Ho! Reapers of Life’s Harvest

1. Reapers of life’s harvest, Why stand with rusted blade,
   Until the night draws round thee, And day begins to fade?

2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gather in the grain,
   The night is fast approaching, And soon will come again;

3. Mount up the heights of Wisdom, And crush each error low;
   Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know.

Why stand ye idle, waiting For reapers more to come?
The Master calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain?
Be faithful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord,

The golden morn is passing, Why sit ye idle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?
And then a golden chapel Shall be thy just reward.

Words and Music: I. B. Woodbury