

Not Yet

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1875. Music: Robert Lowry.

Not yet is the summer ended,  
Not yet is the harvest past;  
But the fields with the grain are golden,  
And the days are waning fast.

Refrain

Not yet, not yet is the summer ended,  
Not yet is the harvest past;  
But the season of hope will be over,  
And the harvest will come at last.

Not yet have the sheaves been gathered;  
But oh! it will not be long  
Till a sound from the fields shall reach thee,  
Of the reaper's happy song.

Refrain

Not yet is the hand of mercy  
Removed from the open door;  
There is time for thy soul's returning  
Ere the day of grace is o'er.

Refrain

O come, as the Lord commandeth;  
Not yet is the harvest past,  
And the summer is not yet ended;  
But the days are waning fast.

Refrain