

Far and Near the Fields are Teeming

Written by W.J.Pais

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J. O. Thompson, 1885

Far and near the fields are teeming
with the sheaves 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.

2

Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noon-tide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are streaming,
bid them gather everywhere.

3

O thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
gather now the sheaves of gold;
Heavenward then at evening wending
Thou shall come with joy untold.

Thursday, April 16, 2009

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