The Harvest Time

Words: Rev. M. L. Hofford
Music: W. F. Sherwin

1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near;
The sum-mons of the Mas-ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear;
Go forth in- to the gold-en grain And bind the pre-cious sheaves,
And gar-ner for the Lord of hosts The har-vest which He gives.

2. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The la-bor-ers are few!
The gath-ering of the har-vest must By grace de-pend on you.
Go forth thru-out the bus-ty world, The world of want and sin.
And gath-er for the Lord of hosts Its dy-ing mil-lions in.

3. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The Mas-ter soon will come
And car-ry with re-joic-ing heart His gath-ered tro-phies home.
And can you stand with emp-ty arms, While glad-ly He re-cieves
From oth-ers in the har-vest field A load of pre-cious sheaves.