He That Goeth Forth With Weeping

STOCKWELL

1. He that goeth forth with weeping, Bearing precious seed in love,
   Never tiring, never sleeping, Findeth mercy from above:
   Precious fruits will thus be given Thru an influence all Divine.
   Look again; the fields are whit'ning, For the harvest-time is near.

2. Soft descend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays celestial shine;
   Be the prospect ne'er so dreary, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

3. Sow thy seed: be never weary; Let no fears thy soul annoy;
   Look again; the fields are whit'ning, For the harvest-time is near.

4. Lo! the scene of verdure bight'ning, See the rising grain appear:
   Be the prospect ne'er so dreary, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Words: Thomas Hastings
Music: D. E. Jones

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