

Bringing Our Sheaves with Us

Elizabeth Anne Chase Taylor Akers Allen, 1858

Henry S. Rupp (1826–1898)

♩=97



1. The time for toil is past, and night has come, The last and sad - dest
2. Last of the la - bor - ers, Thy feet I gain, Lord of the Har - vest!
3. Few, light, and worth-less— yet their trif - ling weight Through all my frame a
4. Full well I know I have more tares than wheat, Bram - bles and flowers, dry
5. I know these blos - soms, clus - tering heav-i - ly With even-ing dew up-
6. So do I ga - ther strength and hope a - new; For well I know Thy



of the har - vest eves; Worn out with la - bor long and wear - i - some,
and my spir - it grieves That I am bur - dened not so much with grain,
wea - ry ach - ing leaves; For long I strug - gled with my hap - less fate,
stalks, and wi - thered leaves; Where - fore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
- on their fold - ed leaves, Can claim no val - ue nor u - til - i - ty;
pa - tient love per - ceives Not what I did, but what I strove to do;



Droop - ing and faint, the reap - ers has - ten home, Each la - den with his sheaves,
As with a hea - vi - ness of heart and brain; Mas - ter, be - hold my sheaves!
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late, Yet these are all my sheaves,
I kneel down rev - er - ent - ly, and re - peat "Mas - ter, be - hold my sheaves,"
There - fore shall frag - ran - cy and beau - ty be The glo - ry of my sheaves,
And, though the full, ripe ears be sad - ly few, Thou will ac - cept my sheaves,



Each la - den with his sheaves.
Mas - ter, be - hold my sheaves!
Yet these are all my sheaves.
"Mas - ter, be - hold my sheaves!"
The glo - ry of my sheaves.
Thou will ac - cept my sheaves.

