

The Master Wants Workers

1. The Mas - ter wants work - ers, His har - vest is white, His com -
 2. The Mas - ter wants work - ers, each ser - vice He knows, Not
 3. The Mas - ter wants work - ers, the night com - eth soon, When the
 4. The Mas - ter wants work - ers, His har - vest is great, 'Tis the

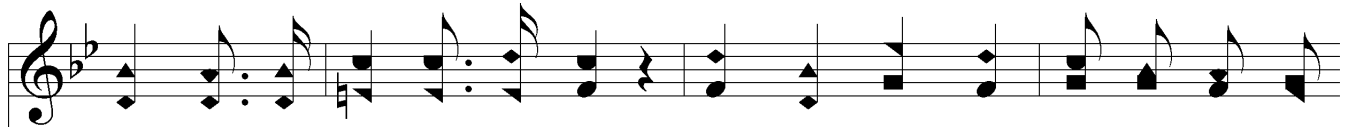
mand, 'Go ye forth,' is to all; Go work with a will, and let
 one is too small to re - cord: E'en he who a cup of cold
 wea - ry shall rest from all care; When those who have toiled thru the
 world with its mil - lions un - taught; A mul - ti - tude fast rush - ing

not the dark night On an un - gath - ered har - vest - field fall.
 wa - ter be - stows In His name, shall not loose His re - ward.
 heat of the noon Shall no long - er its wea - ri - ness bear.
 on to their fate, Know - ing not what the Sav - ior has wrought.

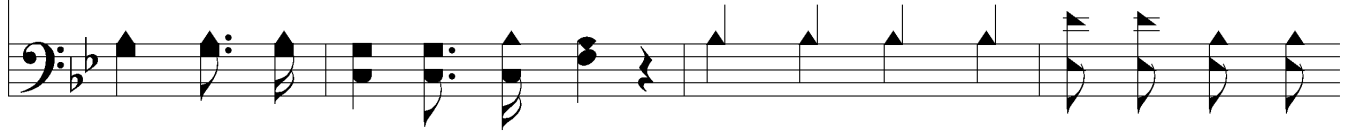
Chorus

Work - ers, work - ers, The Mas - ter wants the work - ers; There is work for

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all and He call - eth for you! Work - ers, work - ers, read - y, will - ing



work - ers, Oh, there is work for all of His chil - dren to do.

