Far And Near

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.

2. Send them forth with morn’s first beams, When the sun’s last rays are gleaming, Bid them gather everywhere. Send them now the sheaves to gather, Ere the harvest time pass by.

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.

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

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