

# I Cannot Be Idle

W. J. H., 1897

Wm. J. Henry, 1897

1. I can-not be i-dle, for Je-sus says, "Go And work in my  
 2. I can-not be i-dle, the fields are so white, And num-ber-less  
 3. I can-not be i-dle, soon time will be o'er, And reap-ing be  
 4. I can-not be i-dle, no time for re-pose, My rest-ing shall

har-vest to-day; And then at the eve-ning when la-bor is done,  
 sheaves will be lost; They per-ish for want of more reap-ers to save—  
 end-ed for aye; I'll gath-er the lost from the by-ways of sin  
 be o-ver there, Where all of the faith-ful in heav-en a-bove

*D. S.—And back from the har-vest with beau-ti-ful sheaves*

**FINE CHORUS**  
 What-ev-er is right I will pay."  
 How aw-ful to think of the cost! Then a-way to the work I will  
 To walk in the beau-ti-ful way,  
 A crown of bright glo-ry shall wear.

*I'll come with re-joic-ing a-gain,*

go I'll go And join in the reap-ing of grain, I'll go,  
 go I'll go