

When Clouds Swept Low the Sky at Morn

Philip Britts, 1948

Sylvia Beels, 1949

1 When clouds swept low the sky at morn, We plant-ed seed of yel-low corn;
2 We watched the corn grow tall and green, We hoed the stub-born weed be-tween;
3 The grain grew fat up - on the stalk, The farm-ers talked the har-vest talk;

Stoop low, stoop— low!— Up - on the new - ly plant-ed earth fell
Stoop low, stoop— low!— Some work be-yond our hu-man power By
Stoop low, stoop— low!— Now praise to God, who by His might Has

rain to bring— the seed— to birth, That mak - eth corn to grow.—
sun and rain— brought forth— the flower That mak - eth corn to grow.—
made the har - vest gold - en bright, Who mak - eth corn to grow.—