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B

His rains from heav'n parch'd hills re - cruit, That

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6

soon trans - mit the li - - quid store, Till

soon trans - mit the li - - quid store, Till

soon trans - mit the li - - quid store, Till

soon trans - mit the li - - quid store, Till

10

earth is bur - den'd with her fruit, And

earth is bur - den'd with her fruit, And

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earth is bur - den'd with her fruit, And

14

na - - ture's lap can hold no more.

na - - ture's lap can hold no more.

na - - ture's lap can hold no more.

na - - ture's lap can hold no more.

13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,  
That soon transmit the liquid store,  
Till earth is burden'd with her fruit,  
And nature's lap can hold no more.

14 Grass for our cattle to devour,  
He makes the growth of ev'ry field;  
Herbs for man's use, of various pow'r,  
That either food or physic yield.

15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,  
To cheer man's heart, oppress'd with cares.  
Gives oil that makes his face to shine,  
And corn that wasted strength repairs.

23 Forth to the tillage of his soil  
The husbandman securely goes,  
Commencing with the sun his toil,  
With him returns to his repose.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelick host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Jacob's Symphony ed. MCB

18



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