

Gather in the Sheaves  
Fanny Crosby, 1895.  
Ira Sankey.

In the early morning,  
Verdant fields adorning,  
While the golden sunlight  
Wakes the dewy leaves.  
Haste we now with gladness,  
Banish care and sadness;  
Go and help the reapers  
Gather in the sheaves.

Refrain

Gather in the sheaves,  
Gather in the sheaves,  
While the voice of nature  
Sweetest music breathes:  
Hear the Master calling,  
Hear the echoes falling;  
Go and help the reapers,  
Gather in the sheaves.

When the days are brightest,  
When our hearts are lightest,  
When the lovely summer  
Fairest beauty weaves.  
In the noontide beaming,  
In the twilight gleaming,  
Go and help the reapers  
Gather in the sheaves.

Refrain

Should our way be dreary,  
Let us never weary,  
Earnest, faithful labor  
Greatest joy receives.  
Though we toil in sorrow,  
Soon will dawn the morrow,  
When we'll cross the river  
Bearing home the sheaves.

Refrain