

Sow in the Morn Thy Seed**By:James Montgomery (1771-1854)****Tune:Hythe****Comp:John E. West, 1897**

1)Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2)Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3)The good, the faithful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found:
Go forth, then everywhere.

4)And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5)Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

6)Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home! Amen.