

D Minor. Issachar Bates, 1800, alt.

Arr. Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805 (rebarred; alto by N. Miller).

1. The fields are all white, the har-vest is near, The reap-ers all with their sharp sick-les ap-pear,
 2. Come then, O my soul, and think on that day, When all things in na-ture shall cease and de-cay;

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 2. Come then, O my soul, and think on that day, When all things in na-ture shall cease and de-cay;

To reap down their wheat, and gath-er in barns, While wild plants of na-ture are left for to burn. left for to burn.
 The trum-pet shall sound, the an-gels ap-pear To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare. wheat and the tare.

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