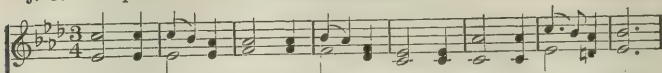


The Call for Reapers.

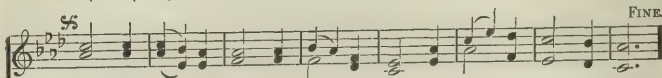
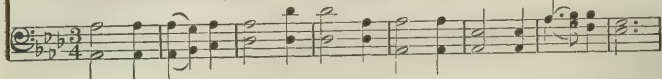
J. O. Thompson.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHILLIPS & HUNT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. B. O. Cleam.

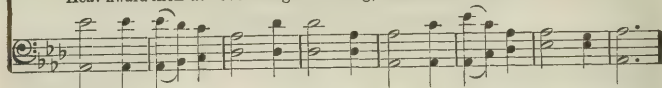


1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of rip-en-ed grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;

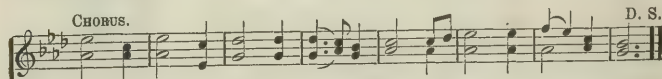


FINE.

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
 When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
 Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.



D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har-vest-time pass by.



CHORUS.

D. S.

Lord of har-vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

