

Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest  
Isaac Woodbury(1819-1858)

Ho! reapers of life's harvest,  
Why stand with rusted blade,  
Until the night draws round thee,  
And day begins to fade?  
Why stand ye idle, waiting  
For reapers more to come?  
The golden morn is passing,  
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,  
And gather in the grain,  
The night is fast approaching,  
And soon will come again;  
The Master calls for reapers,  
And shall He call in vain?  
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,  
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,  
And crush each error low;  
Keep back no words of knowledge  
That human hearts should know.  
Be faithful to thy mission,  
In service of thy Lord,  
And then a golden chaplet  
Shall be thy just reward.