

Glen Campbell

"Come Harvest Time"

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Planted by-y 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 sanc-ti-fied
Co-ome harvest time

Come harvest time
What thanksgiving we will show
When the Plowman bri-ings freedom
From the earth here below
Come harvest time
Oh what jo-oy will be known
When He gathers the sou-ouls
Of the seeds He ha-as sown

So when doubt dries the land
Or the cold war wi-inds blow
When the floods of indiff'ence rise
Oh the roots that faith grew
Will kee-eeep us strong
'Til our last sunset leaves the sky
Come harvest time

Come harvest time
What thanksgiving we will show
When the Plowman bri-ings freedom
From the earth here below
Come harvest time
Oh what jo-oy will be known
When He gathers the sou-ouls
Of the seeds He has sown

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