

Sowing the Seed

Lyrics: Daniel S. Warner

Scripture: Isaiah 32:20

Meter: 8.8.8.8 D

Unheeding winter's cruel blast,
We venture heaven's seed to cast,
Both late and early plant the truth
In aged hearts and tender youth.

Refrain:

Then sow the seed in every field,
And grace will bring the golden yield;
We soon shall sing the joyful song,
And shout the blessed harvest home.

Shall we be found with only leaves
When Jesus comes to gather sheaves?
Nay, sowing daily o'er the land,
We'll come with joyful sheaves in hand.

Nor is the precious labor hard,
Its glory is its own reward;
We plant in hearts of grim despair
A life that blooms as Eden fair.

Oh, were this life the utmost span,
The closing destiny of man,
No toil could half so blessed prove
As sowing seeds of peace and love.

But heaven's bright eternal years
Have bottled up our sowing tears;
There we shall greet in holy bliss
The souls we turned to righteousness.