

The Harvest Time

1. Look up! be - hold, the fields are white, The har - vest time is near;
2. Look up! be - hold, the fields are white, The la - bor - ers are few!
3. Look up! be - hold, the fields are white, The Mas - ter soon will come

The sum - mons of the Mas - ter falls Up - on the reap - er's ear;
The gath - 'ring of the har - vest must By grace de - pend on you.
And car - ry with re - joic - ing heart His gath - ered tro - phies home.

Go forth in - to the gold - en grain And bind the pre - cious sheaves,
Go forth thru - out the bus - y world, The world of want and sin.
And can you stand with emp - ty arms, While glad - ly He re - ceives

And gar - ner for the Lord of hosts The har - vest which He gives.
And gath - er for the Lord of hosts Its dy - ing mil - lions in.
From oth - ers in the har - vest field A load of pre - cious sheaves.