Far And Near

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er

waves of rip - ened grain; Far and near their
in the noon - tide's glare; When the sun's last
now the sheaves of gold; Heav'n - ward then at

gold is gleam - ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
rays are gleam - ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry - where.
eve - ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

Chorus

Lord of har - vest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

Words by John O. Thompson
Music by J. B. O. Clemm