The Sower's Song

Andrew Peterson

Oh God, I am furrowed like the field Torn open like the dirt And I know that to be healed That I must be broken first I am aching for the yield That You will harvest from this hurt

Abide in me Let these branches bear You fruit Abide in me, Lord As I abide in You

So I kneel At the bright edge of the garden At the golden edge of dawn At the glowing edge of spring When the winter's edge is gone And I can see the color green I can hear the sower's song

Abide in me Let these branches bear You fruit Abide in me, Lord Let Your word take root Remove in me The branch that bears no fruit And move in me, Lord As I abide in You

As the rain and the snow fall Down from the sky And they don't return but they water the earth and bring they forth life Giving seed to the sower, bread for the hunger So shall the word of the Lord be with a sound like thunder And it will not return, it will not return void We shall be led in peace And go out with joy And the hills before us Will raise their voices And the trees of the field will clap their hands as the land rejoices And instead of the thorn now The cypress towers And instead of the briar the myrtle blooms with a thousand flowers And it will make a name Make a name for our God A sign everlasting that will never be cut off As the earth brings forth sprouts from the seed What is sown in the garden grows into a mighty tree So the Lord plants justice, justice and praise To rise before the nations till the end of days

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And the sower leads us And the sower leads us And the sower leads us