Ye Sons of Earth Prepare the Plow

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
Ye sons of earth pre- pare the plow, Break

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
up your fallow ground! The

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
Sower is gone forth to sow, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
scatter blessings round.

The other verses

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 baulk
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 pow'r
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.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. FLAVIAN (From Day's Psalter, 1563); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.