

## The Harvest

## Wolves At The Gate

The valley is wide and the canyons are deep  
For a harvest is ready of that which to reap  
Many before grabbed a sickle to shear  
But their days have past and your time is near  
So listen to me  
and heed my words see  
The world will tell you  
that we are foolish  
My words are not of simple flesh and blood  
My words are not of simple flesh and blood  
There is a famine of truth and love  
So we must press forward, forget what's behind  
But still we must go and advance His Word  
But still we must go

We must go now!  
We must go now!  
No looking back we press on  
No looking back we press on to the kingdom of God

Have our hands worked the fields for Your glory?  
Or have our tongues spoken of Your story?  
Have our feet seen the pain in the labor?  
Or have we wandered off and wavered?

Racing the clock with our selfish involvement  
Pacing our walk till the sun falls, the day's spent  
Have the stalks seen the blade of your shear?  
And will you labor and work for your rest, rest is  
near?

If only I can see things through Your eyes  
Ignite in me a burning flame  
Forsaken life I count it as loss for the sake of the  
cross  
Before the sun goes down

Before the coming of night  
One will have I, and testament I will observe  
One will have I, and testament I will  
I will serve

Have our hearts felt the anguish of toil?  
Or worked the ground tiling broken soil?  
Have our eyes seen the joy in the reaping?  
Or have we shied from our work with our sleeping?

Racing the clock with our selfish involvement  
Pacing our walk till the sun falls, the day's spent  
Have the stalks seen the blade of your shear?  
And will you labor and work for your rest, rest is  
near?

If only I can see things through Your eyes  
Ignite in me a burning flame  
Forsaken life I count it as loss for the sake of the  
cross

Before the sun goes down

My family as one unite  
The time is ever nearing as we're losing daylight  
So listen to me and heed my words see  
The world will tell you that we are foolish  
Hear you now the Master's voice it calls  
Hear you now the Master's voice it calls  
The harvest is plenty but the workers are few  
The harvest is plenty but the workers are few