

To The Harvest Field

A band of faithful reapers we,

Who gather for e - ter - ni -
2. We are a faithful glean - ing band, And la - bor at our Lord's com -
3. The gold - en hours like mo - ments fly, And har - vest days are pass - ing

ty, The gold - en sheaves of rip - ened grain From ev - 'ry
mand, Un - yield - ing, loy - al, tried and true, For lo! the
by; Then take thy rust - y sick - le down, And la - bor

val - ley, hill and plain; Our song is the one the reap - ers
reap - ers are but few; Be - hold the wav - ing har - vest stand and
for a fade - less crown; Why will you i - dly stand

sing, In hon - or of their Lord and King - The Mas - ter
field A - bun - dant with a gold - en yield; And hear the
wait? Be - hold, the hour is grow - ing late! Can you to

of the har - vest wide, Who for a world of sin - ners died.
Lord of har - vest say To all: "Go reap for me to - day."
judg - ment bring but leaves, While here are wait - ing gold - en sheaves?

Chorus

To the har - vest field a - way, For the Mas - ter

A bass line consisting of eighth-note chords on the B-flat string.

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A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, featuring a key signature of one flat. The music consists of three staves of music with corresponding lyrics.

The lyrics are:

call - eth; There is work for all to - day, Ere the dark - ness
fall - eth, Swift - ly do the mo - ments fly, Har - vest days are
go - ing by, Go - ing, go - ing, go - ing by.