Far and near the fields are teeming

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Meter:8 7 8 7 and refrain
Author:James Oren Thompson

1834 - 1917
Bible Refs:Ps 126:6
SSS number: 1086
Music:LORD OF HARVEST
Meter:8 7 8 7 and refrain
Author:James Bowman Overton Clem
1855 - 1927