

Garnered Sheaves
Edmund Lorenz, 1888.
Isaiah Baltzell.

At the feet of the blessed Master
We would lay our garnered sheaves;
When we come, and all empty handed,
Surely sore the Master grieves!

Refrain

Garnered sheaves from the fields so white to harvest!
Garnered sheaves richly yields life's golden harvest!
At the feet of the Blessed Master
We would lay our garnered sheaves.

While the fields then are white with harvest,
And the laborers are few,
Let us strive well to fill the garner,
And be reapers staunch and true.

Refrain

O the joy of successful labor!
O the joy of work well done!
O the joy of the Master's praises
To the soul whose crown is won!

Refrain