He That Goeth Forth With Weeping

STOCKWELL

1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bear ing pre cious seed in love,
   Ne ver tir ing, ne ver sleep ing, Find eth mer cy from a bove:
   Pre cious fruits will thus be giv en Thru an in flu'nce all Di vine.
   Look a gain; the fields are whit 'ning, For the har vest - time is near.

2. Soft de scend the dews of heav en, Bright the rays ce les tial shine;
   Pre cious fruits will thus be giv en Thru an in flu'nce all Di vine.
   Be the pros pect ne'er so drear y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
   Look a gain; the fields are whit 'ning, For the har vest - time is near.

3. Sow thy seed: be nev er wea ry; Let no fears thy soul an noy;
   Be the pros pect ne'er so drear y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
   Look a gain; the fields are whit 'ning, For the har vest - time is near.
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4. Lo! the scene of ver dure bight'ning, See the ris ing grain ap pear:
   Look a gain; the fields are whit 'ning, For the har vest - time is near.
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