Go Forth, Go Forth

1. The field is great, the grain is white, The day is fading into night;
2. Go forth, and reap with willing hands, The golden grain awaiting stands;
3. Go forth, the laborers are few, There's much for willing hands to do;

Go forth, go forth, nor idle be, The Lord of harvest needeth thee.
Go forth, go forth, and garner in, The wand'ring ones from paths of sin.
Go forth, go forth, do not delay, The Master bids you haste away.

Chorus

Go forth, go forth, and reap today. The field is ready, haste away:

Go forth, some precious soul to win, Go bid them quickly enter in.

Words: L. E. Jones
Music: P. P. Bilhorn

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