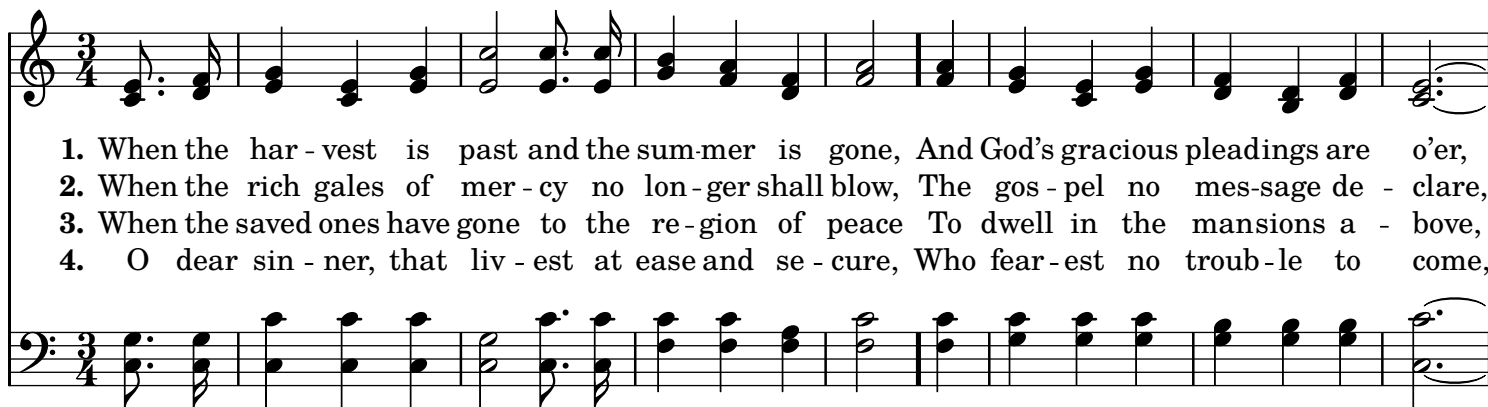


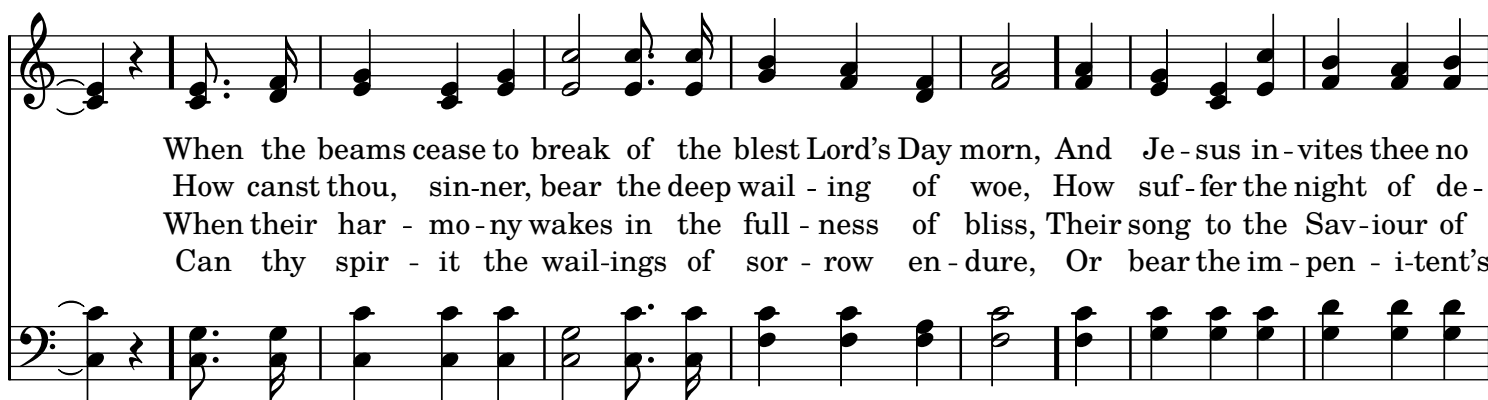
(12. 8. 12. 8. with Refrain)

S. F. Smith

H. H. McGranahan

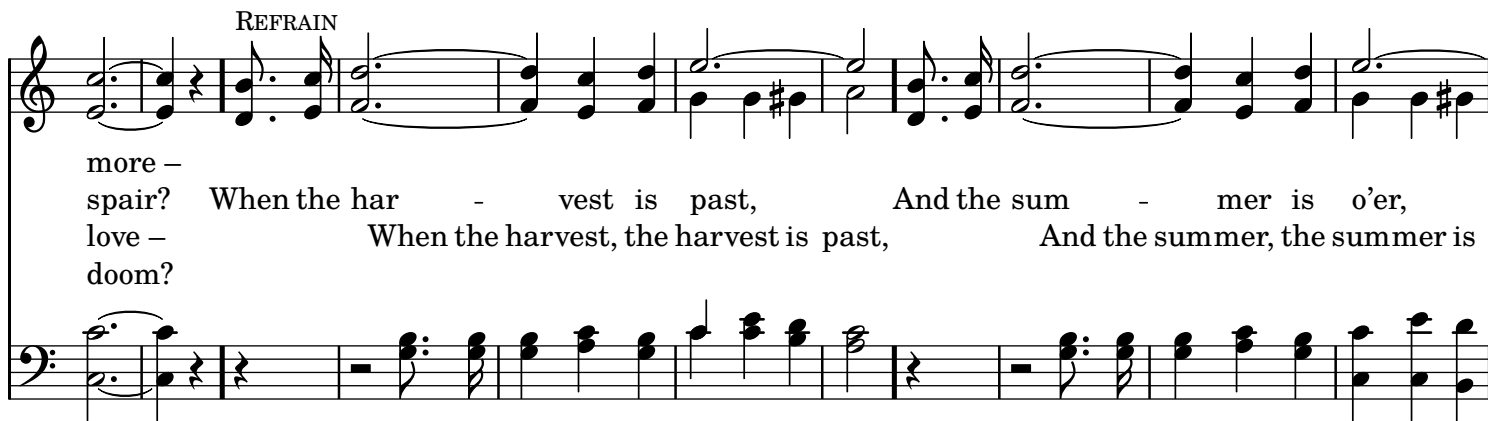


1. When the har - vest is past and the sum - mer is gone, And God's gracious pleadings are o'er,  
 2. When the rich gales of mer - cy no lon - ger shall blow, The gos - pel no mes - sage de - clare,  
 3. When the saved ones have gone to the re - gion of peace To dwell in the mansions a - bove,  
 4. 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  
 How canst thou, sin - ner, bear the deep wail - ing of woe, How suf - fer the night of de -  
 When their har - mo - ny wakes in the full - ness of bliss, Their song to the Sav - iour of  
 Can thy spir - it the wail - ings of sor - row en - dure, Or bear the im - pen - i - tent's

REFRAIN



more -  
 spair? When the har - vest is past, And the sum - mer is o'er,  
 love - When the harvest, the harvest is past, And the summer, the summer is  
 doom?



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