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O Sing to the Lord, Whose Bountiful Hand
Richard Littledale, 1867.
From the Scottish Psalter, 1615.

O sing to the Lord, whose bountiful hand
Again doth accord His gifts to the land.
His clouds have shed down their plenteousness here,
His goodness shall crown the hopes of the year.

In clefts of the hills the founts He hath burst,
And poureth their rills through valleys athirst,
The river of God the pastures has blest,
The dry, withered sod in greenness is dressed.

And every fold shall team with its sheep,
With harvests of gold the fields shall be deep;
The vales shall rejoice with laughter and song,
And man's grateful voice the music prolong.

So too may He pour, the Last and the First,
His graces in store on spirits athirst,
Till, when the great day of harvest hath come,
He takes us away to garner at home.

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