

# He Saw The Wheat-Fields Waiting

GOLDEN WHEAT-FIELDS

*Duet*

1. He saw the wheat - fields wait - ing, All gold - en in the sun,  
2. At eve a faint - ing trav - 'ler Sank down be - side the door;  
3. When came the Lord of har - vest, He cried, "Oh, Mas - ter kind,  
4. Then said the Mas - ter soft - ly, "Well pleased with this am I;

And strong and stal - wart reap - ers Went by him one by one.  
A cup of crys - tal wa - ter To quench his thirst he bore.  
One sheaf I have to of - fer, But that I did not bind.  
One of my an - gels left it With thee, as he passed by.

"Oh, could I reap in har - vest!" His heart made bit - ter cry:  
And when re - freshed and strength - ened, The trav - 'ler went his way,  
I gave a cup of wa - ter To one a - thirst, and he  
Thou may'st not join the reap - ers Up - on the har - vest plain,

"I can do noth - ing, noth - ing! So weak, a - las! am I."  
Up - on the poor man's thresh - old A gold - en wheat - sheaf lay.  
Left at my door, in go - ing, This sheaf I of - fer Thee."  
But he who helps a broth - er, Binds sheaves of rich - est grain."

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## Chorus

“So weak, a - las! am I, (So weak, a - las! am I,  
A gold - en wheat - sheaf lay, (A gold - en wheat - sheaf lay,  
“This sheaf I of - fer Thee, (This sheaf I of - fer Thee,)  
“Binds sheaves of rich - est grain, (Binds sheaves of rich - est grain,)

I can do noth - ing, noth - ing, So weak, a - las! am I.”  
Up - on the poor man's thresh - old, A gold - en wheat - sheaf lay.  
Left at my door in go - ing, This sheaf I of - fer Thee.”  
But he who helps a broth - er Binds sheaves of rich - est grain.”