

HERE AM I, SEND ME

Verse 1

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work today?
Fields are white and harvests waiting;
Who will bear the sheave away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth;
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me"?

Verse 2

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

Verse 3

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Verse 4

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"