

## Sowing Tears Brings Joyous Harvest

(15, 33, 51)

1. Sow - ing tears brings joy - ous har - vest When to  
 2. Tri - al days are days of val - ue For Christ's  
 3. Fleet - ing is the bod - y's suf - fering, Pass - ing  
 4. Thou - sand - fold the trials be - fall us Who to

Je - sus Christ we cling And in Him the Lord of  
 mem - bers ver - i - ly; All the out - ward pain and  
 is the soul's dire need; Vain are all our i - dle  
 Je - sus Christ be - long; There - with would the foe de -

har - vest All the Spir - it's fruits we bring:  
 trou - ble But a test - ing - fire will be.  
 pleas - ures— God is not in them in - deed;  
 ride us And al - lure us to his thron

Faith, ben - ev - o - lence, and meek - ness, Pa - tience  
 As the fire makes gold shine bright - er, Tri - als  
 Fleet - ing is all care and an - guish For him  
 Who de - light in sin - ful pleas - ures, Seek - ing

and hu - mil - i - ty, Are the Spir - it's bless - ed  
 make our faith more pure, And, by faith in Je - sus  
 who doth Christ pos - sess; O a - bide in Him sin -  
 earth - ly wealth and fame, Mak - ing these their heart's de -

fruit - age— Char - i - ty and chas - ti - ty.  
 strength - ened, We shall more and more en - dure.  
 cere - ly, Build a - lone up - on His grace.  
 sire, Curs - ing those who bear Christ's Name.

5. Satan's host through seeming gladness Shall go unto endless pain;  
 But the saints by way of sadness Shall the marriage-supper gain.  
 Then, my soul, let nothing move thee From the strait and narrow way,  
 Even though the body weaken, Ere you reach your burial-day.

6. Since our Lord once bore the anger, When He wrought our peace with God,  
 Love is now the only purpose Of the Father's chast'ning rod.  
 Then, O Pilgrim, think not lightly Of the Father's chastening;  
 Seek that it may bring you onward, While you're heav'nward hastening.

7. With correction, God remindeth Every child that it must be;  
 And the more of fruit He findeth On Christ's branches, fair to see,  
 All the more the shoots that hinder He doth prune with watchful eye,  
 That more fruit each branch may render For His kingdom there on high.

8. Only in the summer season Will the fruit develop best;  
 Tribulation is the reason Faith is purified and blest;  
 When the Christian here doth ripen By afflictions that increase,  
 Then his yearning grows for heaven And its everlasting peace.

9. Soon, perhaps, you too may enter Where the golden harps resound,  
 Where the saints the palms are bearing And the faithful ones are crowned,  
 Therefore cling to Christ your Savior; Daily wrestle, hope, and fight;  
 With Him pierce through all the darkness Into His eternal light.

10. If He all your heart is filling, He the Hope of all your dreams,  
 From your body will be welling Of His grace the brightest beams;  
 All the light of morning, breaking, Ushers in a joyous day,  
 So your lips, with fervor speaking, Will declare: "Christ is the Way!"