

# The Fields Are All White

1. The fields are all white, And the reap - ers are few; We chil - dren are  
 2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We can - not teach  
 3. We'll work by our prayers, By the pen - nies we bring, By small self - de -  
 4. Un - til, by and by, As the years pass, at length We too may be

will - ing, But what can we do To work for our Lord in His  
 oth - ers; How, then, shall we seek To work for our Lord in His  
 ni - als; The least lit - tle thing May work for our Lord in His  
 reap - ers, And go forth in strength To work for our Lord in His

har - vest, To work for our Lord in His har - vest? A - men.