

The Fields Are White

E. J. Peacock, 1922.

Charles Gabriel.

The fields are all white to the harvest,  
And calling for workers today;  
The rich, golden grain now invites you,  
Oh, who will the summons obey?

Refrain

The harvest is calling,  
Awake from thy sleeping!  
For few are the workers,  
And soon comes the night,  
Go forth to the reaping.

The reapers are few for the labor,  
And great is the need of the hour;  
Go forth in the name of the Master,  
For He will endue you with power.

Refrain

And pray ye the Lord of the harvest  
To send forth His reapers amain,  
For the harvest most surely will perish  
Unless we shall garner the grain.

Refrain

And this is the promise He giveth:  
The reaper shall wages receive,  
And gather his fruit, life eternal:  
Go forth, and the promise believe!

Refrain