



1. When the har - vest is past and the sum - mer is gone, And God's gracious pleadings are o'er,
2. When the rich gales of mer - cy no lon - ger shall blow, The gos - pel no mes - sage de - clare,
3. When the saved ones have gone to the re - gion of peace To dwell in the mansions a - bove,
4. O dear sin - ner, that liv - est at ease and se - cure, Who fear - est no troub - le to come,



When the beams cease to break of the blest Lord's Day morn, And Je - sus in - vites thee no more—  
 How canst thou, sin - ner, bear the deep wail - ing of woe, How suf - fer the night of de - spair?  
 When their har - mo - ny wakes in the full - ness of bliss, Their song to the Sav - iour of love—  
 Can thy spir - it the wail - ings of sor - row en - dure, Or bear the im - pen - i - tent's doom?



## REFRAIN



When the har - vest is past, And the sum - mer is o'er,  
 When the harvest, the harvest is past, And the summer, the summer is o'er,



When the beams cease to break of the blest Lord's Day morn, And Je - sus in - vites you no more.

