

The Harvest Fields Are White

John 4:35

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Lyrical Adaptation: Elmo Goontz 2004

Don't forget my sons, oh my chosen ones,
The harvest fields are white,
Nor my daughters fair, nor the children there,
May they walk the streets of gold.

I have shown you grace, and prepared a place,
The harvest fields are white.
Go reap what's sown, bring my family home,
To walk the streets of gold.

With the workers few, does it grieve you too?
Ask the Lord of the harvest;
To send shepherds there; may it be your prayer,
For all to walk the streets of gold.

With the shadows long, hear the evening song:
The harvest fields are white.
I'm returning soon, by the blood-red moon,
To take you to the streets of gold.
To take you to the streets of gold.