He Saw The Wheat-Fields Waiting

GOLDEN WHEAT-FIELDS

1. He saw the wheat-fields waiting, All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers Went by him one by one.
“Oh, could I reap in harvest?” His heart made bitter cry:
“I can do nothing, nothing! So weak, alas! am I.”

2. At eve a fainting traveler Sank down beside the door;
A cup of crystal water To quench his thirst he bore.
And when refreshed and strengthened, The traveler went his way,
Up on the poor man’s threshold A golden wheat sheaf lay.

3. When came the Lord of harvest, He cried, “Oh, Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer, But that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water To one a-thirst, and he
Left at my door, in going, This sheaf I offer Thee.”

4. Then said the Master softly, “Well pleased with this am I;
One of my angels left it With thee, as he passed by.
Thou may’st not join the reapers Up on the harvest plain,
But he who helps a brother, Binds sheaves of richest grain.”

Words: Unknown
Music: Arr. by J. B. Herbert

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Chorus

“So weak, alas! am I, (So weak, alas! am I,)
A golden wheat-sheaf lay, (A golden wheat-sheaf lay,)
“This sheaf I offer Thee, (This sheaf I offer Thee,)
“Binds sheaves of richest grain, (Binds sheaves of richest grain.)

I can do nothing, nothing, So weak, alas! am I.”
Up on the poor man’s threshold, A golden wheat-sheaf lay.
Left at my door in going, This sheaf I offer Thee.”
But he who helps a brother Binds sheaves of richest grain.”