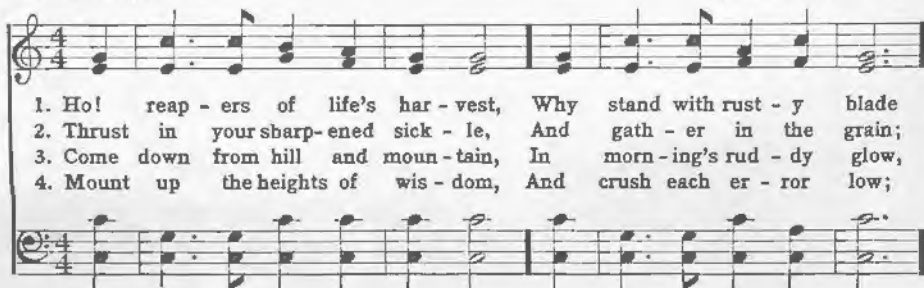


Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest

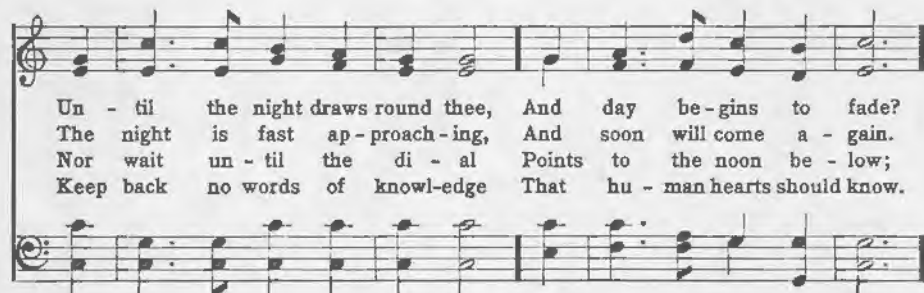
Life's Harvest 7.6.7.6.D.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

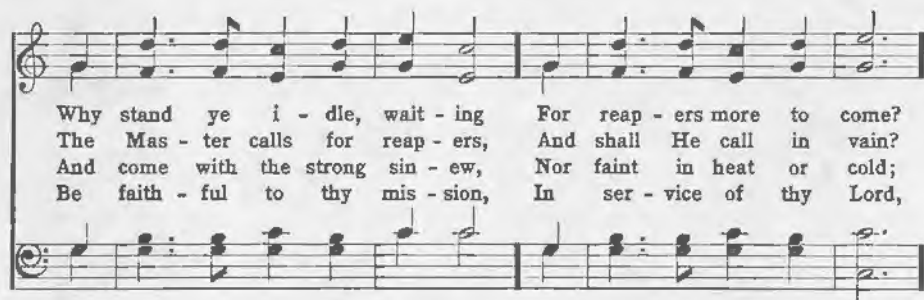
ISAAC B. WOODBURY



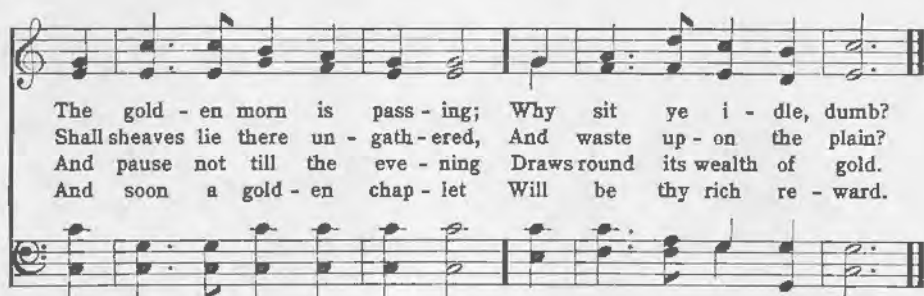
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - y blade
 2. Thrust in your sharp - ened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain;
 3. Come down from hill and moun - tain, In morn - ing's rud - dy glow,
 4. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;



Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?
 The night is fast ap - proach - ing, And soon will come a - gain.
 Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
 Keep back no words of knowl - edge That hu - man hearts should know.



Why stand ye i - die, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?
 The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?
 And come with the strong sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold;
 Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In ser - vice of thy Lord,



The gold - en morn is pass - ing; Why sit ye i - die, dumb?
 Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?
 And pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold.
 And soon a gold - en chap - let Will be thy rich re - ward.