Reapers Are Needed

Words and Music: Charles H. Gabriel

1. Standing in the market places all the season thru, I dly saying,
   "Lord, is there no work that I can do?" O how many loiter, while the
   hope to wear in yonder world of light; Seek the gems immortal that are
   reaping will forever more be past; Empty-handed to the Master

2. Every sheaf you gather will become a jewel bright In the crown you
   precious in His sight! "Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?"
   will you go at last? "Reapers! reapers! Who will work today?"

Chorus

Lift thine eyes and look upon the fields that stand
Lift thine eyes and look upon the fields that stand all ready.

Ripe and ready for the willing gleaner’s hand, O rouse ye,
Read y for the gleaner’s hand, O
Reapers Are Needed

Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as reap-ers! Who will be the first to

an-swer, "Mas-ter, here am I?"
quick-ly, "Mas-ter, here am I?"

Far and wide the rip-ened
Far and wide the rip-ened

O an-swer! Far and wide the

grain is bend-ing low, In breeze-es, In the breez-es gen-tly
grain is bend-ing low, In breeze-es, In the breez-es gen-tly

grain bends low, and In the breeze waves
waving to and fro, Rouse ye, O sleep-ers! Ye are need-ed as
to and fro, O

reap-ers! And the gold-en har-vest days are swift-ly pass-ing by.