

# In the Vineyard

Eliza Morgan Sherman, 1880

Benjamin Carl Unseld

♩=107

1. Long, O Mas - ter, in Thy vine - yard Thro' the dust and heat of day,  
2. Tan - gled vines and fad - ed flow - ers Hid - den lie a - mong my sheaves,  
3. Purge, Thou, then, the sheaves so worth - less, That I lay at Thy dear feet,

*rit.*  
I have toiled, and with my bur - den, Come I now thro' sha - dows gray.  
Look'st Thou sor - row - ful, O Mas - ter? Is there noth - ing there but leaves?  
So they yield Thee at the har - vest On - ly fin - est of the wheat.

*Refrain*  
Toil - ing in Thy vine - yard All day long with wea - ry feet, Glad to rest when  
Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing,

*rit.*  
ev - ening com - eth, And the hours are cool and sweet.