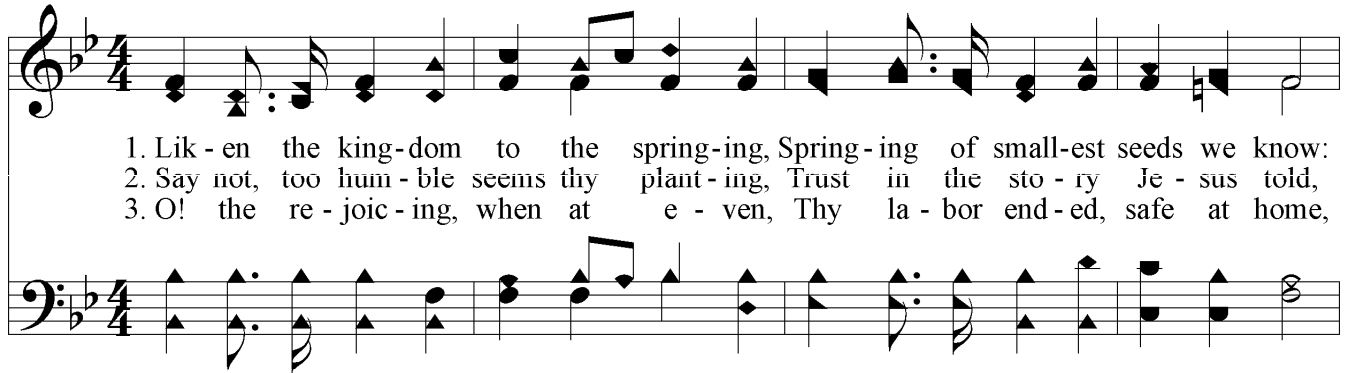
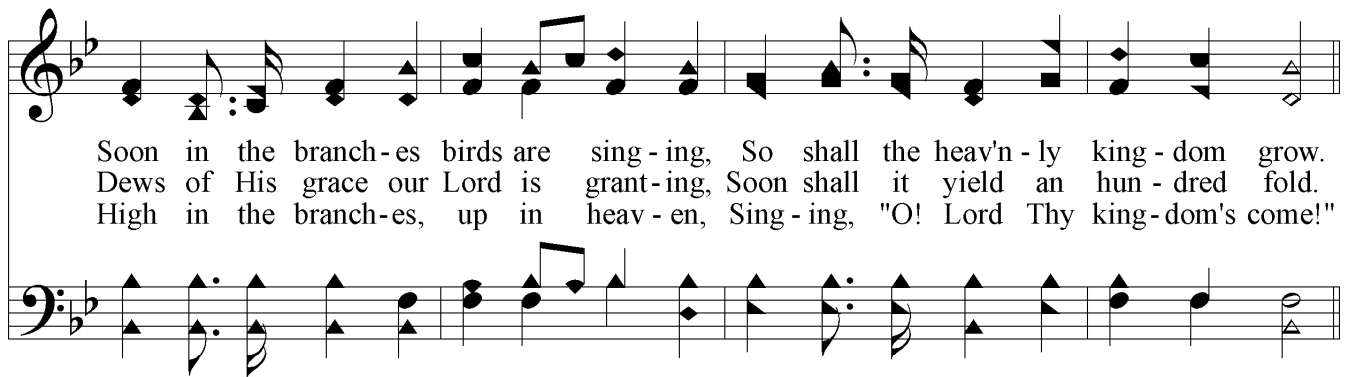


The Mustard Seed

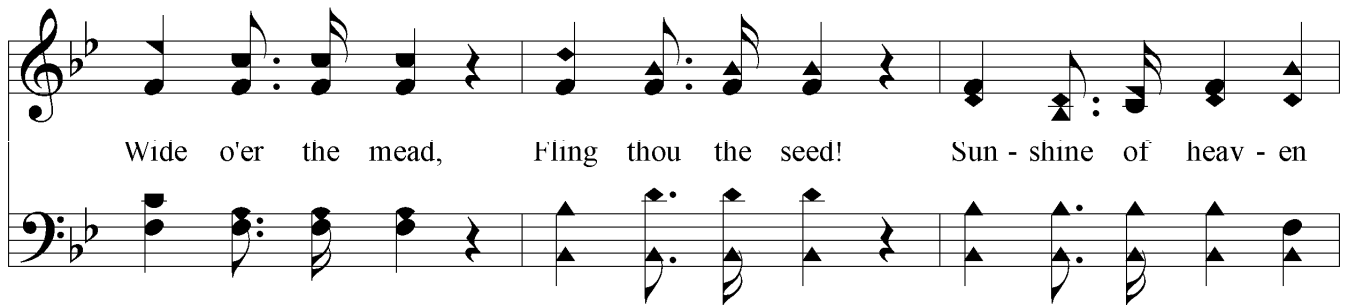


1. Lik - en the king - dom to the spring - ing, Spring - ing of small - est seeds we know:
2. Say not, too hum - ble seems thy plant - ing, Trust in the sto - ry Je - sus told,
3. O! the re - joic - ing, when at e - ven, Thy la - bor end - ed, safe at home,

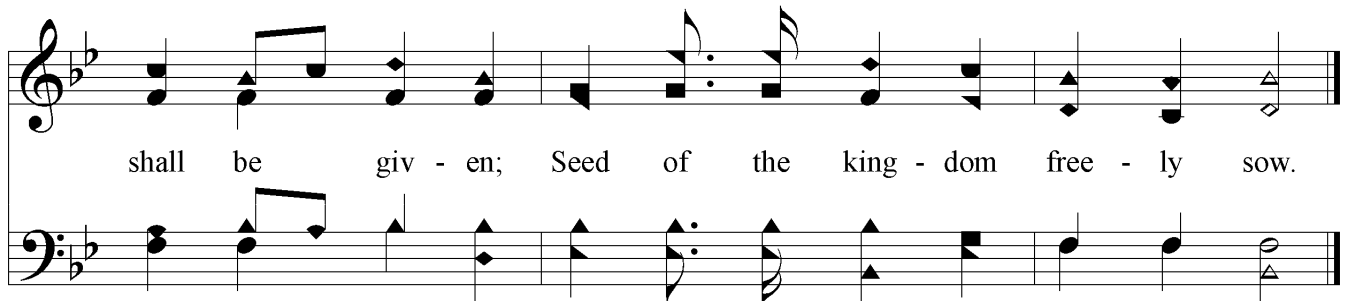


Soon in the branch - es birds are sing - ing, So shall the heav'n - ly king - dom grow.
Dews of His grace our Lord is grant - ing, Soon shall it yield an hun - dred fold.
High in the branch - es, up in heav - en, Sing - ing, "O! Lord Thy king - dom's come!"

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.