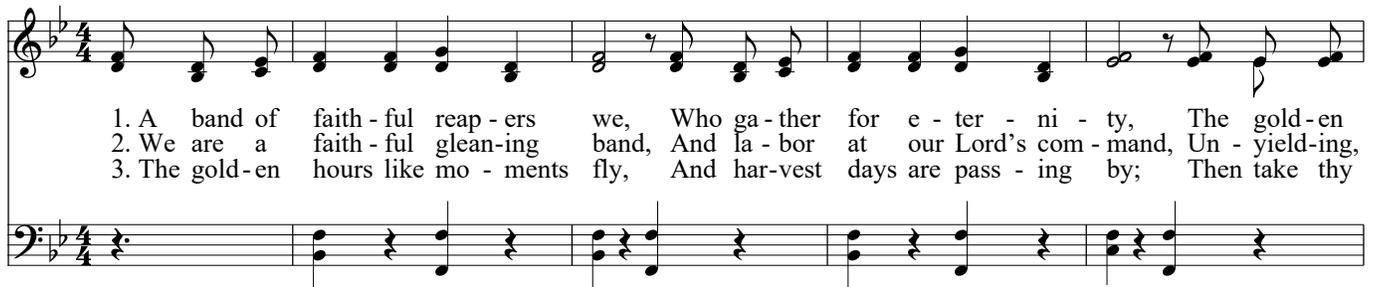


# To the Harvest Field

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel, 1896

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel

♩=105



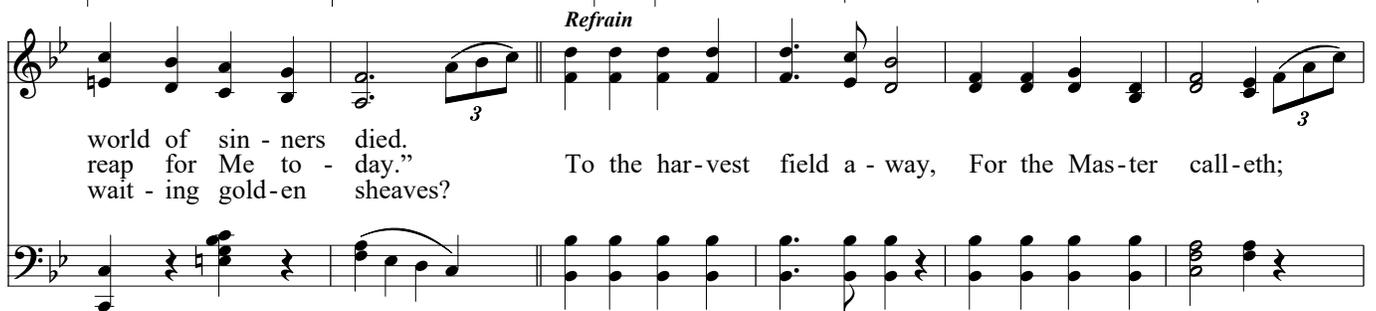
1. A band of faith - ful reap - ers we, Who ga - ther for e - ter - ni - ty, The gold - en  
2. We are a faith - ful glean - ing band, And la - bor at our Lord's com - mand, Un - yield - ing,  
3. The gold - en hours like mo - ments fly, And har - vest days are pass - ing by; Then take thy



sheaves of rip - ened grain From ev - ery val - ley, hill and plain Our song is one the reap - ers  
loy - al, tried and true, For lo! the reap - ers are but few; Be - hold the wav - ing har - vest  
rus - ty sic - kle down, And la - bor for a fade - less crown; Why will you id - ly stand and



sing, In hon - or of their Lord and king— The Mas - ter of the har - vest wide, Who for a  
field, A - bun - dant with a gold - en yield; And hear the Lord of har - vest say To all: “Go  
wait? Be - hold, the hour is grow - ing late! Can you to judg - ment bring but leaves, While here are



*Refrain*

world of sin - ners died.  
reap for Me to - day.” To the har - vest field a - way, For the Mas - ter call - eth;  
wait - ing gold - en sheaves?



There is work for all to - day, Ere the dark - ness fall - eth. Swift - ly do the mo - ments fly,



Har - vest days are go - ing by, Go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing by.