

B Minor. Mead's *General Selection*, 1807.*Southern & Western Pocket Harmonist*, 1845 (alto by R. W. Hall).

1. One night, as I lay mus - ing, The Spir - it said to me, Go, tell them I am ris - en,  
Go blow the gos - pel trum - pet, Go sound the ju - bi - lee;

2. The har - vest fields are rip - 'ning, The la - bor - ers are few; His blood will cry a - gainst you,  
And Zi - on she doth lan - guish, O shep - herds, where are you?

3. Come all my Fa - ther's chil - dren, Whom Christ has taught the way, Re - mem - ber some are teach - ing,  
Why stand you here so i - dle, And wast - ing all the day?

And death they need not fear; I've turn'd the aw - ful sum - mons To a sweet mes - sen - ger.

If i - dle you should be; You see the Lord is com - ing, Go, sound the ju - bi - lee.

While oth - ers preach and pray; Go la - bor in the vine - yard, From Je - sus nev - er stray.