

“My Harvest Prayer” by Gerry Rattei

My hair has turned to silver,  
and wearing kind of thin.  
The wheat has turned to golden,  
and dancing in the wind.  
The sun is setting behind a hill,  
it's sinking mighty low.  
A voice speaks from above,  
“You have one more run to go!”

As I climb the golden stairs,  
the Lord takes me by the hand.  
He leads me up Heaven,  
to see the Promised Land.  
Where wheat is ripe and waiting,  
for harvest to begin.  
In a voice so very soft and low,  
He tells me,  
“Son, you have one more run to go.”

In charge is a big man,  
in blue bib overalls.  
It's the same Raymond Hitchcock,  
I knew from long ago.  
with a soft voice and a big smiley grin,  
He said, “We're back in Oklahoma.”  
Talking with Jim,  
“And we have one more run to go.”

Your harvest has now begun,  
And patience is wearing thin.  
We see the dark clouds rolling,  
it is going to rain again.  
The sun will shine tomorrow,  
and in our hearts we know.  
The winds will blow and dry the fields,  
We have one more run to go.

We pray to the Lord to help make it  
through this field of wheat today,  
and when the harvest is complete.  
We'll still have time to play.  
It takes a special man,  
To make a harvest run and keep  
The combines rolling into the dark of night,  
and bring him safely home once more,  
with one final run to go.

I know there's wheat in Heaven,  
Someday, I'll make it there.  
With only one more run to go,  
this is “My Harvest Prayer”!