

WHEAT AND TARES.

Rev. H. KINGSTON.

I Grow - ing to - geth - er, wheat and tares, Clus - ter - ing thick and green,

Fann'd by the gentle sum - mer airs, Un - der the sky se - rene.

O - ver them both the sunlight falls, O - ver them both the rain, Till the

an - gels come when the Mas - ter calls, To gath - er the gold - en grain.

Chorus.

Je - sus, O grant when Thine an - gels come, To reap the fields for Thee,

We may be gath - er'd safe - ly home, Where the precious wheat may be.

2 Growing together, side by side,
Both shall the reaper meet;
Tares aloft in their scornful pride,
Bowing their heads the wheat.
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain,
The sickle sharp shall fly,
And the precious wheat, the abundant grain,
Shall be harvested in the sky.

3 But for the tares, for them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast;
"Bind and burn," said the blessed Lord,
They shall leave the wheat at last.

Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat.

4 Where shall the reapers I ok for us,
When that day of days shall come?
Solemn the thought, with grandeur fraught,
Of that wondrous harvest home.
None but the wheat shall be gathered in,
By the Master's own command,
For the tares alone, the doom of sin,
And the flame in the Judge's hand.