

Giving Thanks At Harvest Time

Words & Music:
Tim Hopkins

♩=104

Piano

When the wheat is safe - ly gath - ered in, When the

ba - lers bale the hay, When the gold - en straw is

piled barn - high, And the swal - low flies a - way, When the

spi - ky chest - nut falls to earth, And the school-child writes a

rhyme, The roof we'll raise in joy - ful praise, Giv - ing

thanks at har - vest time, Giv - ing

thanks at har - vest time. (When the) time.

When the wheat is safely gathered in,
 When the balers bale the hay,
 When the golden straw is piled barn-high,
 And the swallow flies away.

Chorus

*When the day grows short,
 The fields are ploughed,
 The schoolchild writes a rhyme,
 The roof we'll raise
 In joyful praise,
 Giving thanks at harvest time.*

When the pear tree branches bend and creak,
 With a yield of ripened fruit,
 When the market garden fields are turned
 For the pod, the stem and root.

Chorus

When the softer fruits are used for jam,
 And the jars are stacked in rows,
 When the orange and the grape are crushed,
 And the sparkling fruit-juice flows.

Chorus