sheaves lie there un-gathered, And waste up on the plain?

3. Come down from hill and moun-tain In morn-ing’s rud-dy glow,
   Nor wait un-til the di- al Points to the noon be low;
   And come with strong-er sin-e w, Nor faint in heat or cold,
   And pause not till the even-ing Draws round its wealth of gold.

4. Mount up the heights of wis-dom, And crush each er-ror low;
   Keep back no word of knowl-edge That hu-man hearts should know.
   Be faith-ful to thy mis-sion, In ser-vice of the Lord,
   And then a gold-en chap-let Shall be thy just re-ward.