The Call for Reapers

“Lift up your eyes and see how the fields are already white for harvest.” (John 4:35)

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 beam-ing, 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 send-ing, Gather now the sheaves of gold; Heavenward then at evening wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy untold.

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.