

Lo! the Golden Fields Are Smiling  
Fanny Crosby, 1900.  
William Kirkpatrick.

Lo! the golden fields are smiling,  
Wherefore idle shouldst thou be?  
Great the harvest, few the workers,  
And the Lord hath need of thee.  
Go and work, the time is waning,  
Let thy earnest heart reply  
To the call so oft repeated,  
"Blessed Master, here am I."

Refrain

Hark! the song, the song of busy workers,  
In the fields so fair to see;  
Go and fill thy place among them,  
For the Lord hath need of thee.

Take the balm of consolation  
That so oft has cheered thy heart;  
Let some weary brother toiler,  
In thy comfort share a part.  
Go and lift the heavy burden,  
He has struggled long to bear,  
Go, and kneeling down beside him,  
Blend thy faith with his in prayer.

Refrain

Go and gather souls for Jesus;  
Precious souls thy love may win;  
Lead them to the door of mercy;  
Tell them how to enter in.  
Go and gather souls for Jesus;  
Work while strength and breath remain;  
What are years of constant labor  
To the joy thou yet shalt gain?

Refrain

Go, then, work, the Master calleth;  
Go, no longer idle be;  
Waste no more thy precious moments,  
For the Lord hath need of Thee.  
Once He gave His life thy ransom,  
That thy soul with Him might live;  
Now the service He demandeth  
Can thy heart refuse to give?

Refrain