

Fields of Gold Are Glowing

Words: Isabella Postgate, before 1917

Music: Arthur Brown

Fields of gold are glowing
'Neath the autumn rays,
Now the springtide sowing,
All its fruit displays;
Every hill rejoices,
Fields with gladness ring,
Lifting up their voices,
Now the valleys sing,
Lifting up their voices,
Now the valleys sing.

In the dark earth sleeping,
Long the seed hath lain;
Joyful now the reaping,
Fair the garnered grain.
As the gold we gather
Of Thine harvest gift,
Now to Thee, our Father,
Thankful hearts we lift;
Now to Thee, our Father,
Thankful hearts we lift.

We are Thine own sowing,
Dear, O Lord, to Thee;
For Thine harvest growing,
We would fruitful be.
When, their bright sheaves bearing,
Angel reapers come;
We with them be sharing,
In Thy Harvest Home;
We with them be sharing,
In Thy Harvest Home.

To Thee, Lord of Heaven,
Thee, O bounteous King,
Gifts Thy love hath given,
We would gladly bring.
Thou of all art giver,
Father, Spirit, Son,
Thine the praise forever,
Blessed Three in One;
Thine the praise forever,
Blessed Three in One.