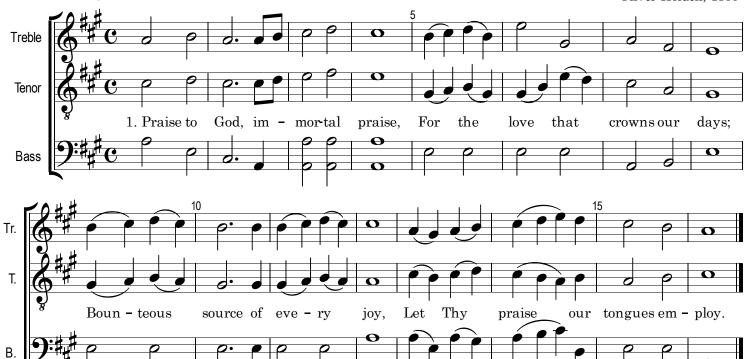
Anna Barbauld, 1772 77. 77. No copyright. Transcribed from Plain Psalmody, 1800.



- 2. For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield; For the vine's exalted juice, For the generous olive's use.
- 3. Flocks that whiten all the plain, Yellow sheaves of ripened grain; Clouds that drop their fattening dews, Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.
- 4. All that spring with bounteous hand Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her rich o'er-flowing stores.
- 5. These to Thee, my God, we owe: Source whence all our blessings flow; And for these, my soul shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 6. Yet should rising whirlwinds tear From its stem the ripening ear, Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot Drop her green untimely fruit,
- 7. Should the vine put forth no more, Nor the olive yield her store, Though the sickening flocks should fail, And the herds desert the stall,
- 8. Should Thine altered hand restrain The early and the latter rain; Blast each opening bud of joy, And the rising year destroy,
- 9. Yet to Thee my soul should raise Grateful vows, and solemn praise, And when every blessing's flown, Love Thee for Thyself alone.