

# The Call for Reapers

283

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

JOHN O. THOMPSON

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1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the waves of ri - pened 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 gleam - ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry - where.  
Heav'n - ward then at eve - ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

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.