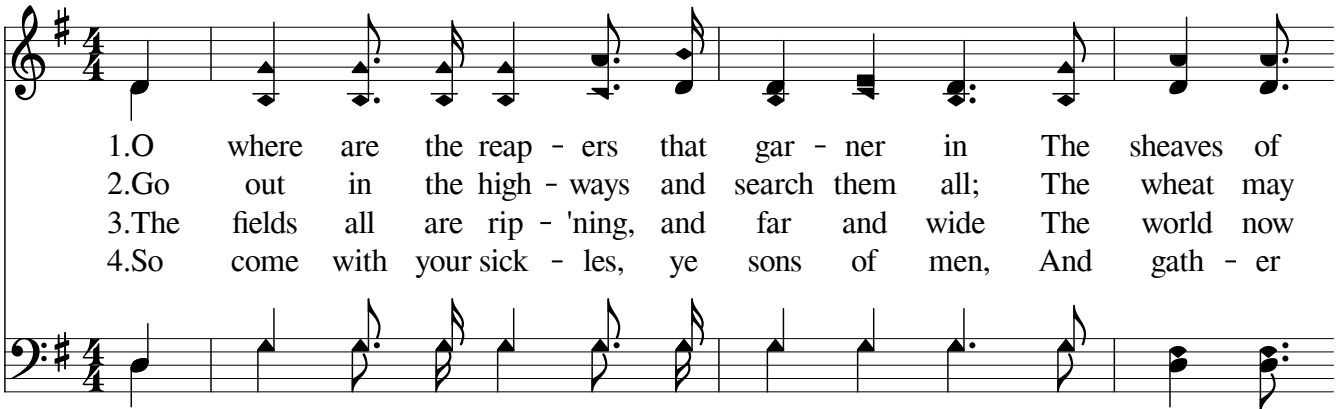
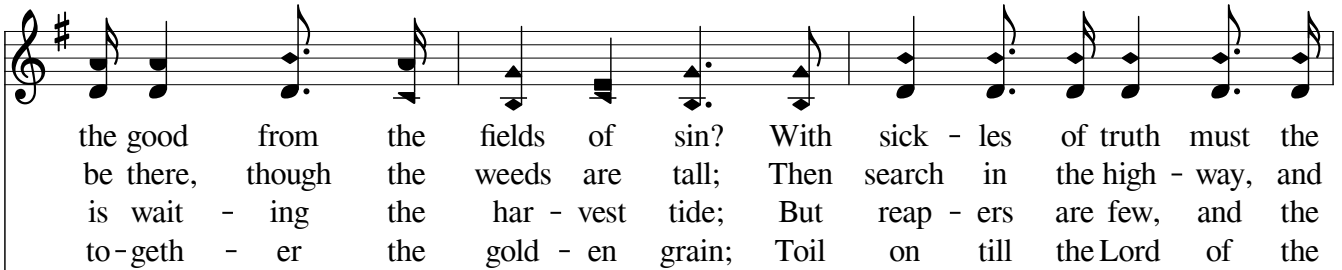


O Where Are the Reapers?

George Frederick Root



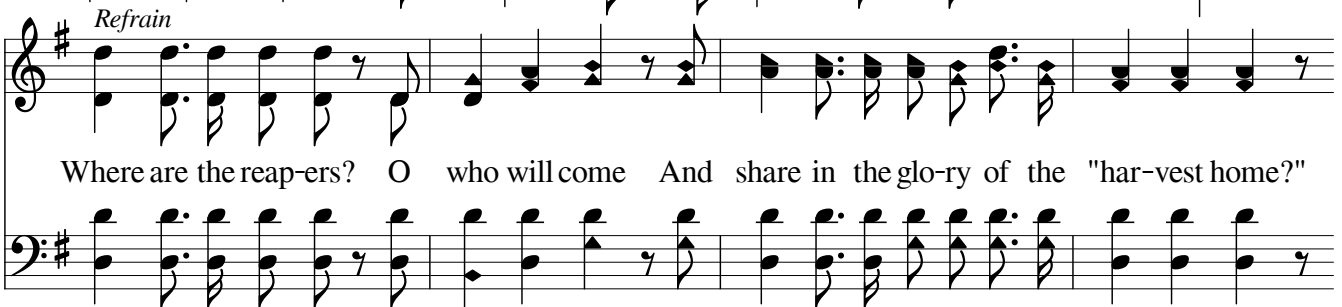
1. O where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of
2. Go out in the high - ways and search them all; The wheat may
3. The fields all are rip - 'ning, and far and wide The world now
4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er



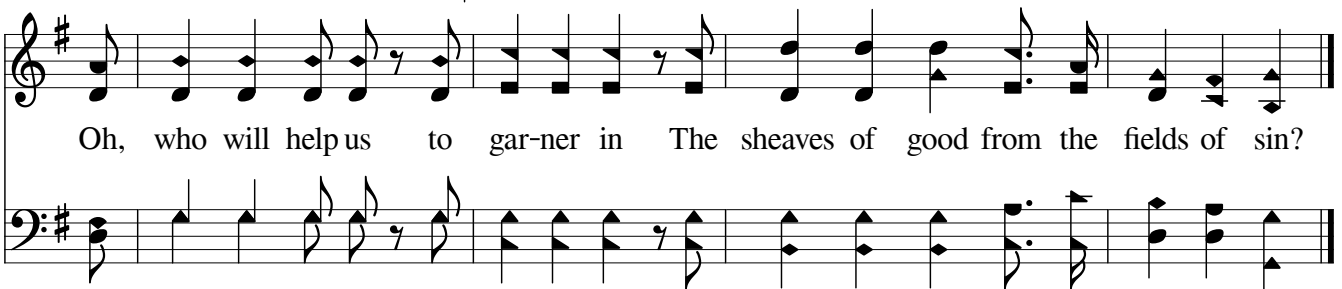
the good from the fields of sin? With sick - les of truth must the
be there, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high - way, and
is wait - ing the har - vest tide; But reap - ers are few, and the
to - geth - er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the



work be done, And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."
pass none by; But gath - er from all for the home on high.
work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.
har - vest come, Then share ye his joy in the "har - vest home."



Refrain
Where are the reap - ers? O who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home?"



Oh, who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?