

Glen Campbell

"Come Harvest"

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Planted by God in a field without worth
We are but seeds in His eyes
So He nurtures with grace and His hands work the
earth
That His fruit may be sanctified come harvest time.

Come harvest time what thanksgiving we will show
When the plowman brings freedom from the earth here
below
Come harvest time, oh, what joy will be known
When He gathers the souls of the seeds He has sown.

So when doubt dries the land or the cold war winds
blow
When the floods of indiff'ence rise
Oh, the roots that faith grew will keep us strong
'Til our last sunset leaves the sky come harvest time.

Come harvest time what thanksgiving we will show
When the plowman brings freedom from the earth here
below
Come harvest time, oh, what joy will be known
When He gathers the souls of the seeds He has sown...

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