

The Missionary Anthem

Written by W.J.Pais

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1. Oh God, the Shepherd of our souls,
See us wandering away from you,
Searching for what we think is true Gold.
Sad is our plight, Dark is the night,
In which we grope to find the Light.

The Workers Oh Lord, are far too few,
Who till in thy vast abundant field,
The harvest is ripe, it's time to reap,
So send in your reapers to gather the sheaves.

2. We see how Liars, take the lead,
Taking all your souls, away from you,
Giving hope of finding our true Home.
Sad is our plight, Dark is the night,
As we now wander far from you.

The Workers Oh Lord, are far too few,
Who till in thy vast abundant field,
The harvest is ripe, it's time to reap,
So send in your reapers to gather the sheaves.

3. Our Home is found only in You,
Call us all to be in Heaven too,
To Share the joys of love and Truth.
Sad is our plight, Dark is the night,
In which we grope to find the Light.

The Workers Oh Lord, are far too few,
Who till in thy vast abundant field,
The harvest is ripe, it's time to reap,
So send in your reapers to gather the sheaves.

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