

For the Gifts of Heaven

(Harvest Hymn)

Words and Music by
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Steadily, Prayerful

not for print

1. For the gifts of heav'n in the fields of earth, my soul will sing to the Lord. For the
 2. As the trade winds blow o-ver thir-sty plains, my soul will sing to the Lord, and the
 3. When the crops have failed and the fields are bare, my soul will cry to the Lord. When the

fruit - ful lands as they yield their worth, my heart gives thanks to Him. We may
 storm - clouds pour with re - viv - ing rains, my heart gives thanks to Him. Ev - ery
 hun - gry know on - ly death's des - pair, my heart will look to Him. For the

plough the soil, we may plant the seed. but God will make it grow, and the
 sea - son whis - pers the mys - ter - y, the glor - ious rhy - thm of life, till the
 call goes out from the heart of God to share with those in need; as we

har - vest comes from the ten - der good - ness of the Fa - - ther's
 har - vest comes from the bound - less good - ness of the Fa - - ther's
 feed the world we re - flect the good - ness of the Fa - - ther's