

# Lord, Should Rising Whirlwinds Tear

6. Lord, should ris - ing whirl-winds tear From its stem the rip - 'ning ear;  
 7. Should the vine put forth no more, Nor the ol - ive yield her store;  
 8. Should Thine al - tered hand re - strain Th'ear - ly and the lat - ter rain;  
 9. Yet to Thee my soul should raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise;

Should the fig - tree's blast - ed shoot Drop her green un - time - ly fruit:  
 Though the sick - 'ning flocks should fall, And the herds de - sert the stall:  
 Blast each o - p'ning bud of joy, And the ris - ing year de - stroy:  
 And, when ev - 'ry bless - ing's flown, Love Thee for Thy - self a - lone.

Music: French melody, 1200's; harm. Richard Redhead, 1853

Text: Anna L. Barbauld, 1773

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