

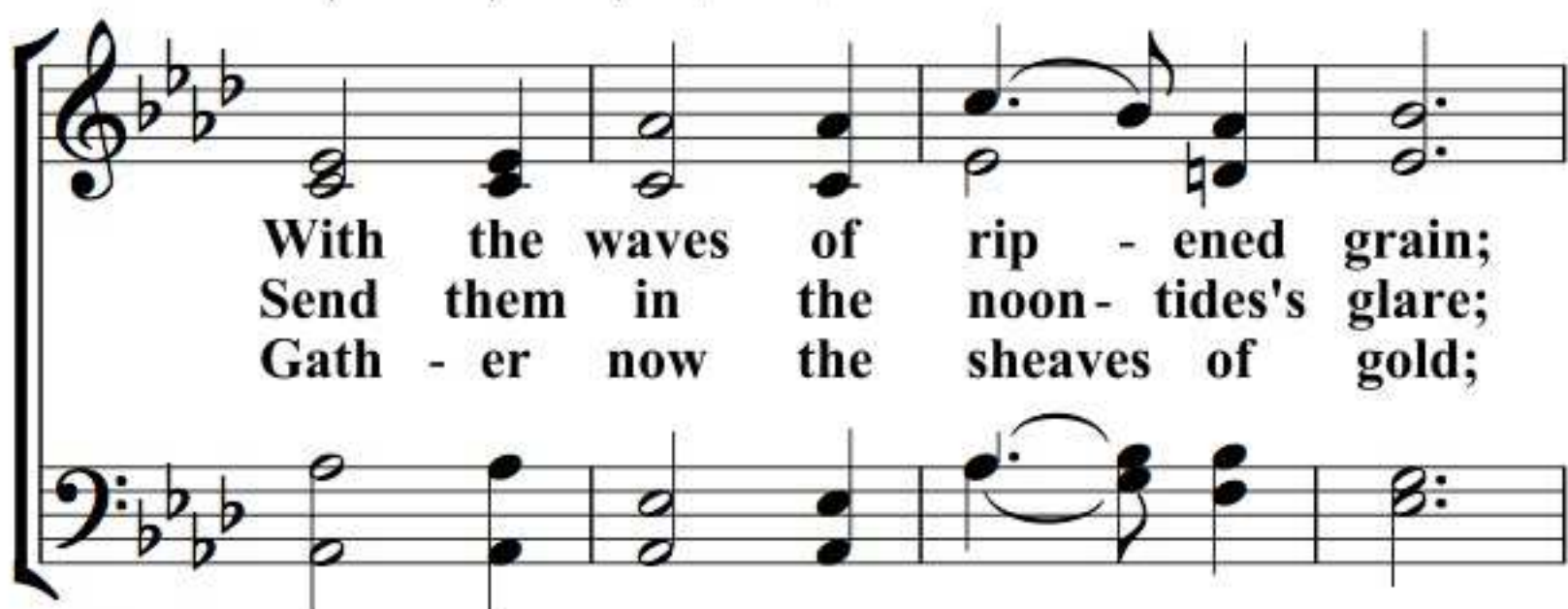
Far And Near The Fields Are Teeming

J. O. Thompson

J. B. O. Clemm



Far and near the fields are teem - ing
Send them forth with morn's first beam ing,
Thou whom Christ the Lord is send - ing,



With the waves of rip - ened grain;
Send them in the noon - tides's glare;
Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;



Far and near their gold is gleam - ing
When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing,
Heaven - ward then at eve - ning wend - ing,



O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
Bid them gath - er ev - ery - where.
Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

Far And Near The Fields Are Teeming

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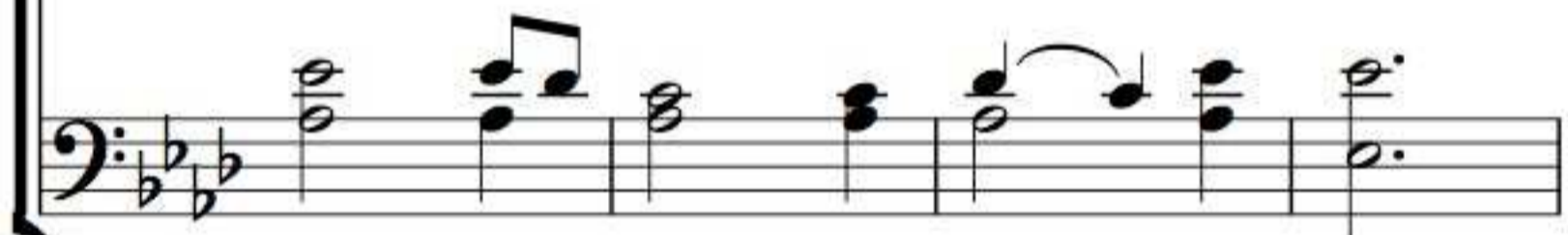
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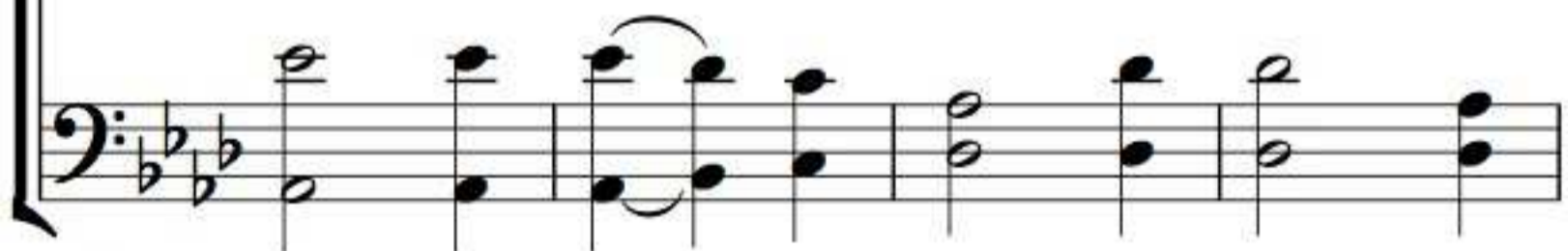
Lord of har - vest, send forth reap - ers;



Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;



Send them now the sheaves to gath - er,



Ere the har - vest - time pass by.

