

The Harvest

Writer: Dottie Rambo

Verse 1

O GOLDEN FIELDS OF GRAIN, YOU'RE PUSHING ME TO HARVEST
HOW QUICKLY YOU HAVE RIPENED BENEATH THE SUMMER'S SUN
I FEAR YOUR PRECIOUS GRAIN WILL YIELD
FALL TO PERISH IN THE FIELD
SO I MUST WORK BEFORE THE DAY IS DONE

Chorus

MASTER, YOU HAVE PLACED ME IN THE VINEYARD
YOU'VE TRUSTED ME TO TEND THE GOLDEN GRAIN
I PRAY THAT YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH ME
WHEN I LAY MY HARVEST AT YOUR FEET
FOR I WILL NEVER PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

Verse 2

SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY THE FIELDS WERE BROWN AND BARREN
THE SEEDS WERE FAST ASLEEP BENEATH THE WINTER'S SNOW
BUT SEASONS BROUGHT THE SUMMER'S RAIN
NOW THE FIELDS ARE WHITE AGAIN
I'LL BE THERE FOR THE GATH'RING OF THE SOULS

Chorus

MASTER, YOU HAVE PLACED ME IN THE VINEYARD
YOU'VE TRUSTED ME TO TEND THE GOLDEN GRAIN
I PRAY THAT YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH ME
WHEN I LAY MY HARVEST AT YOUR FEET
FOR I WILL NEVER PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

© 1978 Designer Music/SESAC
(Adm. By CapitolCMGPublishing.com)
Licensing: www.CapitolCMGLicensing.com