

# The Fields Are White

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1. The fields are all white, And the reap - ers are few, We chil - dren are  
2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We can - not teach  
3. We'll work by our pray'rs, By the of - f'ings we bring, By small self - de -  
4. Un - til, by and by, As the years pass at length, We too may be

will - ing, But what can we do, To work for our Lord in His har - vest?  
oth - ers; How then shall we seek To work for our Lord in His har - vest?  
ni - als; The least lit - tle thing May work for our Lord in His har - vest.  
reap - ers, And go forth in strength To work for our Lord in His har - vest.