

Ye Sons of Earth, Prepare the Plough  
William Cowper, 1779.  
Ralph Courteville, 1696.

Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough,  
Break up your fallow ground!  
The Sower is gone forth to sow,  
And scatter blessings round.

The seed that finds a stony soil  
Shoots forth a hasty blade;  
But ill repays the sower's toil,  
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to balk  
All hopes of harvest there;  
We find a tall and sickly stalk,  
But not the fruitful ear.

The beaten path and highway side  
Receive the trust in vain;  
The watchful birds the spoil divide,  
And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and power  
Has blessed the happy field,  
How plenteous is the golden store  
The deep wrought furrows yield!

Father of mercies, we have need  
Of Thy preparing grace;  
Let the same hand that gives me seed  
Provide a fruitful place!