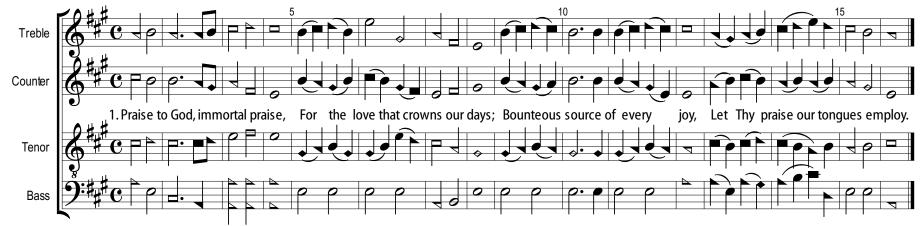
## Havanna

No copyright. Treble-Tenor-Bass from Plain Psalmody, 1800; Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2015.

A Major Oliver Holden, 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, And for these, my soul shall raise 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; 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.