

Fields of Gold Are Glowing

Isabella Jane Postgate (1856-?)

Arthur Henry Brown (1830-1926)

$\text{♩} = 90$



1. Fields of gold are glow-ing 'Neath the au - tumn rays,
2. In the dark earth sleep-ing, Long the seed hath lain;
3. We are Thine own sow - ing, Dear, O Lord, to Thee;
4. To Thee, Lord of Hea - ven, Thee, O boun-teous King,



Now the spring-tide sow - ing, All its fruit dis - plays; Ev - ery hill re - joic - es,
 Joy - ful now the reap - ing, Fair the gar - nered grain. As the gold we ga - ther
 For Thine har - vest grow - ing, We would fruit-ful be. When, their bright sheaves bear - ing,
 Gifts Thy love hath giv - en, We would glad-ly bring. Thou of all art giv - er,



Fields with glad-ness ring, Lift - ing up their voic - es, Now the val - leys sing, Lift - ing up their
 Of Thine har - vest gift, Now to Thee, our Fa - ther, Thank - ful hearts we lift; Now to Thee, our
 An - gel reap-ers come; We with them be shar - ing, In Thy Har - vest Home; We with them be
 Fa - ther, Spir-it, Son, Thine the praise for - ev - er, Bless - èd Three in One; Thine the praise for -



voic - es, Now the val - leys sing.
 Fa - ther, Thank-ful hearts we lift.
 shar - ing, In Thy Har - vest Home.
 - ev - er, Bless - èd Three in One.

