

FAR AND NEAR

Verse 1

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.

Chorus

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.

Verse 2

Send them forth with morn's first beaming;
Send them in the noontide's glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.

Chorus

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.

Verse 3

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.

Chorus

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.