

The Harvest Is Past

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. Jer. 8:20
What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Mk. 8:36

1. The har-vest is past and the sum-mer is end-ed, A - las, pre-cious soul, this may be thy sad cry:
2. The har-vest is past and the sum-mer is end-ed, The last call of mer - cy for - ev - er is gone,
3. The har-vest is past and the sum-mer is end-ed, Re - fus - ing en - treat - ies still hard-er I've grown;
4. The har-vest is past and the sum-mer is end-ed, A - wak - en, dear soul, ere it be thy sad moan;

"The Spir - it is gone I've so of - ten of - fend - ed, And now with the lost I must per - ish and die."
And down to the re - gions of dark - ness e - ter - nal, In an - guish I take my sad jour - ney a - lone.
Sal - va - tion I've slight - ed, and now, un - for - giv - en, I reap for my soul of the seed I have sown.
The Sav - ior is will - ing and wait - ing to save you, Oh, come, ere His Spir - it for - ev - er has flown.

Refrain

The har-vest is past, And I am not saved; How fear-ful the cost For a soul to be lost!

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