

J. O. THOMPSON

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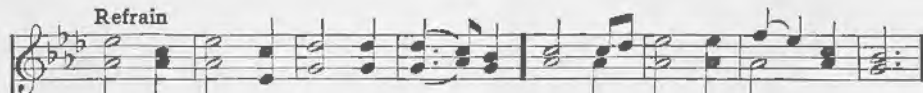
1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the sheaves of rip - ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam-ing, Send them in the noon-tide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;



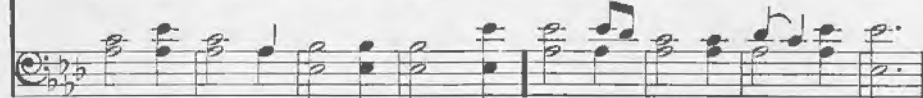
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.  
 When the sun's last rays are stream-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - ery-where.  
 Heavenward then at eve-ning wend-ing Thou shalt come with joy un - told.



Refrain



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.

