Saints Of God, The Dawn Is Brightening

Words: Mary Hamlin Maxwell, 1849
Music: H. Smart, 1867

1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, 
   To-ken of our com- ing Lord; 
   O'er the earth the field is whit'ning; 
   Loud-er rings the Mas-ter's word;
   Pray for reap-ers, pray for reap-ers 
   faith-ful reap-ers, faith-ful reap-ers
   In the har-vest of the Lord.

2. Now, O Lord, ful-fill Thy plea-sure, 
   Breath-ing up on Thy cho- sen band; 
   And, with Pen-te-cos-tal mea-sure, 
   Send forth reap-ers o'er our land; 
   Faith-ful reap-ers, by Thy Spir-it, 
   saints and an-gels, bring Thy ran-somed peo-ple home.

3. Broad the shad-ow of our na-tion, 
   Ea-ger mil-lions lither roam; 
   Lo! they wait for Thy sal-va-tion; 
   Come, Lord Je-sus, quick-ly come; 
   By Thy Spir-it, shout the world’s great Har-vest Home.

4. Soon shall end the time of weep-ing, 
   Soon the reap-ing time will come; 
   Heav-en and earth to-gether keep-ing 
   God’s e-ter-nal Har-vest Home, Saints and an-gels,
   Saints and an-gels, Saints and an-gels
   Amen.