

LORD of the reapers, hear our lowly pleading,  
Thine are the fields that stand all harvest-white,  
Thine is the love that human souls are needing,  
Ere falls the dusk that deepens into night.

2 Oft have we prayed, with longing and beseeching,  
Fruit for our toil and glory for Thy Cross;  
Yet slow the reaping, slow the task of reaching  
Far distant souls whose distance is their loss.

3 Oft have we asked for some rewarding token,  
Only to know our toil was not in vain,  
And for a patient love to lead the broken  
Lives of the lost to an eternal gain.

4 Soon o'er our harvest field the twilight stealeth,  
Low on its margin stands the solemn sun;  
Rising to Thee the reapers' prayer appealeth,  
'Grant us full sheaves before the day is done.'

5 So when Thy morning floods the land with glory,  
Good will it be to meet and see Thee then!  
Learn all the triumphs of Thy love's sweet story,  
Lord of the reapers! Hope of sinful men!

*Frederic Goldsmith French, 1867-1947*