**THE REAPERS ALL WITH THEIR SHARP SICKLES**

The fields are all white, the harvest is near,

The reapers all with their sharp sickles appear,

To reap down their wheat, and gather in barns,

While wild plants of nature are left for to burn.

Come, then, O my soul, meditate on that day,

When all things in nature shall cease and decay.

When the trumpet shall sound, the angels appear,

To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the tare.

‘Twill all be in vain, the mountains must flee,

The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall no more be:

The earth it shall shake, the seas shall retire,

And this solid world, then, will be all on fire.

So farewell, I leave you, pond’ring your way,

The Lord seal instruction to what I now say.

Your soul to God’s throne be pour’d out in pray’r.

That you be prepared to meet Christ in the air.