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In the Glad Time of the Harvest

When the King Shall Claim His Own. 8.7.8.7.D.

L. D. SANTEE

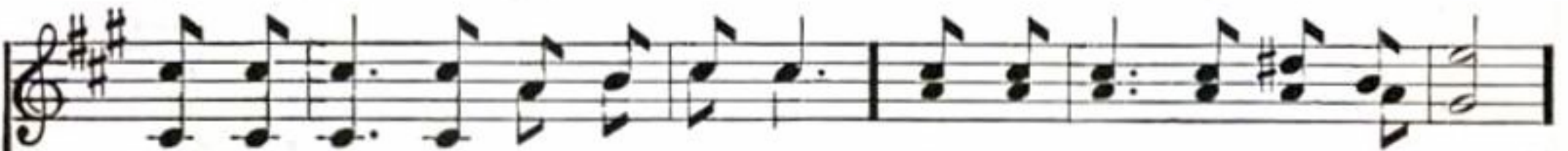
EDWIN BARNES, 1886



1. In the glad time of the har-vest, In the grand mil - len - nial year,
 2. O the rap - ture of His peo - ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,
 3. Long they've toiled with-in the har - vest, Sown the pre - cious seed with tears;
 4. We shall greet the loved and lov - ing, Who have left us lone - ly here;



When the King shall take His scep - ter, And to judge the world ap - pear,
 With their hearts e'er turn - ing home - ward, Rich in faith and love to God.
 Soon they'll drop their heav - y bur - dens In the glad mil - len - nial years;
 Ev - ery heart - ache will be ban - ished When the Sav - iour shall ap - pear;



Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand be - fore the throne;
 They will share the life im - mor - tal, They will know as they are known,
 They will share the bliss of heav - en, Nev - er - more to sigh or moan;
 Nev - er grieved with sin or sor - row, Nev - er wea - ry or a - lone;



Just a - wards will then be giv - en, When the King shall claim His own.
 They will pass the pear - ly por - tal, When the King shall claim His own.
 Star - ry crowns will then be giv - en, When the King shall claim His own.
 O, we long for that glad mor - row When the King shall claim His own.

