

**The sower went forth sowing**

The sower went forth sowing,  
the seed in secret slept  
through weeks of faith and patience,  
till our the green blade crept;  
and warmed by golden sunshine  
and fed by silver rain,  
at last the fields were whitened  
to harvest once again.  
O praise the heavenly Sower,  
who gave the fruitful seed,  
and watched and watered duly,  
and ripened for our need.

Behold the heavenly Sower  
goes forth with better seed,  
the word of sure salvation,  
with feet and hands that bleed;  
here in his Church 'tis scattered,  
our spirits are the soil;  
then let an ample fruitage  
repay his pain and toil.  
O beauteous is the harvest  
wherein all goodness thrives!  
And this the true thanksgiving--  
the first fruits of our lives.

Within a hallowed acre  
he sows yet other grain,  
when peaceful earth receiveth  
the dead he died to gain;  
for though the growth be hidden,  
we know that they shall ripen  
in sunny Paradise.  
O summer land of harvest,  
O fields for ever white  
with souls that wear Christ's raiment,  
with crowns of golden light!

One day the heavenly Sower  
shall reap where he hath sown,  
and come again rejoicing,  
and with him bring his own;  
and then the fan of judgment  
shall winnow from his floor  
the chaff into the furnace  
that flameth evermore.  
O holy, awful Reaper,  
have mercy in the day  
thou puttest in thy sickle,  
and cast us not away.

Words: William St Hill Bourne, 1874

Music: St. Beatrice

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