

# Though in the Outward

8s 6 or 8 lines

1. Though in the out-ward church be-low, The wheat and tares to-geth-er grow;  
 2. Will it re-lieve their hor-rors there, To re-col-lect their sta-tions here;  
 3. No! this will ag-gra-vate their case, They per-ished un-der means of grace,  
 4. We seem a-like when thus we meet, Stran-gers might think we all were wheat;  
 5. The tares are spared for var-ious ends, Some for the sake of pray-ing friends:  
 6. But though they grow so tall and strong, His plan will not re-quire them long:  
 7. Oh! aw-ful thought, and is it so? Must all man-kind the har-vest know?

Je-sus ere long will weed the crop, And pluck the tares in an-ger up.  
 How much they heard, how much they knew, How much a-mong the wheat they grew?  
 To them the word of life and faith, Be-came an in-stru-ment of death.  
 But to the Lord's all-search-ing eyes, Each heart ap-pears with-out dis-guise.  
 Oth-ers the Lord, a-gainst their will, Em-ploys his coun-sels to ful-fil.  
 In har-vest, when he saves his own, The tares shall in-to hell be thrown.  
 Is ev-ery man a wheat or tare? Me, for that har-vest, Lord, pre-pare.

*Chorus*

For soon the reap-ing time will come, And an-gels shout the har-vest home.

Source: A Collection of Sacred Hymns, 1844 (no.4)