

Behold! the Harvest Wide Extends

Lyric adapted from 3 hymns of Parley P. Pratt

Music by M. Ryan Taylor

$\text{♩} = 42$

p Be -

5

hold the har-vest wide ex-tends, The fields are white all o'er the plain, The

9

tares in bun - dles must be bound While we with care se - cure the

12 $\text{♩} = 48$

grain. *mf* How rich is the trea - sure, ye saints of the Lord, En -

15

trus - ted to us as made known by His word, *p* The plan of Sal - va - tion, the

18 *cresc.*

Gos - pel of grace, To pub - lish a broad un - to A - dam's lost race!

21 $\text{♩} = 84$ *cresc.*

p Shall we re - pine when Je - sus calls, or count it

25 *decresc.*

sac - ri - fice to spend our lives, *mf* Or lose them for the Gos - pel sake, *p* When

29 *cresc.*

He, our Sa - vior, did the same, With - out a place to lay His

29 *rit.* *p* *8va*

32 $\text{♩} = 42$

Head? *f* Shall we be - hold the na - tions doomed to

32 *f*

35 sword, and fa - mine, blood and fire, Yet not the least ex - er - tion make, but

35

39 from the scene in peace re - tire? No; *mf* Glad - ly we'll go to the

39 *rit.* *mf*

$\text{♩} = 48$

52 *cresc.*

e - v'ry land must hear the sound! And tongues and na - tions

55

long un-known Since they were lost, shall soon be found.

55 *ff* *rit.*

8vb-----