Ho! Reapers Of Life’s Harvest

1. Ho! 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. Come down from hill and mountain In morning’s ruddy glow,
   Nor wait until the dial Points to the noon be low;

4. Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each error low;
   Keep back no word of knowledge That human hearts should know.

Why stand ye idly waiting For reapers more to come?
The Master calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain?
And come with stronger sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
Be faithful to thy mission, In service of the Lord,

The golden morn is passing; Why sit ye idle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?
And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
And then a golden chaplet Shall be thy just reward.

Words by M. F. Hearn
Music by J. H. Fillmore

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