

RESCUE THE PERISHING

- (1) Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
- (chorus) Rescue the perishing, care of the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
- (2) Tho they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with the earnestly, plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.
- (3) Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that are broken will vibrate once more.
- (4) Rescue the perishing, duty demands it -
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way, patiently win them,
Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

THE CALL FOR REAPERS

- (1) Far and near the fields are teeming,
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming,
O'er the sunny slope and plain.
- (chorus) Lord of harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
E're the harvest time pass-by.
- (2) Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noon-tide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.
- (3) O thou, whom the Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold;
Heavenward then at evening's wending,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.