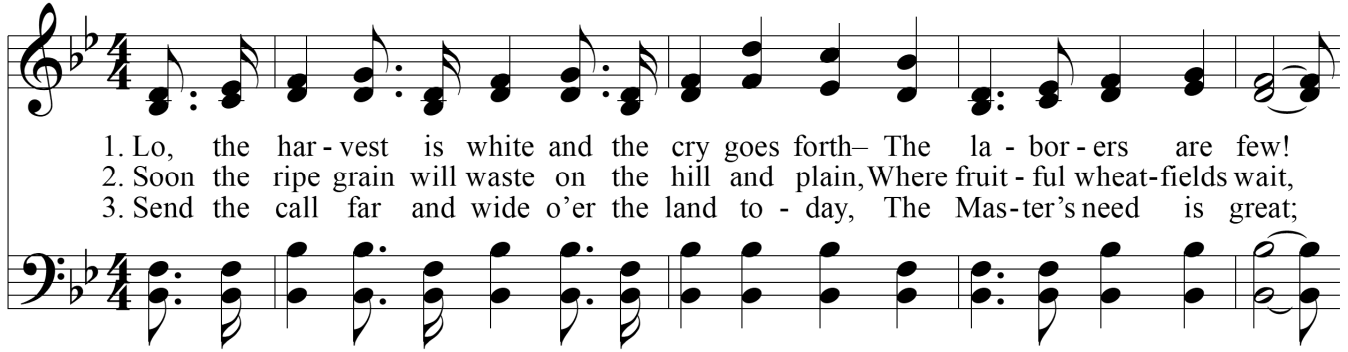
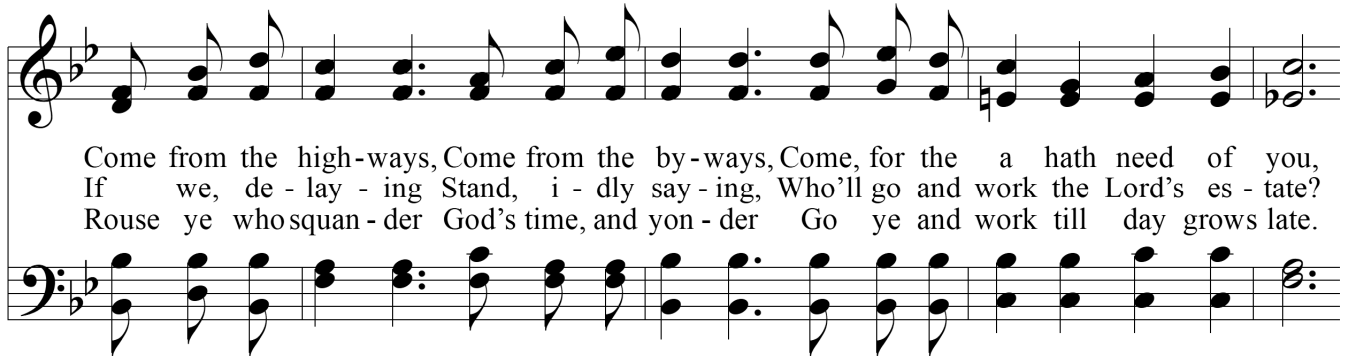


# Lo, The Harvest Is White

GO FORTH, YE REAPERS



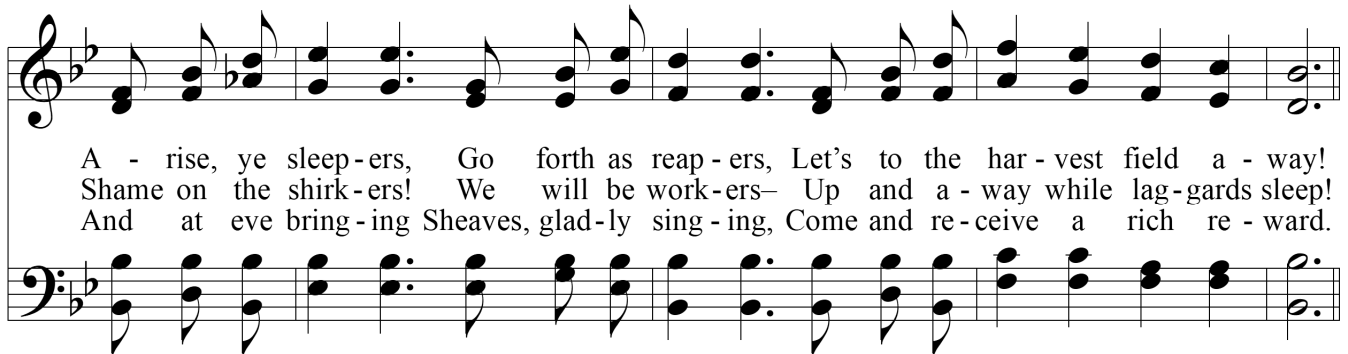
1. Lo, the har-vest is white and the cry goes forth— The la - bor - ers are few!  
2. Soon the ripe grain will waste on the hill and plain, Where fruit - ful wheat-fields wait,  
3. Send the call far and wide o'er the land to - day, The Mas - ter's need is great;



Come from the high-ways, Come from the by-ways, Come, for the a hath need of you,  
If we, de - lay - ing Stand, i - dly say - ing, Who'll go and work the Lord's es - tate?  
Rouse ye whosquan - der God's time, and yon - der Go ye and work till day grows late.



Come and work in the ser - vice of God to - day— Rich wag - es He will pay.  
Shall we shirk when our com - rades go forth to reap Where grain stands thick and deep?  
Do the best that you can for the Mas - ter-Lord, And take Him at His word,



A - rise, ye sleep - ers, Go forth as reap - ers, Let's to the har - vest field a - way!  
Shame on the shirk - ers! We will be work - ers— Up and a - way while lag - gards sleep!  
And at eve bring - ing Sheaves, glad - ly sing - ing, Come and re - ceive a rich re - ward.

# Lo, The Harvest Is White

## Refrain

Go forth, ye reap-ers, haste to-day! Sleep not your time a-way, And from the  
Sleep not your time, your time a-way,

hill and from the plain Take up rich sheaves and load the wain; And  
from the hill and from the plain Take sheaves and load the wain;

And load the trust-y wain;

sing-ing glad-ly as you reap, Be work-ers while you may. In  
work-ers while you may.

sun or rain, Go gath-er in the grain, for ripe the har-vest waits to-day. A-men.