

Reapers Are Needed

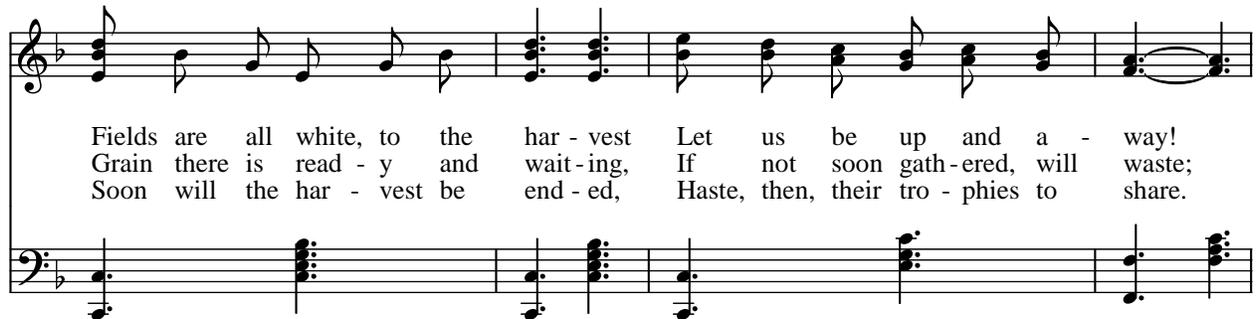
Lizzie DeArmond, circa 1910

Samuel William Beazley

$\text{♩} = 117$



1. Hark to the mu - sic re - sound - ing, Reap - ers are need - ed to - day;
2. For - ward with hearts full of glad - ness, Reap - ers, I pray you, make haste;
3. Hark to the song they are sing - ing! See, they have trea - sures so rare;



Fields are all white, to the har - vest Let us be up and a - way!
Grain there is read - y and wait - ing, If not soon gath - ered, will waste;
Soon will the har - vest be end - ed, Haste, then, their tro - phies to share.



Ev - er the Mas - ter is call - ing, Has - ten! the shad - ows are fall - ing;
Then let us hear you re - ply - ing, La - bor with cour - age un - dy - ing,
Let no one be id - ly dream - ing, Look! look! the har - vest is gleam - ing,



On to the har - vest field, Ga - ther the gold - en yield, Pre - cious sheaves.
Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home.
Join ye the reap - ing band, Lend them a help - ing hand, Ere the night.

Refrain

Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng; Forth with joy-ful, lov-ing heart,



Brave-ly do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all;



On where the har-vest stands, Wait-ing for will-ing hands Souls to win.

