

Where Hast Thou Gleaned Today
Words and Music: Philip Bliss (1838-1876).

Weary gleaner, whence comest thou,
With empty hands and clouded brow?
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me, where hast thou gleaned today?
Late I found a barren field,
The harvest past, my search revealed.
Others golden sheaves had gained,
Only stubble for me remained.

Refrain

Forth to the harvest field a-way!
Gather your handfuls while you may;
All day long in the field a-bide,
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

Careless gleaner, what hast thou here;
These faded flow'rs and leaflets sere?
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned today?
All day long in shady bow'rs,
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Now, alas! too late I see
All I've gathered is vanity.

Refrain

Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see;
Indeed thou must aweary be!
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou gleaned today?
Stay me not, till day is done
I've gathered handfuls one by one;
Here and there for me they fall,
Close by the reap'rs I've found them all.

Refrain