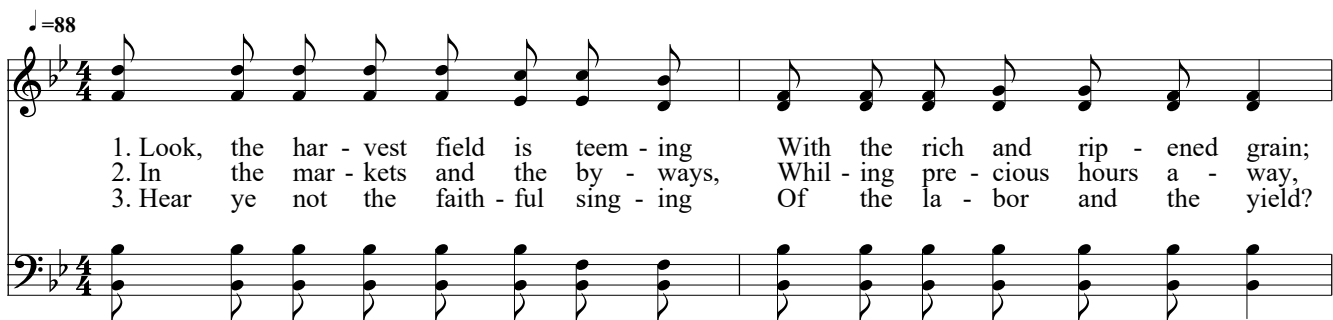


# Harvest Song

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel, 1907

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel

$\text{♩} = 88$



1. Look, the har - vest field is teem - ing With the rich and rip - ened grain;  
2. In the mar - kets and the by - ways, Whil - ing pre - cious hours a - way,  
3. Hear ye not the faith - ful sing - ing Of the la - bor and the yield?



Wide it spreads be - fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun - light, gold-en gleam-ing,  
Ma - ny stand com-plain-ing, I - dle still re-main-ing, Loi-tering in the dust-y high - ways,  
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your sor - rows fling - ing,



Heav-ing like the rest - less main, "Reap-ers are need-ed," Re - sounds o'er hill and plain.  
Hear - ing not the Mas-ter say: "Reap-ers are need-ed, O who will work to - day?"  
Pa - tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reap-ers are need-ed, A - wake, and to the field!"

*Refrain*



Rouse ye then, and to the fields a-way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo!  
to the field a-way, Mas - ter while you may



He is call-ing, night is fall-ing, Hast-en to o-bey, For reap-ers are need-ed to - day.