

The Sower

Don Francisco

O the sower sows the word
But who is the one who is heard
And from faith to deed
Brings a crop from the seed
When the sower sows the word?
Like seed scattered wide on a sidewalk
With no place for the roots to dig in
That's the gospel to those who've been hardened
By the world and its doubt and its sin
To the sound of the truth of the kingdom
They are deaf and just don't understand
And the enemy comes and he steals away
The abundance the Father had planned
O the sower sows the word
But who is the one who is heard
And from faith to deed
Brings a crop from the seed
When the sower sows the word?
Like seed in thin soil over bedrock
With no depth for the roots to go down
The shoots appear green in the morning
But they're scorched when the sun heats the ground
So some hear the gospel with gladness
When trouble and testing arise
In the heat of the battle they wither
And retreat to a refuge of lies
O the sower sows the word
But who is the one who is heard

And from faith to deed
Brings a crop from the seed
When the sower sows the word?
When the seed falls in weeds, thorns and thistles
Struggles for water and light
Weeds grow up faster and larger
And the harvest gets lost in the fight
That's the word in a heart that's distracted
By the world and its worries and prides
By money and thrills of the senses
While the real life just shrivels and dies
But the one who brings sowing to reaping
In this one, the Father delights
When the word's understood and accepted
Watered and kept in the light
When the plough has dug deep down the furrows
And the stones have been thrown from the field
Producing some thirty, some sixty, sometimes a hundredfold yield
For the sower sows the word
Who is the one who is heard
And from faith to deed
Brings a crop from the seed
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