To the Harvest Fields

1. To the harvest fields I will gladly go, In the service of my King,
   With a song of love to the faint and low, In the service of my King!
   In the service of my King, In the service of my King!

2. Let me ever work with a willing hand, In the service of my King,
   Guided by His word, heeding each command, In the service of my King!
   In the blessed service of my King! In the service of my King!

3. Let me win some soul that his life may be, In the service of my King,
   Let me sing some song that will make me free, In the service of my King!
   In the blessed service of my King! In the service of my King!

4. Just a kindly word or a song of pray'r, In the service of my King,
   That the lost may turn and His glory share, In the service of my King!
   It is glory here, joy beyond compare, In the service of my King!
   In the blessed service of my King! In the service of my King!