The earth, O Lord, is one great field





The earth, O Lord, is one wide field Of all Thy chosen seed; The crop prepared its fruit to yield; The laborers are few indeed.

We therefore come before Thee now With fasting, and with prayer, Beseeching of Thy love that Thou Wouldst send more laborers there.

Not for our land alone we pray, Though that above the rest; The realms and islands far away, O let them all be blest. Endue the bishops of Thy flock With wisdom and with grace, Against false doctrine, like a rock, To set the heart and face.

To all Thy priests Thy truth reveal, And make Thy judgments clear; Make Thou Thy deacons full of zeal, And humble, and sincere.

And give their flocks a lowly mind To hear and to obey; That each and all may mercy find At Thine appearing day.

John Neale