

O Where Are the Reapers

Eben Rexford, 1870.

George Root.

O where are the reapers that garner in  
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?  
With sickles of truth must the work be done,  
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

Refrain

Where are the reapers? O who will come  
And share in the glory of the "harvest home"?  
O who will help us to garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

Go out in the byways and search them all;  
The wheat may be there but the weeds are tall;  
Then search in the highway, and pass none by;  
But gather them all for the home on high.

Refrain

The fields are all ripening, and far and wide  
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:  
But reapers are few, and the work is great,  
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

Refrain

So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,  
And gather together the golden grain;  
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,  
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

Refrain