All Hail! Ye Servants of the Lord

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
All hail! ye servants of the Lord! On

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
mercy's mission bound; Who,

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
like the sower of the word, Strew

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
precious gifts a- round.

The other verses

2 What though your seed 'mid thorns be sown,
Where tares and brambles thrive,
Still One is able, One alone,
To save its germ alive.

3 Ye fear, what falls on stony earth
Will mock your prayerful toil;
But sometimes plants of holiest birth
Bear fruit in sterile soil.

4 The seed that by the way-side fell,
Perchance you counted dead;
Yet birds, that sing in heaven, may tell,
They on its sweetness fed.

5 And some a hundred fold shall bear,
To glorify the Lord;
How blessed, then, will be your care!
How glorious your reward!

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Lydia Sigourney (1791–1865). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.