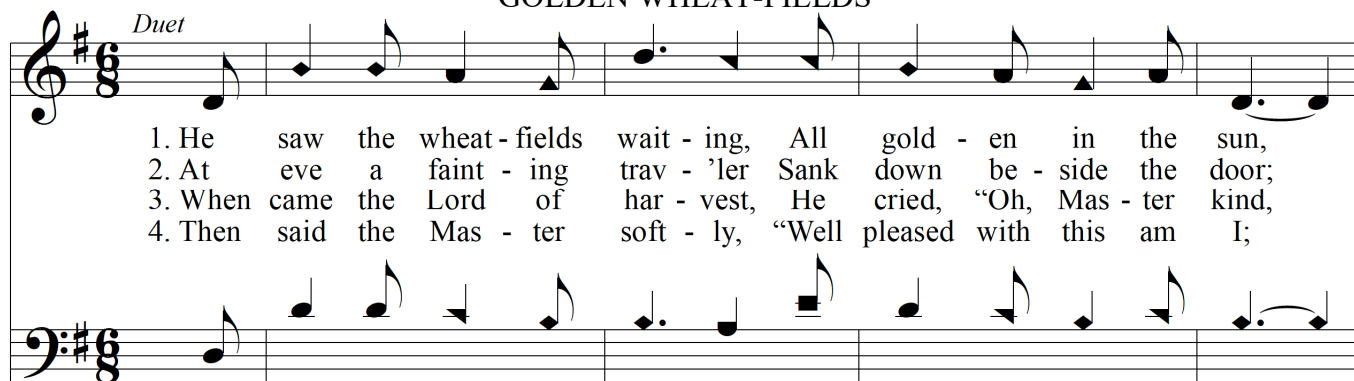


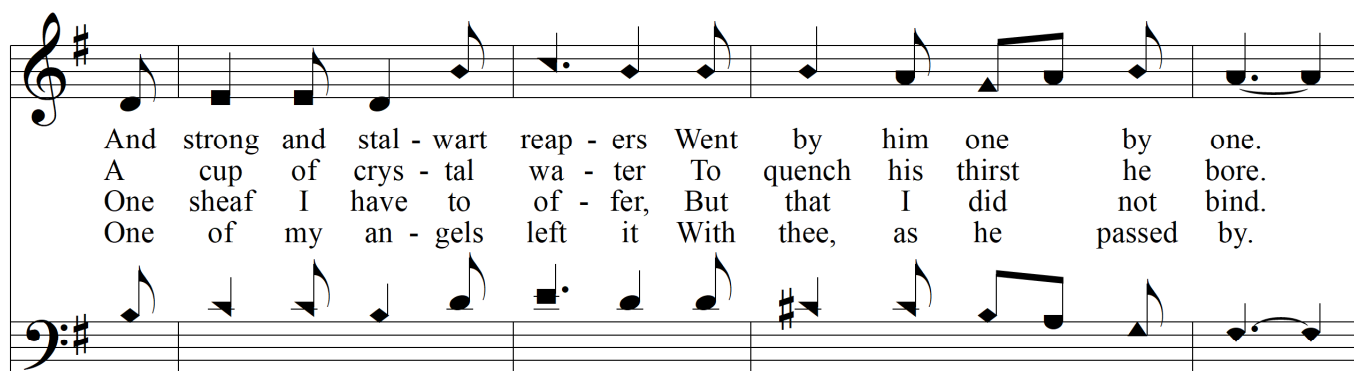
He Saw The Wheat-Fields Waiting

GOLDEN WHEAT-FIELDS

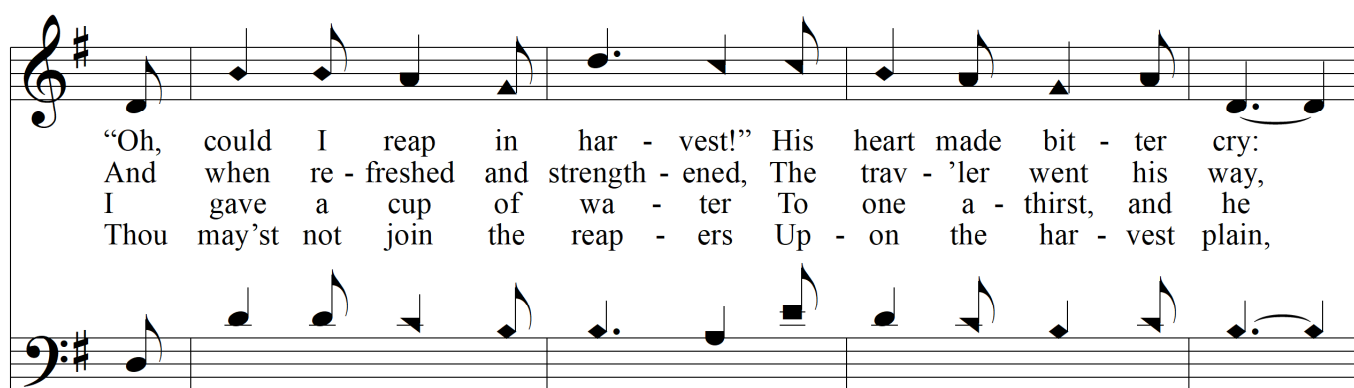
Duet



1. He saw the wheat - fields wait - ing, All gold - en in the sun,
2. At eve a faint - ing trav - 'ler Sank down be - side the door;
3. When came the Lord of har - vest, He cried, "Oh, Mas - ter kind,
4. Then said the Mas - ter soft - ly, "Well pleased with this am I;



And strong and stal - wart reap - ers Went by him one by one.
A cup of crys - tal wa - ter To quench his thirst he bore.
One sheaf I have to of - fer, But that I did not bind.
One of my an - gels left it With thee, as he passed by.



"Oh, could I reap in har - vest!" His heart made bit - ter cry:
And when re - freshed and strength - ened, The trav - 'ler went his way,
I gave a cup of wa - ter To one a - thirst, and he
Thou may'st not join the reap - ers Up - on the har - vest plain,



"I can do noth - ing, noth - ing! So weak, a - las! am I."
Up - on the poor man's thresh - old A gold - en wheat - sheaf lay.
Left at my door, in go - ing, This sheaf I of - fer Thee."
But he who helps a broth - er, Binds sheaves of rich - est grain."

He Saw The Wheat-Fields Waiting

Chorus

“So weak, a - las! am I, (So weak, a - las! am I,
A gold - en wheat - sheaf lay, (A gold - en wheat - sheaf lay,
“This sheaf I of - fer Thee, (This sheaf I of - fer Thee,)
“Binds sheaves of rich - est grain, (Binds sheaves of rich - est grain,)

I can do noth - ing, noth - ing, So weak, a - las! am I.”
Up - on the poor man's thresh - old, A gold - en wheat - sheaf lay.
Left at my door in go - ing, This sheaf I of - fer Thee.”
But he who helps a broth - er Binds sheaves of rich - est grain.”