Far and near the fields are teaming



Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of ripened grain; Far and near their gold is gleaming O'er the sunny slope and plain.

Refrain

Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them now the sheaves to gather Ere the harvest time pass by. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gather everywhere.

Refrain

O thou, whom thy Lord is sending, Gather now the sheaves of gold; Heav'nward then at evening wending, Thou shalt come with joy untold.

Refrain

James O. Thompson