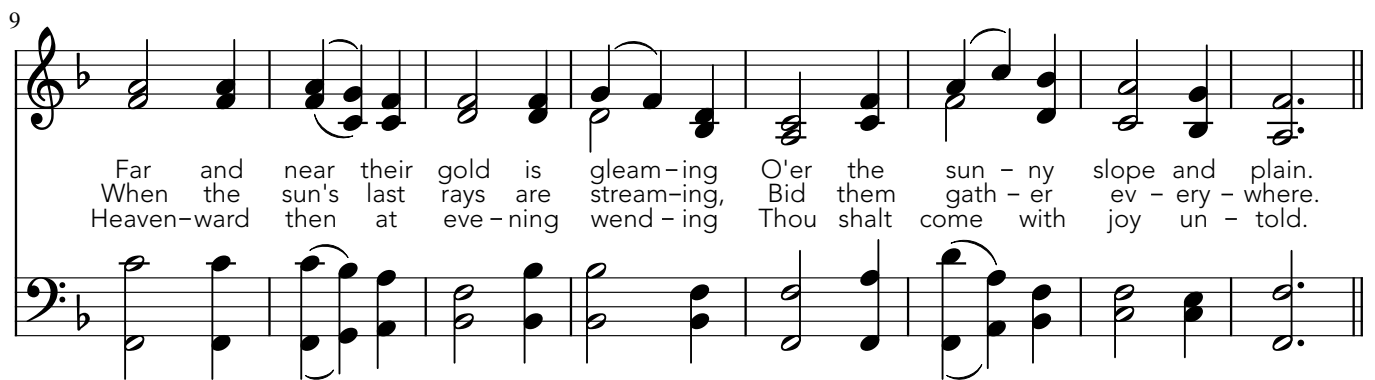


1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the sheaves of rip - ened grain;
 2. Send them forth with morn's first beam-ing, Send them in the noon - tide's glare;
 3. O thou, whom the Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;

9



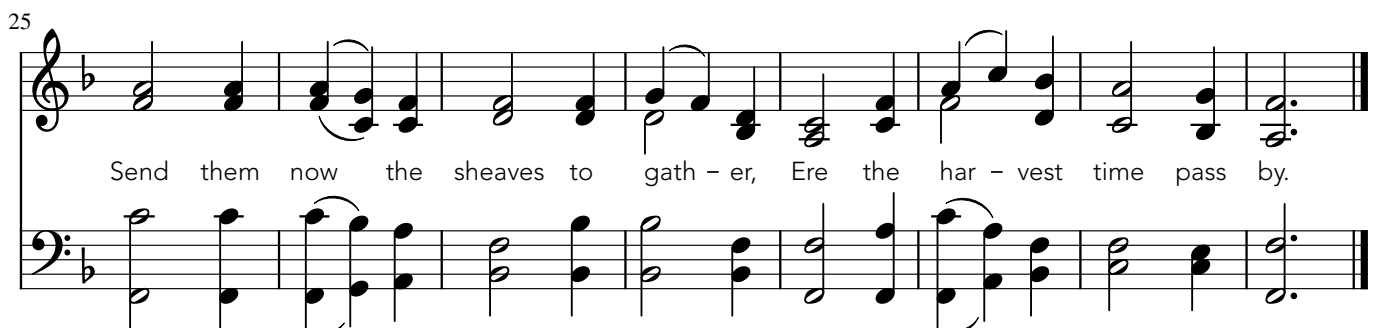
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
 When the sun's last rays are stream-ing, Bid them gath - er ev - ery - where.
 Heaven-ward then at eve - ning wend - ing Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

17



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

25



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