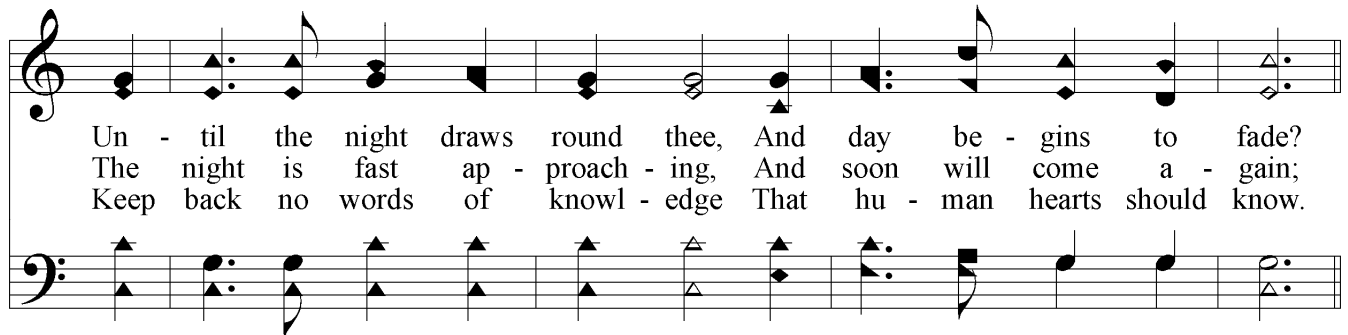


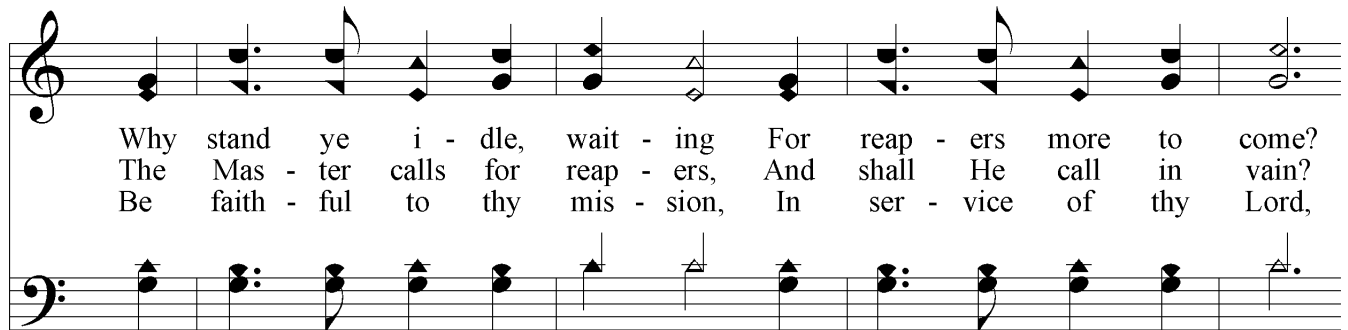
Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest



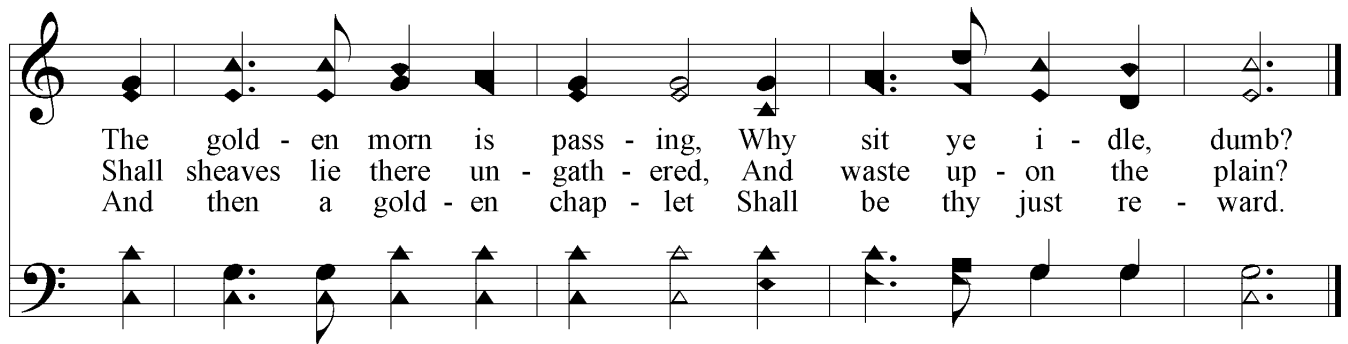
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharp - ened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain,
3. Mount up the heights of Wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;



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;
Keep back no words of knowl - edge That hu - man hearts should know.



Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?
The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?
Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In ser - vice of thy Lord,



The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?
And then a gold - en chap - let Shall be thy just re - ward.