

## Harvest Time

Barney E. Warren, 1911

1.

We are in the harvest time,  
When the fields in every clime,  
For the reapers flaming sickle ready stand  
See the waving golden grain,  
Over valley, hill, and plain,  
Let the glorious gospel truth reach every land.

Cho.

Now the harvest time is here,  
See the reapers drawing near,  
With the flaming sickle ready in their hand;  
Over valley, hill, and plain,  
See them gath'ring golden grain  
Will you join them at the Lord's command?

2.

Go ye into all the world,  
Says the banner Christ unfurled,  
Lo, I'm with you always, even to the end;  
Tarry not till age and youth  
Have received His saving truth,  
Till from every heart His praises shall ascend.

3.

Grasp the sickle in His name,  
Ye with hearts of love aflame,  
Go with all the pow'r in heav'n and earth endued;  
Reap the grain on every shore,  
Still entreating o'er and o'er,  
Come, poor sinner, be ye reconciled to God.

4.

In the end of time He'll say,  
Come, ye reapers of the day,  
You have toiled and faltered not till set of sun;  
Then the harvest-home shall ring  
With the songs the reapers sing:  
Rest in peace, ye faithful ones; I say, Well done.