

Anna Barbauld, 1772  
77. 77.

# Havanna

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A Major  
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous source of every joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

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.

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.

6. Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear,  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit,

8. Should Thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain;  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy,

3. Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

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.

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,

9. Yet to Thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise,  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love Thee – for Thyself alone.