

**Articles and Sermons :: HE THAT GOETH FORTH WITH WEEPING -hastings**

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HE THAT GOETH FORTH WITH WEEPING

Words: Thomas Hastings, 1836.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear:
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

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