

1 He that goest forth with weeping, Bearing still the precious seed, Never tiring, never sleeping, Soon shall see thy toil succeed. Showers of rain will fall from heaven, Then the cheering sun will shine; So shall plenteous fruit be given, Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary, Let not fear thy mind employ; Though the prospect be most dreary, Thou mayst reap the fruits of joy. Lo! the scene of verdure brightening, See the rising grain appear; Look again! The fields are whitening; Harvest-time is surely near.