

Sowing.

1

WE are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon they windy hill;
Seeds that sink in rich, brown furrows,
Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

2

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.

3

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mould;
Seeds that live, and grow, and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold;
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words, and looks, and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.

4

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone!
Bid thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown;
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow, ripened ears,
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sowed in tears.

