

Far and Near

#139 PFTL

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.

Refrain:

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.

2

Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
send them in the noontide's glare;
when the sun's last rays are gleaming,
bid them gather ev'rywhere. [Refrain]

3

O thou whom thy Lord is sending,
gather now the sheaves of gold;
heav'nward then at evening wending,
thou shalt come with joy untold. [Refrain]

O Señor de la cosecha

1

Ondas de maduros granos
En los campos por doquier
Vemos en los valles de_oro
Bajo_el sol resplandecer.

CORO:

O Señor de la cosecha,
Óyenos al suplicar:
Hoy envía tus obreros,
Pues ya_es tiempo de segar.

2

Mándalos en la mañana,
Di que sieguen por doquier;
Mándalos al mediodía,
Y la tarde al caer.

3

Tu Señor te_está enviando,
Las gavillas junta ya,
Y_en la tarde_irás al cielo
Do_indecible gozo_habrá.