

**Sow the seed beside all waters**

Sow the seed beside all waters,  
north and south and east and west,  
that our toiling sons and daughters  
in the harvest may be blessed.  
Tell the tidings of salvation  
'mid the storms of Labrador;  
speak the word of consolation  
by the lone Pacific shore.

Where the forests old are falling,  
yielding place to lawn and lea;  
where the fisher plies his calling  
'mid the perils of the sea;  
where the tide of commerce rushes  
through the city's crowded street,  
and unpitying mammon crushes  
poor and weak beneath his feet.

Where our brothers, sowing, reaping,  
delving for the hidden ore,  
now with joy and now with weeping  
labor to increase their store;  
where the stranger wanders lonely  
in the homeless wilderness,  
tell of Jesus, Jesus only,  
who alone can save and bless.

Tell how tenderly he careth  
for the weary and oppressed,  
how their burdens all he beareth,  
as he leads them to his rest;  
tell that he, the Lord from heaven,  
died for all and lives again,  
all through him may be forgiven,  
all with him in glory reign.

Tell his love beyond all telling,  
seeking, following those who flee,  
love rebellious hearts compelling  
to his service glad and free.  
Thus a precious harvest gather,  
north and south and east and west,  
to the glory of the Father,  
Son and Spirit ever blest.

Words: Robert Murray, 1897

Music: Everton

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