

God Works with Us

A farmer came out West
and prayed to God that he'd be blest
with fertile land so wide
that he might, should the Lord provide,
thus cultivate the countryside.
With the meager funds he had
he bought some rocky land so bad
with soil all unrestored.
The neighbors laughed but to the Lord
he'd given what he could afford.

Refrain: God works with us
but not for us, my friend.
He'll give you all the help you need
if you hold up your own end.
Sittin' on your backside prayin'
will be of little worth.
Cause we need God and God needs us
to fulfill his plan on earth.

So as the neighbors smirked
for five long years the farmer worked.
And it happened as he planned,
for as he labored on the land
his God indeed did lend a hand.
The field of corn grew tall.
His harvest was the best of all
as with each furrow turned,
the grace of God he quickly earned
as all his efforts were returned. **Refrain**

The preacher came one day,
the gorgeous farmland to survey.
Told the famer he was blessed
that God such grace should manifest,

to which the farmer did attest.
But he did recollect,
not meaning to show disrespect,
that since the seeds were sown,
he land was somewhat fuller grown
than when God worked it all alone. **Refrain**

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