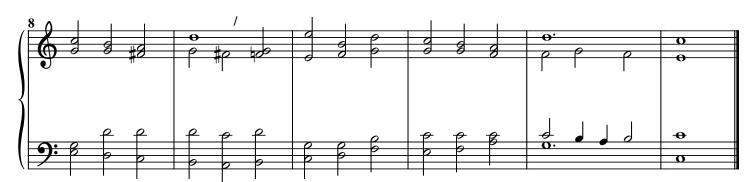
## The fields are all white

F.L. Wiseman, 1858-1944 Colvend 56.65.9





The fields are all white, And the reapers are few; We children are willing, But what can we do To work for our Lord in His harvest?

Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak: We cannot teach others; How then shall we seek To work for our Lord in His harvest? We'll work by our prayers, By the offerings we bring, By small self-denials; The least little thing May work for our Lord in His harvest:

Until by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength,
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

Book of praise for children, 1881

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