

The Fields Are White

E. J. Peacock, 1922

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$\text{♩} = 140$



1. The fields are all white to the har - vest, And call - ing for work-ers to - day; The
2. The reap - ers are few for the la - bor, And great is the need of the hour; Go
3. And pray ye the Lord of the har - vest To send forth His reap - ers a - main, For the
4. And this is the prom-ise He giv - eth: The reap - er shall wag - es re - ceive, And



rich, gold-en grain now in - vites you, Oh, who will the sum - mons o - bey?
forth in the name of the Mas - ter, For He will en - due you with power. The
har - vest most sure - ly will per - ish Un - less we shall gar - ner the grain.
ga - ther his fruit, life e - ter - nal: Go forth, and the prom-ise be - lieve!



har - - vest is call - - ing, A - wake from thy sleep - - ing! For
The har-vest is call-ing, the fields are all white, A-wake ye, a - wake, A-wake from thy sleep-ing!



few are the work-ers, And soon comes the night, Go forth to the reap-ing.

