

Lo! the Golden Fields Are Smiling

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1900

William James Kirkpatrick

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. Lo! the gold - en fields are smil - ing, Where - fore i - dle shouldst thou be?
 2. Take the balm of con - so - la - tion That so oft has cheered thy heart;
 3. Go and ga - ther souls for Je - sus; Pre - cious souls thy love may win;
 4. Go, then, work, the Mas - ter call - eth; Go, no long - er i - dle be;

Great the har - vest, few the work - ers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
 Let some wear - y bro - ther toil - er, In thy com - fort share a part.
 Lead them to the door of mer - cy; Tell them how to en - ter in.
 Waste no more thy pre - cious mo - ments, For the Lord hath need of Thee.

Go and work, the time is wan - ing, Let thy ear - nest heart re - ply
 Go and lift the heav - y bur - den, He has strug - gled long to bear,
 Go and ga - ther souls for Je - sus; Work while strength and breath re - main;
 Once He gave His life thy ran - som, That thy soul with Him might live;

§ *Fine*

To the call so oft re - peat - ed, "Bless - èd Mas - ter, here am I."
 Go, and kneel - ing down be - side him, Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
 What are years of con - stant la - bor To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
 Now the ser - vice He de - mand - eth Can thy heart re - fuse to give?

D.S. Go and fill thy place a - mong them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

Refrain *D.S. al Fine*

Hark! the song, the song of bu-sy work-ers, In the fields so fair to see;