

Praise to the Living God

NCH 8

Praise to the living God, the God of love and light,
Whose word brought forth the myriad suns and set the worlds in flight;
Whose infinite design, which we but dimly see,
Pervades all nature, making all a cosmic unity.

Praise to the living God, from whom all things derive,
Whose Spirit formed upon this sphere the first faint seeds of life;
Who caused them to evolve, unwitting, toward God's goal,
Till humankind stood on the earth, as living, thinking souls.

Praise to the living God, who knows our joy and pain,
Who shares with us our common life, the sacred and profane.
God toils where'er we toil, in home and mart and mill;
And deep within the human heart God leads us forward still.

Praise to the living God, around, within, above,
Beyond the grasp of human mind, but whom we know as love.
In these tumultuous days, so full of hope and strife,
May we bear witness to the Way, O Source and Goal of life.

Touch the Earth Lightly

NCH 569 (vs 1, 3 &4)

Touch the earth lightly, use the earth gently, nourish the life of the world in our care:
Gift of great wonder, ours to surrender, trust for the children tomorrow will bear.

Let there be greening, birth from the burning, water that blesses, and air that is sweet,
Health in God's garden, hope in God's children, regeneration that peace will complete.

God of all living, God of all loving, God of the seedling, the snow, and the sun,
Teach us, deflect us, Christ reconnect us, using us gently, and making us one.

God, Who Stretched the Spangled Heavens

NCH 556

God, who stretched the spangled heavens infinite in time and place,
Flung the suns in burning radiance through the silent fields of space;
We, your children, in your likeness, share inventive powers with you;
Great Creator, still creating, show us what we yet may do.

We have ventured worlds undreamed of since the childhood of our race;
Known the ecstasy of winging through untraveled realms of space;
Probed the secrets of the atom, yielding unimagined power,
Facing us with life's destruction or our most triumphant hour.

As each far horizon beckons, may it challenge us anew,
Children of creative purpose, serving others, honoring you.
May our dreams prove rich with promise, each endeavor, well begun;
Great Creator, give us guidance till our goals and yours are one.