



Genl Garfields favorite Hymn.

Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest

Sacred Solo
AND
QUARTETTE.

BY
J. R. THOMAS.

And respectfully dedicated to

Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield,

Mother of our late President.

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HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S FAVORITE HYMN.

SACRED SOLO AND QUARTETTE.

Music by J. R. Thomas.

Marziale.

PIANO
or
ORGAN.

1. Ho! reap-ers of life's har-vest! Why stand with rust-ed blade, Un-
 2. The Mast-er calls for reap-ers, And shall he call in vain Shall

til the night draws round thee And day be-gins to fade? Why stand ye i-dle
 sheaves lie there un-gath-ed And waste up-on the plain? Mount up the heights of

rit.

wait - - ing For reap - - - ers more to come The gol - - - den morn is
 wis - - dom And crush each er - - - ror low; Keep back no words of

pas - - sing Why sit ye i - - - dle, dumb? Thrust in your sharpened sick - - - les... And
 knowl - - - edge That hu - - - man hearts should know Be - - - faith - - - ful to thy mis - - - sion In

gath er in the grain; The night is fast approach - - - ing, And soon will come a - - -
 ser - - - vice of thy Lord And then a gol - - - den chap - - - let Shall be thy just re - - -

gain - - -
 ward. *marcato.*

QUARTETTE. (*ad. lib.*)

Risoluto espress.

SOP. Ho! reap ers of life's har vest Why stand with rust ed blade Un
 Be faith ful to thy mis sion In ser vice of the Lord And

ALTO. Ho! reap ers of life's har vest Why stand with rust ed blade Un
 Be faith ful to thy mis sion In ser vice of the Lord And

TEN. Ho! reap ers of life's har vest Why stand with rust ed blade Un
 Be faith ful to thy mis sion In ser vice of the Lord And

BASS. Ho! reap ers of life's har vest Why stand with rust ed blade Un
 Be faith ful to thy mis sion In ser vice of the Lord And

PIANO OR ORGAN. *p*

til the night draws round thee And day be gins to fade.
 then a gol den chap let Shall be thy just re ward.

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 then a gol den chap let Shall be thy just re ward.

til the night draws round thee And day be gins to fade.
 then a gol den chap let Shall be thy just re ward.

til the night draws round thee And day be gins to fade.
 then a gol den chap let Shall be thy just re ward. *after last time.*

48570 NOTE. This Quartette may be sung without accompaniment.
 If with accompaniment, let voices be *mf*, and pianoforte be *p*.