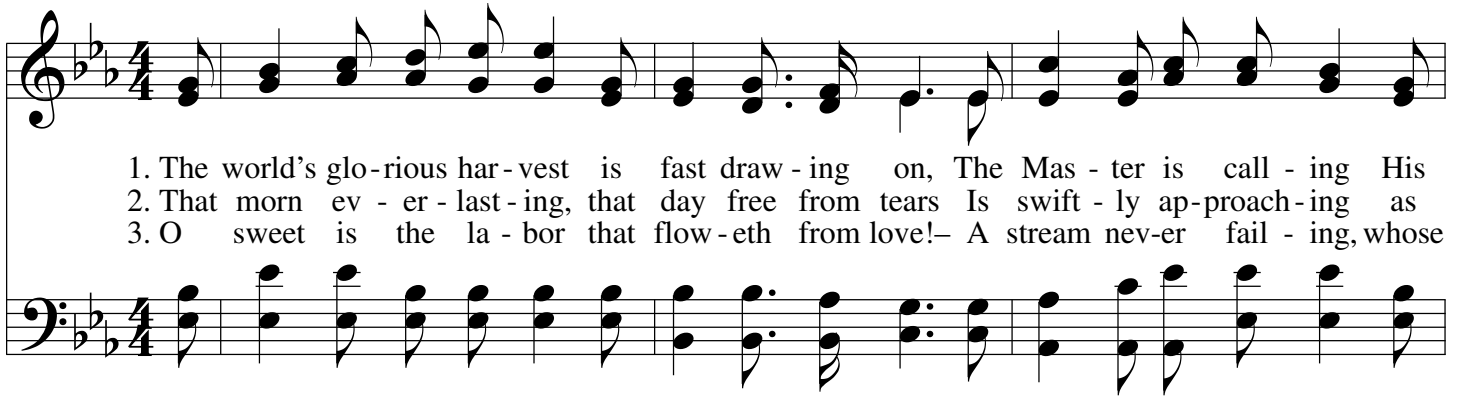


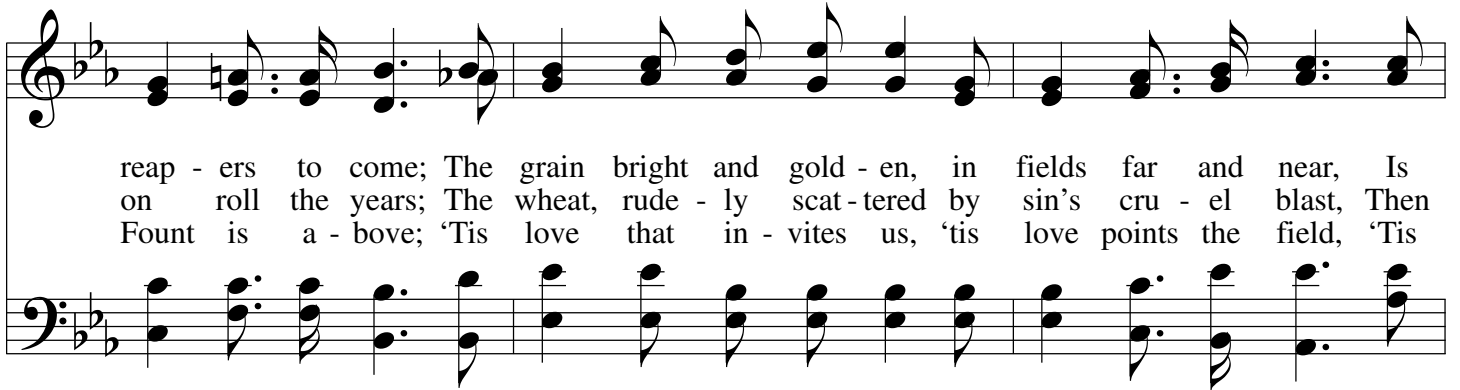
Hasten On, Glad Day

Matthew 13:30

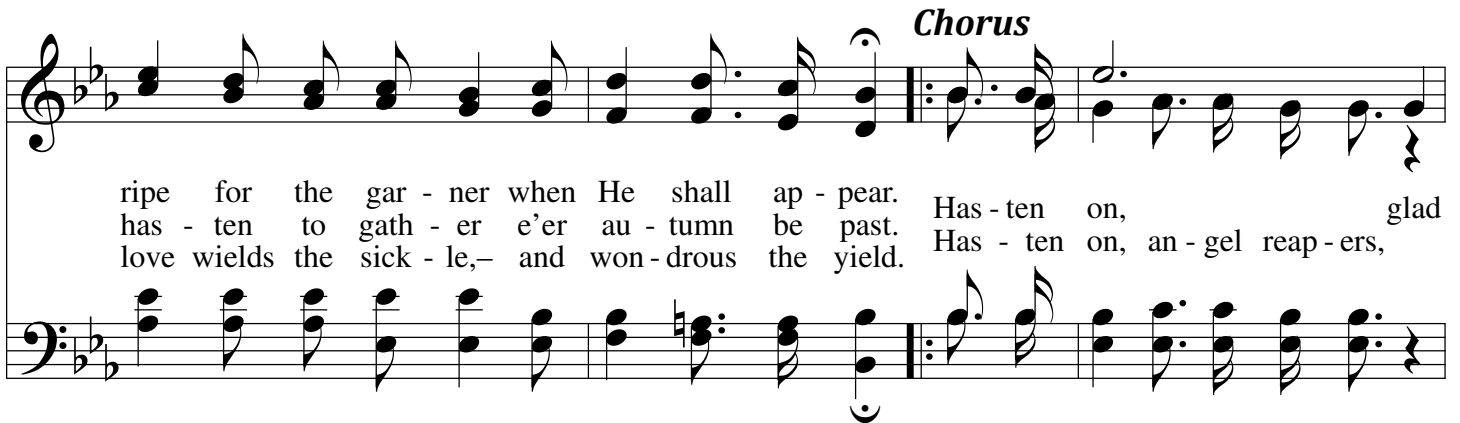
E♭



1. The world's glo-rious har-vest is fast draw-ing on, The Mas-ter is call-ing His
2. That morn ev-er-last-ing, that day free from tears Is swift-ly ap-proach-ing as
3. O sweet is the la-lor that flow-eth from love!— A stream nev-er fail-ing, whose

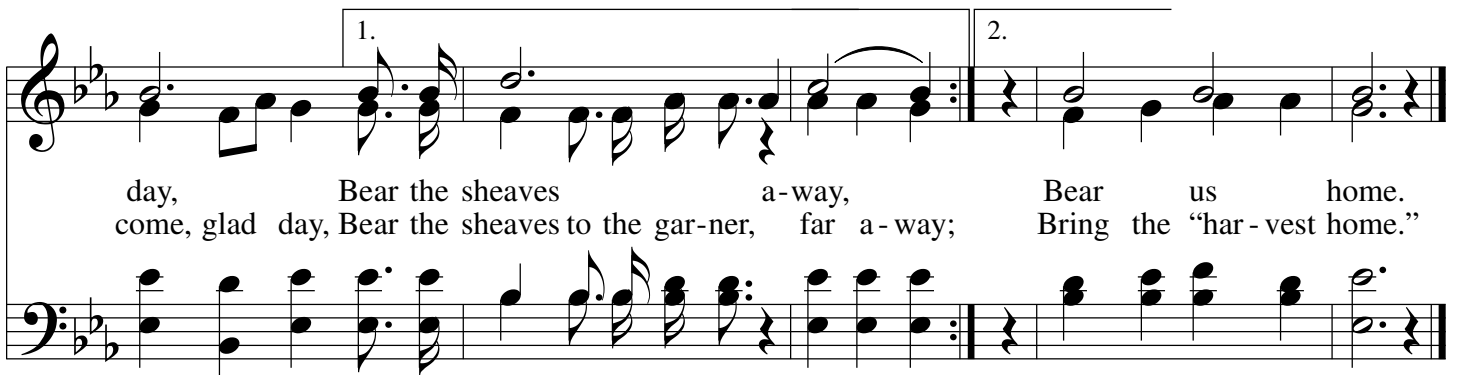


reap-ers to come; The grain bright and gold-en, in fields far and near, Is
on roll the years; The wheat, rude-ly scat-tered by sin's cru-el blast, Then
Fount is a-bove; 'Tis love that in-vides us, 'tis love points the field, 'Tis



Chorus

ripe for the gar-ner when He shall ap-pear. Has-ten on, glad
has-ten to gath-er e'er au-tumn be past. Has-ten on, an-gel reap-ers,
love wields the sick-le,— and won-drous the yield.



1. day, Bear the sheaves a-way, Bear us home.
come, glad day, Bear the sheaves to the gar-ner, far a-way; Bring the "har-vest home."
2.