

On To The Harvest

F



1. Lo, the har - vest fields are wav - ing With the gold - en grain to - day,
2. Stay not from the fields of har - vest In the burn - ing noon - tide's heat,
3. Bind the sheaves as ev'n - ing gath - ers, Let not one be cast a - way;



Up, ye reap - ers, take your sick - les, And the Mas - ter's call o - bey.
For the Mas - ter will re - fresh you As you bind the beard - ed wheat:
Each is pre - cious to the Mas - ter, La - bor on till close of day.



Forth in - to the rip'n - ing har - vest At the ten - der dawn of light,
For the har - vest is the sow - ing Of His own dear love and tears,
And thy soul with great re - joic - ing At thy Mas - ter's word shall come,



Lest the gold - en grain be wast - ed, For the world's broad fields are white.
And the wheat the souls He died to Save for ev - er - last - ing years.
And He'll crown thee true and faith - ful When the sheaves are gar - ner'd home.



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Chorus

f *m* *p*

“On to the har - vest,” the Spir - it breathes, Has - ten a - way nor i - dle
On, on, on, the Spir - it breathes,

pp *f*

be, A - mid the fields of rip'n - ing grain, On to the har - vest, lo, Je - sus
On, on, on,

Rit...

grieves, Gath - er the sheaves, gath - er the sheaves.
lo, Je - sus grieves, Gath - er the sheaves, gath - er the sheaves.