Duncan S. M.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand;
2. Thou know'st not which shall thrive, The late or early sown;
3. And duly shall appear, In ver-dure, beauty, strength;
4. Then, when the final end, The day of God is come,

To doubt and fear give thou no heed—Broad-cast it o'er the land.
Grace keeps the precious germ a-live, When and wher-ever sown;
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear, And the full corn at length.
The angel reapers shall descend, And heav'n sing, "Har-vest home!"

Words: James Montgomery
Music: R. M. McIntosh