

All We Have

A Setting for Choir

Clothed with honor, wrapped in a robe of light,
you stretch out the heavens like a mighty tent.
You set the beams of your chambers on the waters.
You ride the gliding clouds on wings of the wind.

You make the land; the earth shall never be shaken.
You cover the earth with water like a cloak.
Waters stand above the highest mountain.
But then the waters flee at your rebuke.

*O Lord, all we have comes from you.
In death, all we have returns to you.*

At the sound of thunder, the waters take to flight.
They roll down to the valleys designed for them.
You set the boundaries that waters may not pass.
Never again will waters cover the earth.

Springs pour out of the ground. Rainwater falls
for the animals and birds and every wild beast.
These waters enable grass and crops to grow.
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of your works.

*O Lord, all we have comes from you.
In death, all we have returns to you.*

You cause the grass to grow for the cattle in the field.
You grow the plants so people can bring forth
food from the earth and wine for cheerfulness
and daily bread to strengthen the human heart.

The trees of the Lord are watered abundantly.
Birds build their nests in the cedars of Lebanon.
The stork finds his home on the highest branches.
Wild goats are free to roam the mountains.

*O Lord, all we have comes from you.
In death, all we have returns to you.*

You made the ivory moon to tell the seasons.
The sun knows its time to rise and set.
You made the night when all the forest animals
come creeping out and return at the break of day.

The young lions seek their food from God.
When the sun rises, they lie down in their dens.
People go out to their labor until the dusk.
In your wisdom, O Lord, everything is arranged.

*O Lord, all we have comes from you.
In death, all we have returns to you.*

Our world is full of the disparate things you made.
Yonder is the vast expanse of the emerald sea,
filled with living things both small and great.
The Leviathan is playing. Ships go to and fro.

All creatures look to you to give them food.
You open your generous hand and they are filled.
When you hide your face, they grieve. When you take
away their breath, they die and return to their dust.

*O Lord, all we have comes from you.
In death, all we have returns to you.*

May the glory of the Lord endure to the end of time.
May the Lord always rejoice in his wondrous works—
he who looks on the earth and it trembles,
he who touches the mountains and they smoke.
I will sing to the Lord for as long as I live.
I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

*O Lord, all we have comes from you.
In death, all we have returns to you.*