



2. And bounteous is the sower's hand, as o'er the furrowed plain he scatters broadcast on the land the seed of golden grain; yet still more bountiful thou art to me, my gracious Lord, who daily sowest in my heart that precious seed, thy Word.

3. From evil thoughts, foul birds of air that hov'ring round me stay to stoop upon my heart, and bear the seed of life away; from feelings that as such alone leave no abiding joy, from cares and pleasures, all too prone my comfort to destroy;

4. O Lord, preserve, preserve and bless thy work with large increase, that I may thus my soul possess in patience and in peace; so shall my love thy truth adore, and, for thy gifts untold, thine own shall unto thee restore more than an hundredfold.

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