Duncan S. M.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand:
   To doubt and fear give thou no heed—Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2. Thou know'st not which shall thrive, The late or early sown;
   Grace keeps the precious germ a-live, When and wherever sown;

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

4. Then, when the final end, The day of God is come,
   The angel reapers shall descend, And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

Words: James Montgomery
Music: R. M. McIntosh

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