

Lo! The Golden Fields Are Smiling

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1882

William James Kirkpatrick

♩=100



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;

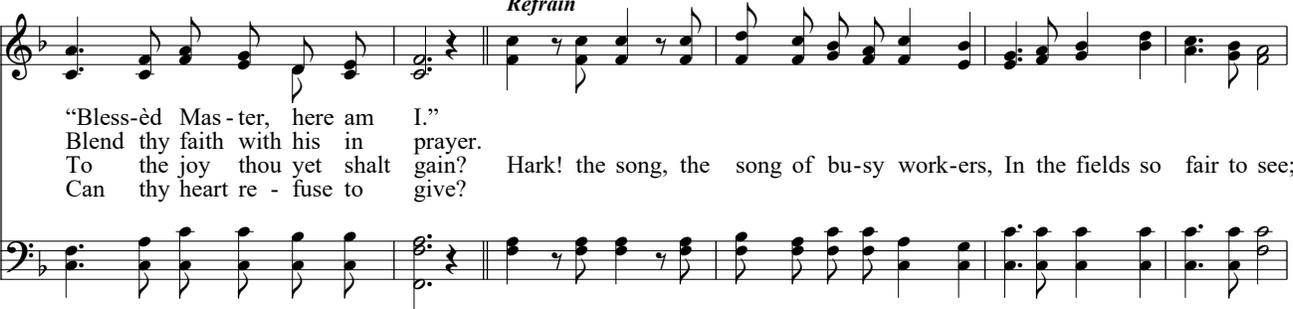


Great the har - vest, few the work - ers, And the Lord hath need of thee. Go and work, the time is
Let some wear - y bro - ther toil - er, In thy com - fort share a part. Go and lift the heav - y
Lead them to the door of mer - cy; Tell them how to en - ter in. Go and ga - ther souls for
Waste no more thy pre - cious mo - ments, For the Lord hath need of Thee. Once He gave His life thy

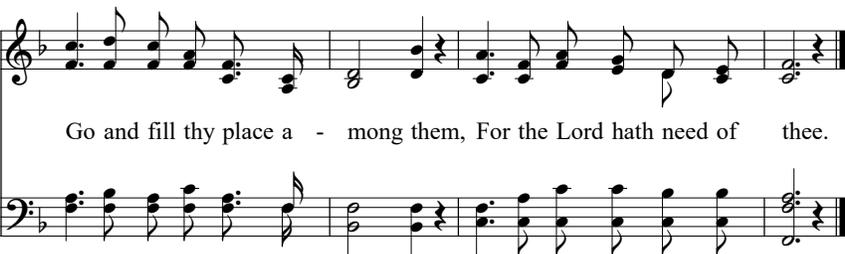


wan - ing, Let thy ear - nest heart re - ply To the call so oft re - peat - ed,
bur - den, He has strug - gled long to bear, Go, and kneel - ing down be - side him,
Je - sus; Work while strength and breath re - main; What are years of con - stant la - bor
ran - som, That thy soul with Him might live; Now the ser - vice He de - mand - eth

Refrain



“Bless - èd Mas - ter, here am I.”
Blend thy faith with his in prayer.
To the joy thou yet shalt gain? Hark! the song, the song of bu - sy work - ers, In the fields so fair to see;
Can thy heart re - fuse to give?



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