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 mom’s first beaming, Send them in the noon tide’s glare; When the sun’s last rays are gleaming, Bid them gather everywhere.

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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