

A Call to Reapers

William Feazell, 1905.

John Thomas.

The harvest is white and the reapers are few,
While thousands are dying in sin,
And the Savior above is calling for you,
To gather the lost ones in.

Refrain

Gather them in, the golden grain,
Go gather from fields of sin;
The harvest is white and the gleaners are few,
O reapers! Gather the last ones in.

The Lord of the harvest appeals unto you,
To go out in the fields of sin,
And tell to the world this Gospel so true,
And winning the lost ones to Him.

Refrain

The Savior is with us, so bury your fears;
Your labors will not be in vain;
In the morning sow seed and bathe them in tears,
Returning at eve with grain.

Refrain

When life's work is done and we gather at home,
With millions now waiting us there,
Every soul we have won will add a bright star
To the beautiful crown we shall wear.

Refrain