Holy Is the Seed-Time
Words: Margaret Headlam, ca. 1862
Music: Albert Lowe.

Holy is the seed-time, when the buried grain
Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again.
Holy is the springtime, when the living corn,
Bursting from its prison, riseth like the morn.

Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year;
Store them in our garners; winnow them with care;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

Holy seed our Master soweth in His field;
Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.

Glory to the Father, who beheld our need;
Glory to the Savior, who hath sown the seed;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!