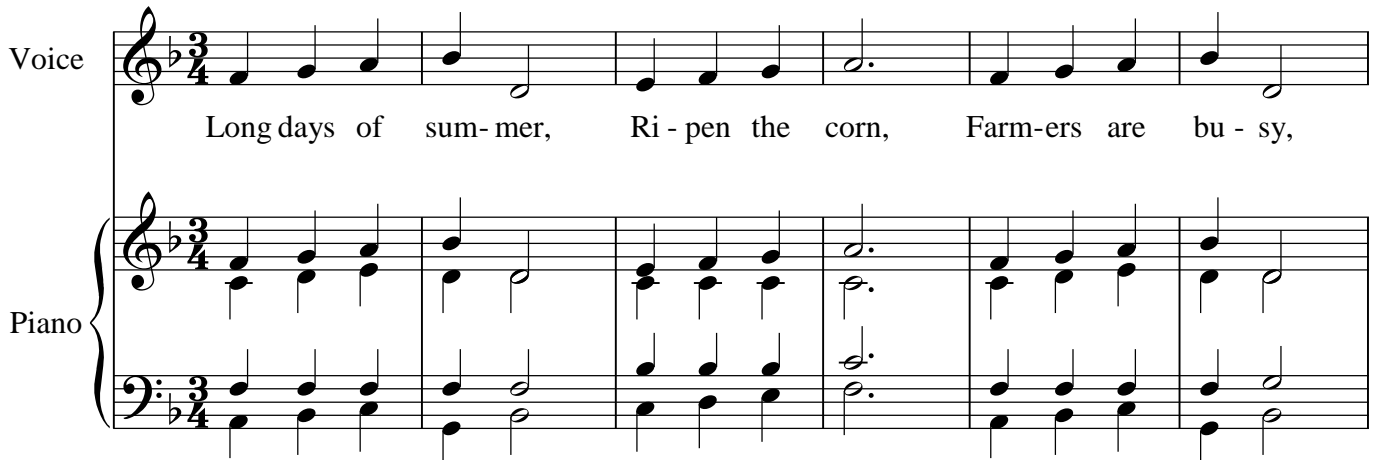


Reap The Ripe Harvest

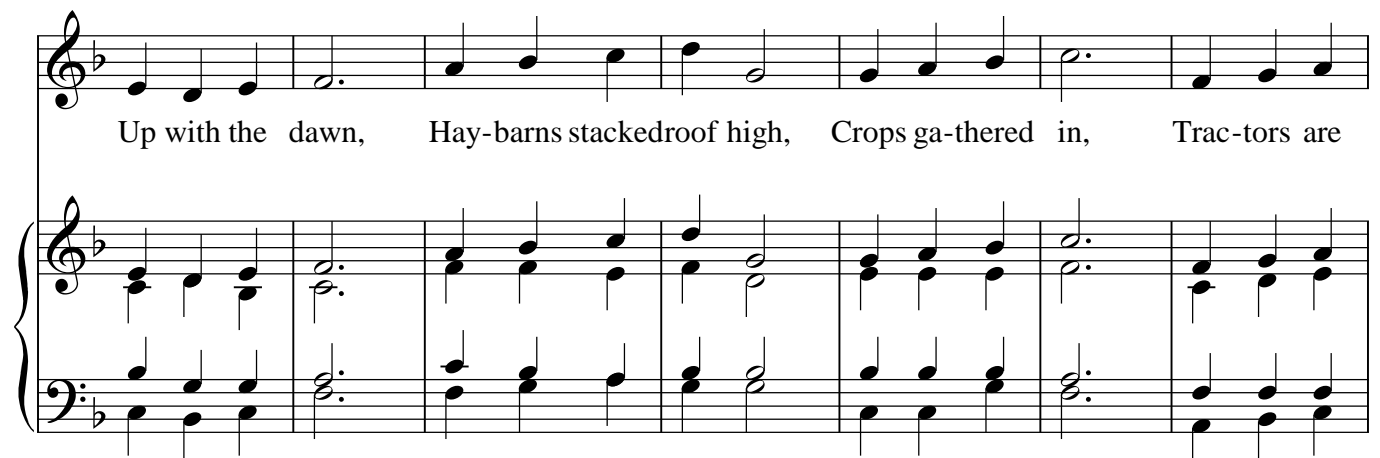
Words & Music:
Tim Hopkins

Voice



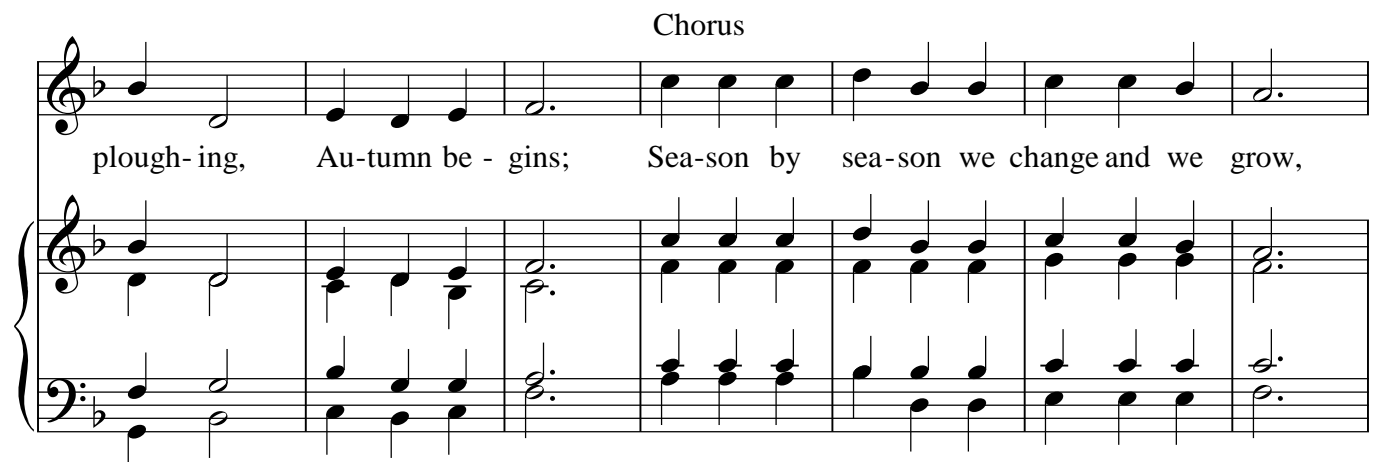
Long days of sum-mer, Ri-pen the corn, Farm-ers are bu-sy,

Piano



Up with the dawn, Hay-barns stacked roof high, Crops ga-thered in, Trac-tors are

Chorus



plough-ing, Au-tumn be-gins; Sea-son by sea-son we change and we grow,

Har-vests we reap from the seeds that we sow. Sow seeds of faith, By God's

grace they in - crease, Reap the ripe har - vest of wis - dom and peace.

2. Days growing shorter,
 Winter winds blow,
 Farmland is frozen,
 Trees lined with snow;
 Clouds block the sunlight;
 Brave robins sing,
 Nature is sleeping,
 Waiting for spring.

3. Snowdrifts are melting,
 Spring has be-gun,
 Fields have been har-rowed,
 Sowing is done;
 Young crops are turning
 Brown fields to green,
 Skylarks are grateful,
 Nesting unseen.