



- 2. The seed that finds a stony soil, shoots forth a hasty blade; but ill repays the sower's toil, soon withered, scorched and dead.
- 3. The thorny ground is sure to balk all hopes of harvest there; We find a tall and sickly stalk, but not the fruitful ear.
- 4. The beaten path and highway side receive the trust in vain; the watchful birds the spoil divide, and pick up all the grain.
- 5. But where the Lord of grace and power has blessed the happy field, how plenteous is the golden store the deep-wrought furrows yield!
- 6. Father of mercies, we have need of thy preparing grace; let the same hand that gives the seed provide a fruitful place.

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