

Earth below is teeming

Tune: Princethorpe

*Lyrics: John Samuel Bewley Monsell
(1811-1875)*

*Tune: William Pitts (1829-1903),
Arranged by Kim Tame*

John Samuel Bewley Monsell was born in Ireland and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained a priest in the Anglican church and served parishes in Ireland and England. He published 11 volumes of poetry and 300 hymns.

William John Pitts was born in Tansor, near Oundle, Northamptonshire, the son of an organ builder. He was a talented musician from an early age, and was a church organist from the age of 14, at Elton Church, Huntingdonshire and at Brompton Oratory, Kensington. He composed both hymns and secular songs.

For an alternative version, with a chorus, see the version with the tune "Harvest."

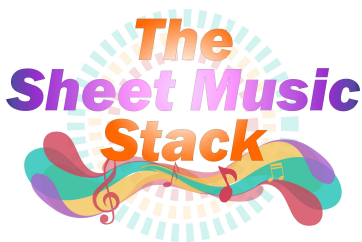
For more traditional music and hymns, see the extensive collection at [The Sheet Music Stack](#).



*Version: Lead sheet - treble with chords and lyrics
Arrangement: Kim Tame
Edited by: The Sheet Music Stack, 2016
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The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff contains measures 1-4 with chords G, D7, G, Am, D7, G. The second staff contains measures 5-8 with chords D7, G, D, A7, D. The third staff contains measures 9-12 with chords D7, G, D7, Em, C, Dm, Am, E7, Am, D7. The fourth staff contains measures 13-16 with chords G, D7, G, C, D7, G. The melody features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some phrases spanning across bar lines.

*Earth below is teeming, heaven is bright above;
Every brow is beaming in the light of love;
Every eye rejoices, every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices gladden nights and days.*

*Every youth and maiden on the harvest plain
Round the wagons laden, with their golden grain,
Swell the happy chorus on the evening air,
Unto him who o-er us bends with constant care.*

*For the sun and showers, for the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours Spring and Summer knew;
For the golden Autumn and its precious stores,
For the love that brought them teeming to our doors.*

*Earth's broad harvest whitens in a brighter sun
Than the orb that lightens all we tread upon;
Send our labourers, Father! Where fields ripening wave,
All the nations gather, gather in and save.*