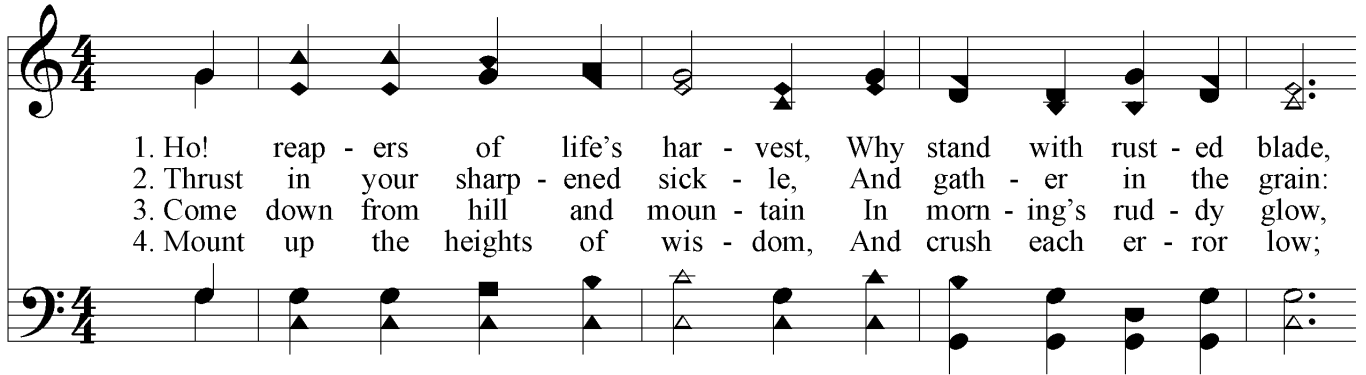
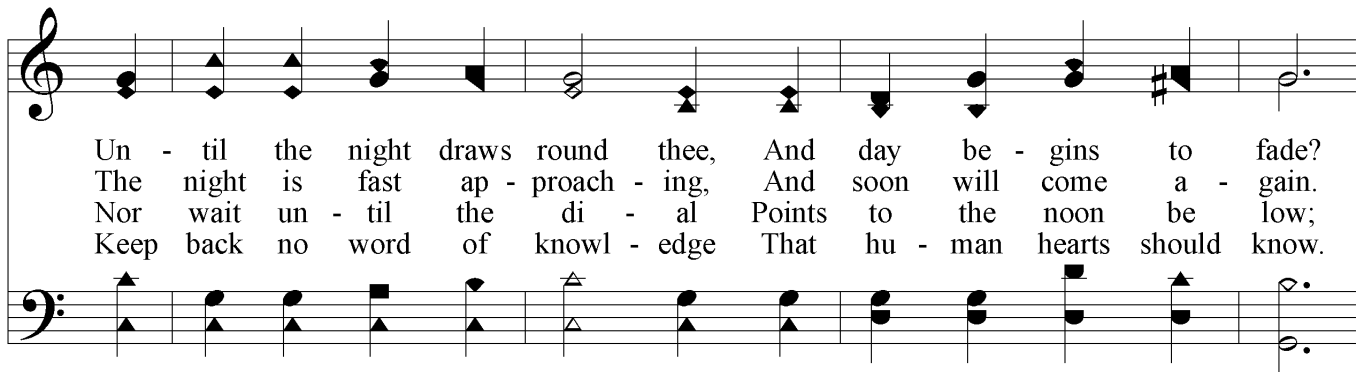


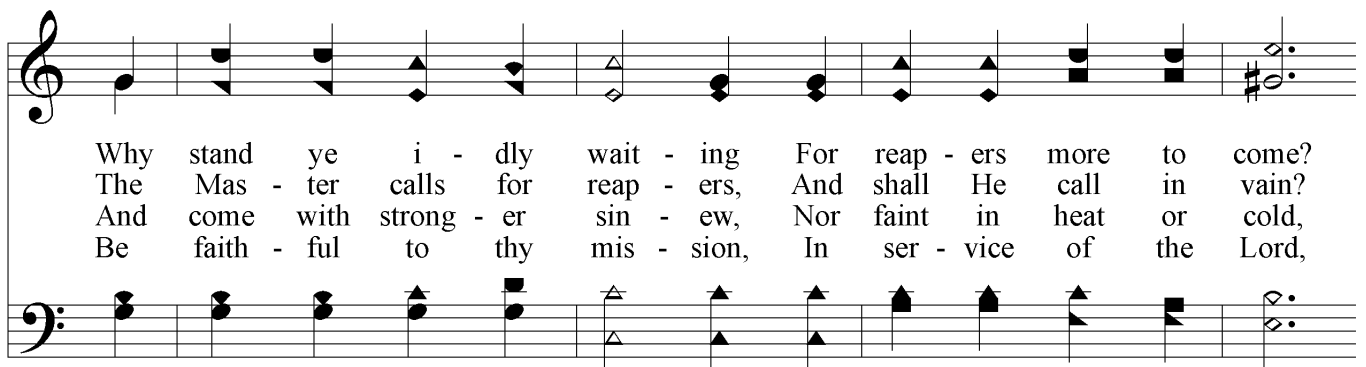
Ho! Reapers Of Life's Harvest



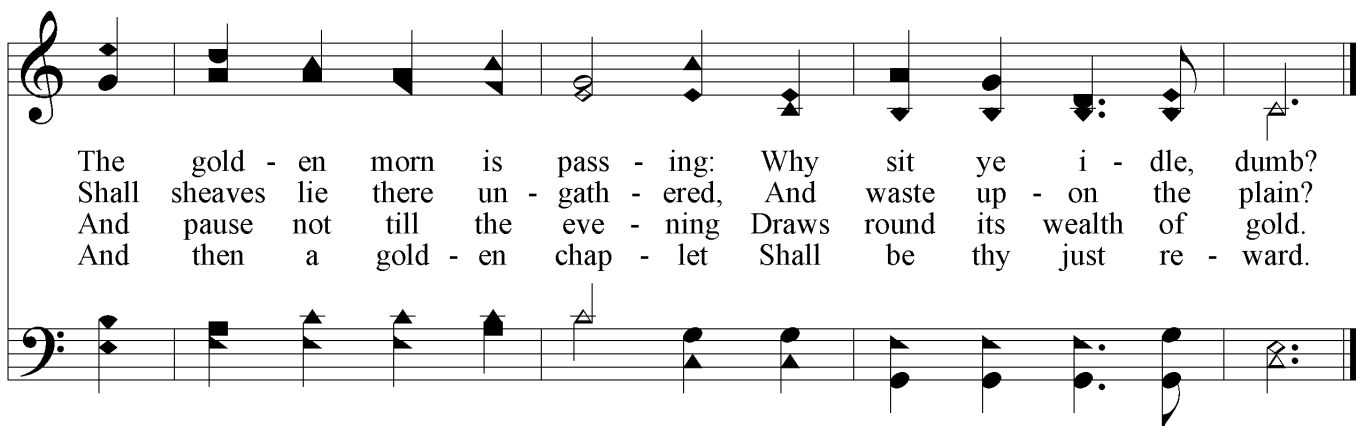
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharp - ened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain:
3. Come down from hill and moun - tain In morn - ing's rud - dy glow,
4. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;



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 word of knowl - edge That hu - man hearts should know.



Why stand ye i - dly wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?
The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?
And come with strong - er sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In ser - vice of the 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 pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold.
And then a gold - en chap - let Shall be thy just re - ward.