

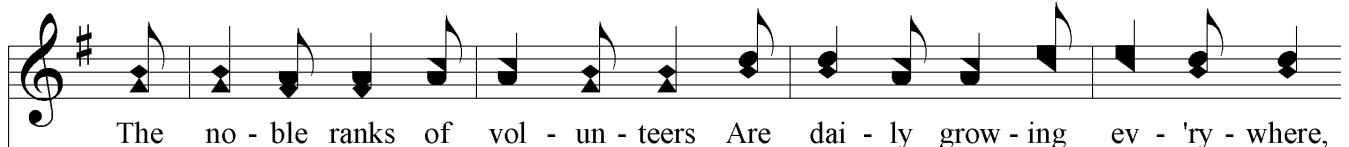
# Harvest Time



1. A - rise! the Mas - ter calls for thee, The har - vest days are here!  
 2. Go seek the lost and err - ing ones, Who nev - er knew the Lord;  
 3. The mes - sage bear to dis - tant lands Be - yond the roll - ing sea;



No long - er sit with fold - ed hands, But gath - er, far and near.  
 Go lead them from the ways of sin, And thou shalt have re - ward.  
 Go tell them of the Sav - ior's love The Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

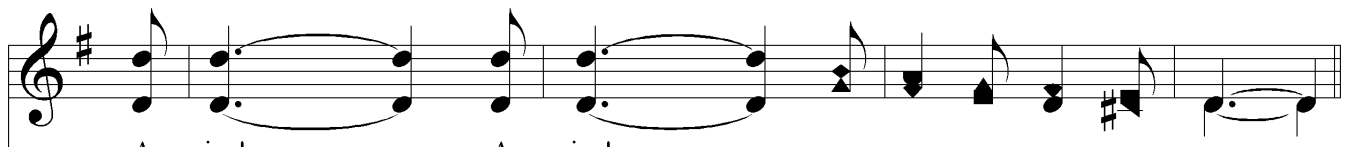


The no - ble ranks of vol - un - teers Are dai - ly grow - ing ev - 'ry - where,  
 Go out in - to the hedg - es, where The care - less drift up - on the tide,  
 A - rise! the Mas - ter calls for thee! Sal - va - tion full and free pro - claim,

A - rise!

A - rise!

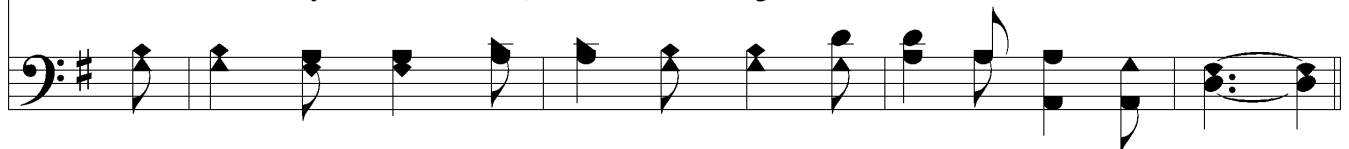
A - rise!



A - rise!

A - rise!

But still there's work for mil - lions more! Then for the field pre - pare.  
 And from the high - ways bring them in Let no one be de - nied.  
 Till ev - 'ry kin - dred, tribe and tongue Ex - alt the Sav - ior's name!



# Harvest Time

*Chorus*

A - rise! A - rise! A - rise! The Mas - ter calls for thee,

A - rise! A - rise! A - rise! A faith - ful reap - er be, A - rise!

The field The field is white, is white, and days are go - ing by, A - rise!

*Rit...*

A - wake, A - wake, a - wake, And an - swer: "Here am I!"