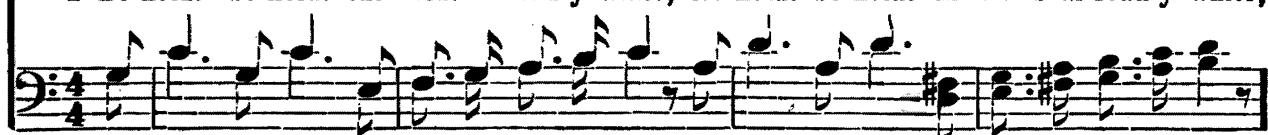


Behold the Fields

PALMER HARTSOUGH

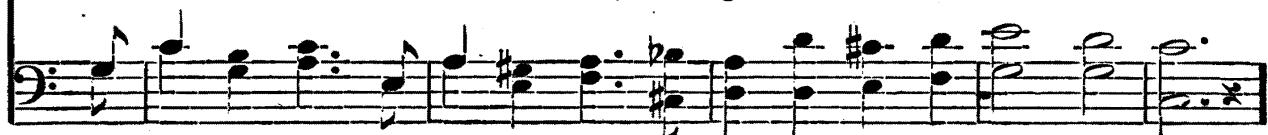
J. H. FILLMORE



FINE.



The har-vest great! the har-vest great! On ev - 'ry side the fields are white.
 The land we love, the land we love, The glo-ri-ous har - vest field of God.



{ Come, O, come, now speaks the blessed Master, Come, O, come, He call-eth you and me; }
 { See, He points us to the wait-ing harvest, See, He bids us go so glad and free. }
 { List, a call comes from the dis-tant hamlet; List, a whis-per from the prairie wide; }
 { List, a voice of o-cean un-to o-cean; O'er our broad land waves the harvest tide. }



CHORUS.



Go..... ye forth to-day, Ye reap - ers, reap - ers, Go..... ye forth to-
 Go ye forth, go ye forth, Ye reapers, go, ye reapers, go, go ye forth,



day, And gath-er in the gold-en grain, And gath-er in the gold-en grain.
 go ye forth,



Behold the Fields

Music score for "Behold the Fields". The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are as follows:

Go..... ye forth to-day, Ye reap - ers, reap - ers, Go..... ye forth to-
Go ye forth, go ye forth, Ye reapers, go, ye reapers, go, Go ye forth,
day, And gath-er in the gold-en grain, And gath-er in the gold-en grain.
go ye forth,

Performance instructions: *rall.* (rallentando) and *D. C.* (Dio Ciò, repeat from the beginning).