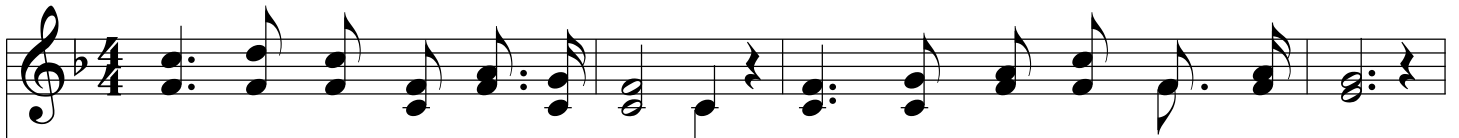


Lo, The Golden Fields Are Smiling

F



1. Lo, the gold - en fields are smil - ing, Where - fore i - dle shouldst thou be?
 2. Take the balm of con - so - la - tion, That so oft has cheered thy heart;
 3. Go and gath - er souls for Je - sus, Pre - cious souls thy love may win;
 4. Go then, work, the Mas - ter call - eth; Go, no long - er i - dle be;



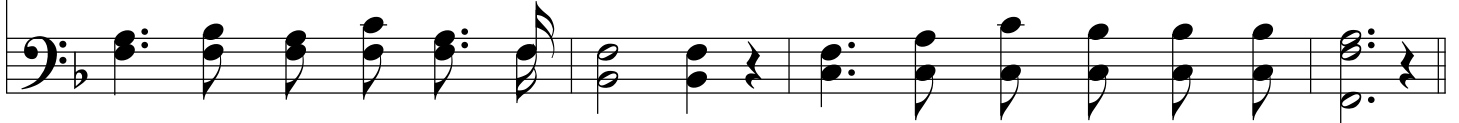
Great the har - vest, few the work - ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
 Let some wea - ry broth - er toil - er In thy com - fort share a part.
 Lead them to the door of mer - cy, Tell them how to en - ter in.
 Waste no more thy pre - cious mo - ments, For the Lord hath need of thee.



Go and work, the time is wan - ing, Let thy ear - nest heart re - ply
 Go and lift the heav - y bur - den He has strug - gled long to bear;
 Go and gath - er souls for Je - sus, Work while strength and breath re - main;
 Once He gave His life thy ran - som That thy soul with Him might live,



To the call so oft re - peat - ed, "Bless - ed Mas - ter, here am I."
 Go, and kneel - ing down be - side him, Blend thy faith with his in pray'r.
 What are years of con - stant la - bor, To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
 Now the ser - vice He de - mand - eth Can thy heart re - fuse to give?



Lo, The Golden Fields Are Smiling

Chorus



Hark, the song, the song of bus - y work - ers, In the fields so fair to see;



Go and fill thy place a - mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

