The Mustard Seed

1. Lik-en the king-dom to the spring-ing, Spring-ing of small-est seeds we know:

2. Say not, too hum-ble seems thy plant-ing, Trust in the sto-ry Je-sus told,

3. O! the re-joic-ing, when at e-ven, Thy la-bor end-ed, safe at home,

Soon in the branch-es birds are sing-ing. So shall the heav’n-ly king-dom grow.
Dews of His grace our Lord is grant-ing, Soon shall it yield an hun-dred fold.
High in the branch-es, up in heav-en, Sing-ing, "O! Lord Thy king-dom’s come!"

Chorus

Wide o’er the mead, Fling thou the seed! Sun-shine of heav-en shall be giv-en; Seed of the king-dom free-ly sow.

Words: Mrs. M. B. C. Slade
Music: R. M. McIntosh

PDHymns.com