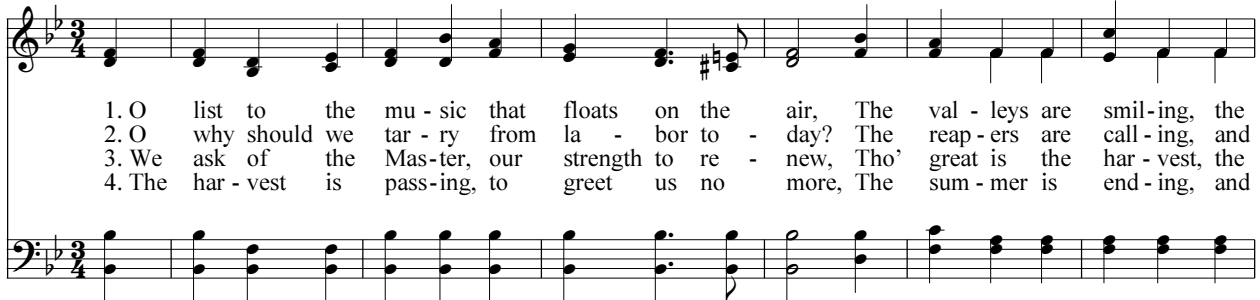


Gather the Grain

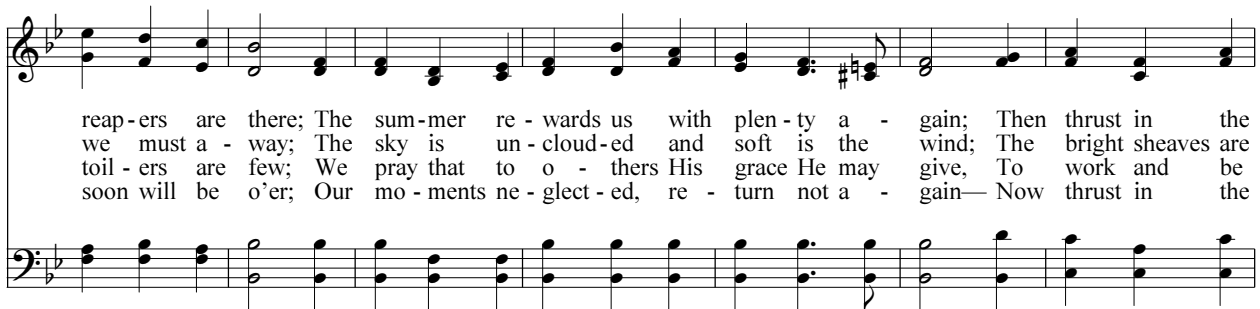
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1901

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel

♩=150

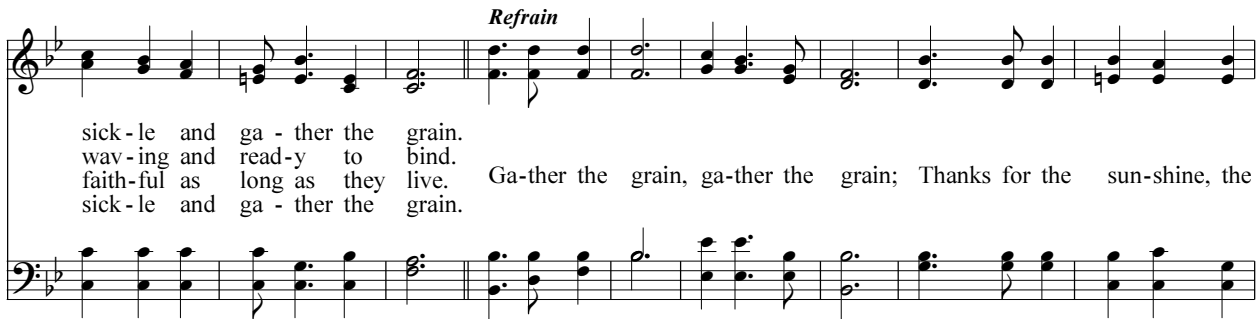


1. O list to the mu - sic that floats on the air, The val - leys are smil - ing, the
2. O why should we tar - ry from la - bor to - day? The reap - ers are call - ing, and
3. We ask of the Mas - ter, our strength to re - new, Tho' great is the har - vest, the
4. The har - vest is pass - ing, to greet us no more, The sum - mer is end - ing, and

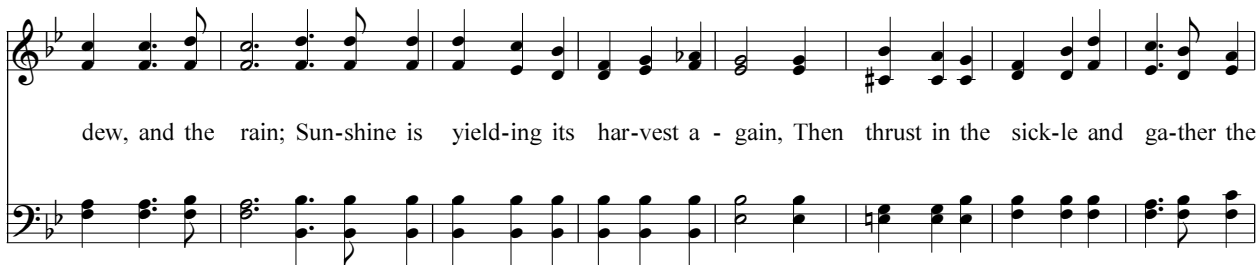


reap - ers are there; The sum - mer re - wards us with plen - ty a - gain; Then thrust in the
we must a - way; The sky is un - cloud - ed and soft is the wind; The bright sheaves are
toil - ers are few; We pray that to o - thers His grace He may give, To work and be
soon will be o'er; Our mo - ments ne - glect - ed, re - turn not a - gain— Now thrust in the


Refrain



sick - le and ga - ther the grain.
wav - ing and read - y to bind.
faith - ful as long as they live. Ga - ther the grain, ga - ther the grain; Thanks for the sun - shine, the
sick - le and ga - ther the grain.



dew, and the rain; Sun - shine is yield - ing its har - vest a - gain, Then thrust in the sick - le and ga - ther the



grain.