1. Hear the Lord of harvest sweetly calling, "Who will go and work for Me today? Who will bring to Me the lost and dying? pure, as pure can be; When the voice of God said, "Who'll go for us?"

2. When the coal of fire touched the prophet, Making him as sad and bitter cry; Has ten, brother, has ten to the rescue; for the harvest, home; May the Lord of harvest smile upon us,

3. Millions now in sin and shame are dying; Listen to their CHORUS

Who will point them to the narrow way?"
Then he answered, "Here I am, send me." Speak, my Lord, speak, my Quick-ly answer, "Master, here am I." May we hear His blessed, "Child, well done." Speak, my Lord,

4. Soon the time for reaping will be over; Soon we'll gather Lord, Speak, and I'll be quick to answer Thee; Speak, my Lord, to answer Thee;

Lord, speak, my Lord, Speak, and I will answer; "Lord, send me." Speak, my Lord, "Lord, send me."