

Havanna

Anna Barbauld, 1772 77. 77.

No copyright. Transcribed from *Plain Psalmody*, 1800.

A Major
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. Praise to God, im - mortal praise, For the love that crowns our days;

Tr.

T.

B.

Boun - teous source of eve - ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

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.