## HYMN 1

- This is the field; the world below, In which the sower came to sow : Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares, For so the word of truth declares ; And soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 Most awful truth; and is it so, Must all the world the harvest know ? Is every man the wheat or tare ? Then for the harvest, Lord, prepare : For soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.
- 3 To love my sins, a saint to appear ; To grow with wheat, and be a tare ; Will serve me while on earth below, Where tares and wheat together grow ; But soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.
- 4 But all that truly righteous be, Their Father's kingdom soon shall see, Shine like the sun forever there : He that hath ears, 0 let him hear ; And soon the reaping time will come, And angels shout the harvest home.

## J. HINCHSLIFFE

## HYMN 2

- There is a day, 'tis hastening on, When Zion's God shall purge his floor ; His own elect shall then be known, For he shall count those jewels o'er.
- 2 And who shall stand the fiery test Of this tremendous awful day ; When thou in wrath and terror dress'd, Shalt fan the worthless chaff away?
- 3 Delusive joys, like stubble dry, Shall not withstand devouring flame ; Nor doctrines tow'ring to the sky, Nor creeds of faith of ev'ry name.
- 4 Nought but the grains of gospel gold Will ever stand this trying day ; When like a scroll, together rolled, The starry heavens shall pass away.
- 5 How stands the case, my soul, with thee ? For heaven are thy credentials clear ? Is Jesu's blood thy only plea ? Is he thy great forerunner there ?
- 6 Is thy proud heart subdued by grace, To seek salvation in his name ? There's wisdom, power and righteousness, All cent'ring in the worthy Lamb.
- 7 Then thou mayest rest, assured of this, And lift thy favoured head with joy ; Thy hopes of heaven's eternal bliss, Earth, hell, and sin shall ne'er destroy.