

# Scatter Seeds of Kindness

May Louise Riley Smith, 1870

Silas Jones Vail

♩ = 90

1. Let us ga - ther up the sun-beams, Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us  
2. Strange we ne - ver prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that  
3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers Pressed a - gainst the win - dow pane, Would be  
4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point our mem - ories back To the

keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us  
we should slight the vio - lets Till the love - ly flowers are gone! Strange that  
cold and stiff to - mor - row— Ne - ver trou - ble us a gain— Would the  
hast - y words and act - ions Strewn a - long our back - ward track! How those

find our sweet - est com - fort In the bless - ings of to - day, With a  
sum - mer skies and sun - shine Ne - ver seem one half so fair, As when  
bright eyes of our dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our brow? Would the  
lit - tle hands re - mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to

## Refrain

pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ers from the way.  
win - ter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the white down in the air. Then scat - ter seeds of  
prints of ros - y fin - gers Vex us then as they do now?  
scat - ter thorns— but ros - es— For our reap - ing by and by.

*ad. lib*

kind-ness, Then scat - ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat - ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap - ing by and by.