1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing
2. Sow thy seed, be never weary, Let not
Still the precious seed, Never tiring, never fear thy thoughts employ; Though the prospect seem most
Sleeping, Soon shall see his toil succeed; Showers of dreary, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy: Lo, the
rain will fall from heaven, Then the
scene of verdure brightening, See the

cheering sun will shine; So shall plentiful fruit be
rising grain appear; Look again, the fields are
given, Through an influence all divine.
whitening, Harvest time is surely here.