We Are Sowing

1. We are sowing, daily sowing Count-less seeds of good and ill,
2. Seeds that fall mid the still-ness Of the lone-ly moun-tain glen;
3. Seeds that lie un-changed, un-quick-ened, Life-less on the teem-ing mold;
4. Thou who know-est all our weak-ness, Leave us not to sow a lone!

Scat-tered on the lev-el low-land, Cast up-on the wind-y hill;
Seeds cast out in crowd-ed plac-es, Trod-den un-der foot of men;
Seeds that live and grow and flour-ish When the sow-er’s hand is cold.
Bid thine an-gels guard the fur-rows Where the pre-cious grain is sown,

Seeds that sink in rich, brown fur-rows, Soft with heav-en’s gra-cious rain;
Seeds by i-dle hearts for-got-ten, Flung at ran-dom on the air;
By a whis-per sow we bless-ings; By a breath we scat-ter strife.
Till the fields are crown’d with glo-ry, Filled with mel-low, rip-ened ears,

Seeds that rest up-on the sur-face Of the dry, un-yield-ing plain;
Seeds by faith-ful souls re-mem-bered, Sown in tears and love and prayer;
In our words and thoughts and ac-tions Lie the seeds of death and life.
Filled with fruit of life e-ter-nal From the seed we sowed in tears.