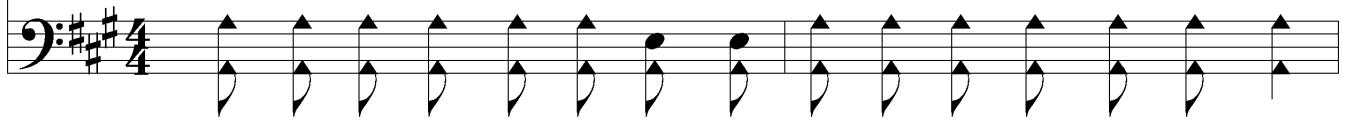


# Harvest Song



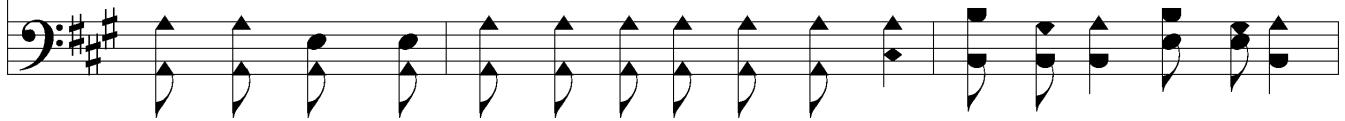
1. Look, the har - vest - field is teem - ing With the rich and rip - ened grain;  
2. In the mar - kets and the by ways, Whil - ing pre - cious hours a - way,  
3. Hear ye not the faith - ful sing - ing Of the la - bor and the yield?



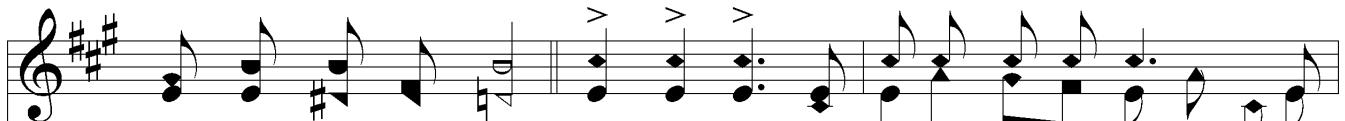
Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun - light,  
Man - y stand com - plain - ing, I - dle still re - main - ing, Loi - t'ring in the  
Rouse ye, then, O sleep - ers, Join the hap - py reap - ers; To the wind your



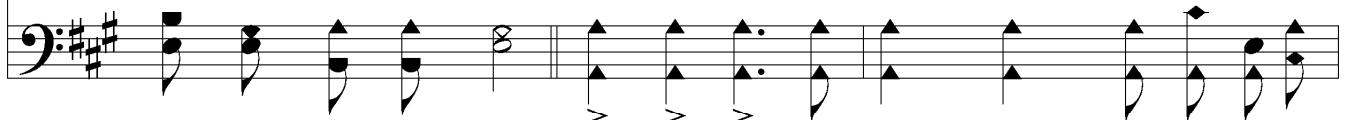
gold - en gleam - ing, Heav - ing like the rest - less main, "Reap - ers are need - ed," re -  
dust - y high - ways, Hear - ing not the Mas - ter say: "Reap - ers are need - ed, O  
sor - rows fling - ing, Pa - tient - ly the sick - le wield: "Reap - ers are need - ed, A -



## Chorus



sounds o'er hill and plain, Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a - way, Go  
who will work to - day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a - way,  
wake, and to the field!" to the fields a - way,



## *Harvest Song*

la - bor for the Mas - ter while you may; Lo! He is call - ing,  
Mas - ter while you may;

night is fall - ing, Has - ten to o - bey, For reap - ers are need - ed to - day.