

SOW in the morn your seed,
At eve hold not your hand;
To fear and doubting give no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 We know not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious seed alive
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In living beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 We cannot toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The Day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, 'Harvest home.'

James Montgomery, 1771-1854