



Look on the Fields



Paul Veitch

Look upon the fields to harvest;
Labourers are few.
Think, my friend, will you go forward.
Is God calling you?

Thousands dying every moment;
Lost eternally
While the Saviour died to save them;
Set sin's captives free.

Woe for ever in hell's darkness
Is their awful plight
While in heaven we are dwelling
In God's love and light.

See the Lamb now crowned with glory,
See the wounds He bears;
All our sins once laid upon Him,
Tell how much He cares.

God so loved a world of sinners;
Chief of sinners I
Till I heard that God so loved me;
Sent His Son to die.

Go my friend His love proclaiming;
Pardon free to all.
Through His blood all sins forgiven.
Will you heed His call?

