

HECK. C. M. D.

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F Minor. William Cowper, 1779.

John Bayer, 1994.

1. Ye sons of earth pre-pare the plow, Break up your fal-low ground! The sow-er is gone forth to sow, And scat-ter blessings 'round.

2. The thorn-y ground is sure to balk All hopes of har-vest there, We find a tall and sick-ly stalk, But not the fruit-ful ear.

3. But where the Lord of grace and pow'r Has bless'd the hap-py field; How plenteous is the gold-en store The deep-wrought fur-rows yield.

The seed that finds a ston-y soil Shoots forth a hast-y blade; But ill re-pays the sow-er's toil, Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

The beat-en path, and highway side Re-ceive the trust in vain; The watch-ful birds the spoil di-vide, And pick up all the grain.

Fa-ther of mer-cies, we have need Of thy pre-par-ing grace; Let the same hand that gives the seed Pro-vide a fruit-ful place.