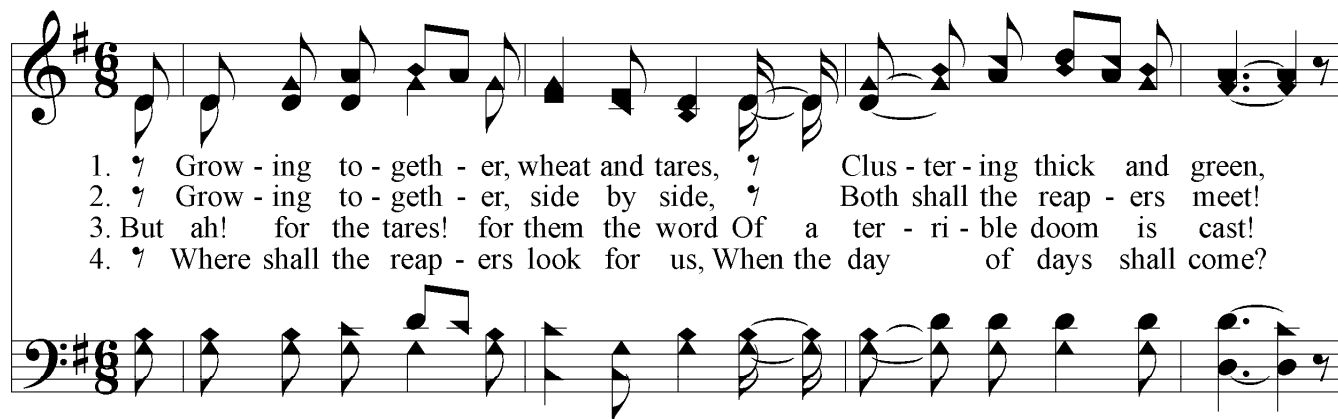
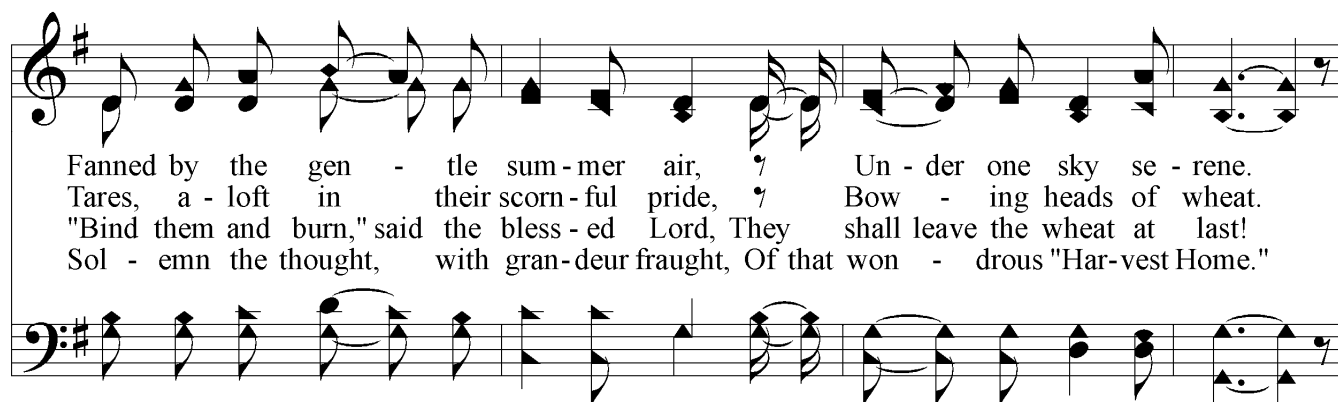


Wheat And Tares



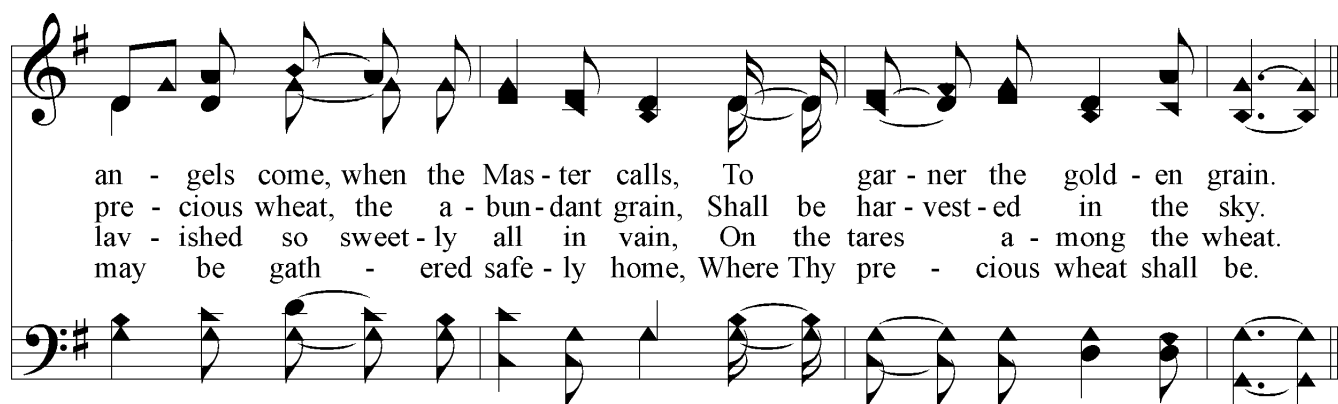
1. 7 Grow - ing to - geth - er, wheat and tares, 7 Clus - ter - ing thick and green,
 2. 7 Grow - ing to - geth - er, side by side, 7 Both shall the reap - ers meet!
 3. But ah! for the tares! for them the word Of a ter - ri - ble doom is cast!
 4. 7 Where shall the reap - ers look for us, When the day of days shall come?



Fanned by the gen - tle sum - mer air, Un - der one sky se - rene.
 Tares, a - loft in their scorn - ful pride, 7 Bow - ing heads of wheat.
 "Bind them and burn," said the bless - ed Lord, They shall leave the wheat at last!
 Sol - emn the thought, with gran - deur fraught, Of that won - drous "Har - vest Home."



O - ver them both the sun - light falls! O - ver them both the rain! Till the
 Swift and sure o'er the wav - ing plain The sick - les sharp shall fly, And the
 Nev - er a - gain the sum - mer rain, Nev - er the sun - shine sweet, That were
 Je - sus! oh, grant when Thine an - gels come, And reap the fields for Thee, We



an - gels come, when the Mas - ter calls, To gar - ner the gold - en grain.
 pre - cious wheat, the a - bun - dant grain, Shall be har - vest - ed in the sky.
 lav - ished so sweet - ly all in vain, On the tares a - mong the wheat.
 may be gath - ered safe - ly home, Where Thy pre - cious wheat shall be.

Words: Mrs. M. F. Sangster
 Music: M. F. H. Smith