

In the earth the small seed is hidden and
lies unseen until it is bidden by
springtime stirrings up to the sunlight and
summer ripening.

Golden is the harvest and precious the
bread that You are, and give to us, Lord.

In the vineyard branches are cut away
so that fresh young shoots may, with
ev'ry day,
bend beneath the fruit as it rippens and
fills with promise.

Golden is the harvest and precious the
wine that You are and give to us, Lord.

In me, Oh my Lord, plant the seed of love
nourished by Your body and by Your blood.
May my soul take wings and rise
upward to
new awakenings!

Golden is the light of Your Godhead that
by love You have, and give to us, Lord.