

# Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> January 2021

## Plough Sunday

**Morning has broken, like the first morning;**

Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning!  
Praise for them springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,  
Like the first dewfall, on the first grass.  
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,  
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning  
Born of the one light, Eden saw play!  
Praise with elation, praise every morning,  
God's re-creation of the new day!

Morning has broken, like the first morning;  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning!  
Praise for them springing fresh from the Word!

Elenor Farjeon (1881-1965)

**We plough the fields with tractors,**  
With drills we sow the land;  
But growth is still the wondrous gift  
Of God's almighty hand.  
We add our fertilizers  
To help the growing grain;  
But for its full fruition,  
It needs God's sun and rain.  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
For all his love.

With many new machines now  
We do the work each day;  
We reap the fields with combines,  
We bale the new-mown hay.  
But still it's God who gives us  
Inventive skill and drives  
Which lighten labour's drudgery  
And give us better lives.  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
For all his love.

He only is the maker  
Of galaxies and stars;  
Of birds and beasts and flowers,  
And any life on Mars.  
Atomic powers obey him,

Yet still the birds are fed;  
By him our prayer is answered:  
Give us our daily bread  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
For all his love.

We thank thee then, O Father,  
For life so rich and good,  
For seedtime and the harvest,  
The wealth of daily food.  
No gifts have we to offer  
Such as thy love imparts,  
But what thou most desirest:  
Our humble thankful hearts.  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord  
For all his love.

(Frank Low, 1912-)

Tune: Wir pflügen ('We plough the fields')  
from Seasonal Worship from the Countryside pages 136-137  
authors: The Staffordshire Seven by kind permission of SPCK

**In all our fields, God speed the plough;**  
The ploughman guide and keep  
Preparing by his labours now  
At harvest time to reap.

God speed the plough in needy lands  
Beyond our native shore.  
Pour out rich blessings in their hands  
And on their harvest floor.

God bless all ploughmen everywhere  
Preparing fertile soil,  
Who seek no fortune, but a fair  
Reward for all their toil.

God speed the plough in every soul;  
Prepare us for your seed  
Then sow your word to make us whole,  
In praise and service freed.

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<http://www.ruralmatters.org.uk/seasons/hymn.html>

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