

FOR THE GIFTS OF HEAVEN

(Harvest hymn)

Words & Music Keith Getty, Matt Bronleewe & Stuart Townend

♩ = 100

1. For the gifts of heaven in the fields of earth,
my soul will sing to the Lord.
For the fruitful lands as they yield their worth,
my heart gives thanks to Him.
We may plough the soil, we may plant the seed,
but God will make it grow,
and the harvest comes from the tender goodness
of the Father's hand.

2. As the trade winds blow over thirsty plains,
my soul will sing to the Lord,
and the storm clouds pour with reviving rains;
my heart gives thanks to Him.
Every season whispers the mystery,
the glorious rhythm of life,
till the harvest comes from the boundless goodness
of the Father's hand.

3. When the crops have failed and the fields are bare,
my soul will cry to the Lord.
When the hungry poor know of death's despair,
my heart gives thanks to Him.
For the call goes out from the heart of God
to share with those in need;
as we feed the world we reflect the goodness
of the Father's hand.

$\frac{4}{4}$ ♩ ||: A/C# / B/D# / | E E/G# A / |
F#m7 / B /	C#m / / /		
A / B /	C#m / A /		
F#m7 / B7(sus4) /	A/E / E /		
A / B /	C#m / / /		
F#m7 / Amaj7 /	B(sus4) / B /		
C#m / G#m /	A F#m7 E/G# Amaj7		
B7(sus4) / B7 /	C#m / B/D# /		
E / / /	C#m / B/D# /		
E / / / :		A/E / E	

1.,2.
To end