

Sown in Tears  
Fanny Downing, 1880.  
Robert Staples.

Chill the air and hard the ground;  
Not one ray of sunshine lieth;  
O'er the moor, with hollow sound,  
Moaning low, the cold wind sigheth.  
Sower, break the stubborn soil,  
Lavish in its furrows heaping;  
Cease not from thy patient toil,  
Sow the seed and wait the reaping.

Summer sunshine on the hill;  
Birds on every green tree singing;  
Shouts of joy the soft air fill,  
Home the harvest they are bringing.  
And the sower on the plain,  
His long buried seed now finding,  
Mellow heaps of ripened grain  
Into golden sheaves is binding.

In the dark and narrow tomb,  
Costlier seed we bury weeping,  
And enwrapped in quiet gloom,  
Leave it to the Master's keeping.  
To the end we cannot see,  
Faith her heav'nly vision blending,  
We our buried treasure greet,  
Sown in tears, but reaped in glory.