

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
F C F Dm7 B \flat F Am Bm7 \flat 5 Gm/C F

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 F C F Dm7 B \flat F Am Bm7 \flat 5 Gm/C F

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 F C F Dm7 Bb F Am Bm7b5 Gm/C F

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

The musical score is for a hymn in F major, 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.'

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
E B E C#m7 A E G#m A#m7b5 F#m/B E

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time,treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 E B E C#m7 A E G#m A#m7b5 F#m/B E

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 E B E C#m7 A E G#m A#m7b5 F#m/B E

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

The musical score is for a hymn in E major (three sharps). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.'

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
 $\text{E}^b \quad \text{B}^b \quad \text{E}^b \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{A}^b \quad \text{E}^b \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Am7}^b5 \quad \text{Fm/B}^b \quad \text{E}^b$

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 $\text{E}^b \quad \text{B}^b \quad \text{E}^b \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{A}^b \quad \text{E}^b \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Am7}^b5 \quad \text{Fm/B}^b \quad \text{E}^b$

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 Eb Bb Eb Cm7 Ab Eb Gm Am7b5 Fm/Bb Eb

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
D A D Bm7 G D F#m G#m7b5 Em/A D

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 D A D Bm7 G D F#m G#m7b5 Em/A D

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Arrangement Permissions

👉 One-time Adaptation

🚫 New Arrangement OK

🚫 Seek permission to arrange

Look at the *Sing Out Love* "Permissions" section for further explanation

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 D A D Bm7 G D F#m G#m7b5 Em/A D

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.

The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.

Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
D \flat A \flat D \flat B \flat m7 G \flat D \flat Fm Gm7 \flat 5 E \flat m/A \flat D \flat

Children of earth, heirs of all time, treasures of beauty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.

No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.

The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.

Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.

We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 D \flat A \flat D \flat B \flat m7 G \flat D \flat Fm Gm7 \flat 5 E \flat m/A \flat D \flat

Living a-bounds, rich in design, born of a crucible deep in time.

Words: Sharon Scholl, b.1932 based on writings of John Muir

Music: Sharon Scholl, b.1932

© 2024 Sharon Scholl

Sing Out Love expiration April 2029

Arrangement Permissions
One-time Adaptation
New Arrangement OK
Seek permission to arrange
Look at the Sing Out Love "Permissions" section for further explanation

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11

Db Ab Db Bbm7 Gb Db Fm Gm7b5 Ebm/Ab Db

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
C# G# C# A#m7 F# C# E#m F#m7b5 D#m/G# C#

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treasures of beauty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 C# G# C# A#m7 F# C# E#m F#m7b5 D#m/G# C#

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11

C# G# C# A#m7 F# C# E#m F#m7b5 D#m/G# C#

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
C G C Am7 F C Em F#m7b5 Dm/G C

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 C G C Am7 F C Em F#m7b5 Dm/G C

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in design, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 C G C Am7 F C Em F#m7b5 Dm/G C

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
 C \flat G \flat C \flat A \flat m7 F \flat C \flat E \flat m Fm7 \flat 5 D \flat m/G \flat C \flat

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treasures of beauty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 C \flat G \flat C \flat A \flat m7 F \flat C \flat E \flat m Fm7 \flat 5 D \flat m/G \flat C \flat

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11

C \flat G \flat C \flat A \flat m7 F \flat C \flat E \flat m Fm7 \flat 5 D \flat m/G \flat C \flat

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
B F# B G#m7 E B D#m E#m7b5 C#m/F# B

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time,treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 B F# B G#m7 E B D#m E#m7b5 C#m/F# B

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11

B F# B G#m7 E B D#m E#m7b5 C#m/F# B

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

The musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.'

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
B \flat F B \flat Gm7 E \flat B \flat Dm Em7 \flat 5 Cm/F B \flat

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 B \flat F B \flat Gm7 E \flat B \flat Dm Em7 \flat 5 Cm/F B \flat

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in design, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 B♭ F B♭ Gm7 E♭ B♭ Dm Em7♭5 Cm/F B♭

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
A E A F#m7 D A C#m D#m7b5 Bm/E A

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 A E A F#m7 D A C#m D#m7b5 Bm/E A

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 A E A F#m7 D A C#m D#m7b5 Bm/E A

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

The musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
 $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $A\flat$ $Fm7$ $D\flat$ $A\flat$ Cm $Dm7\flat5$ $B\flat m/E\flat$ $A\flat$

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 $A\flat$ $E\flat$ $A\flat$ $Fm7$ $D\flat$ $A\flat$ Cm $Dm7\flat5$ $B\flat m/E\flat$ $A\flat$

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 A \flat E \flat A \flat Fm7 D \flat A \flat Cm Dm7 \flat 5 B \flat m/E \flat A \flat

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
G D G Em7 C G Bm C#m7b5 Am/D G

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time, treas-ures of beau-ty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 G D G Em7 C G Bm C#m7b5 Am/D G

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11 G D G Em7 C G Bm C#m7b5 Am/D G

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
G \flat D \flat G \flat E \flat m7 C \flat G \flat B \flat m Cm7 \flat 5 A \flat m/D \flat G \flat

Children of earth, heirs of all time, treasures of beauty are ours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 G \flat D \flat G \flat E \flat m7 C \flat G \flat B \flat m Cm7 \flat 5 A \flat m/D \flat G \flat

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in de-sign, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11

G \flat D \flat G \flat E \flat m7 C \flat G \flat B \flat m Cm7 \flat 5 A \flat m/D \flat G \flat

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]

Hymn for the Earth

Narrator:

So extravagant is nature with her choicest treasures, spreading beauty as she spreads sunshine,
pouring it forth onto land and sea, garden and desert.
The beauty of lilies falls on angels and men, bears and squirrels, birds and bees,
but as far as I have seen, man alone, and the animals he tames, destroy the garden.
Lumbering bear and trampling deer saunter and feed over the land,
yet never a lily have I seen spoiled by them.

$\text{♩} = 120$
F# C# F# D#m7 B F# A#m B#m7b5 G#m/C# F#

Child-ren of earth, heirs of all time,treasures of beau-ty areours to mind.

Narrator:

Whether my writing vanishes like fallen leaves or goes to friends in letters,
it is nothing compared to the sight of this great wilderness.
No pain here, no dull, empty hours, no fear of the past or future.
The blessed mountains are filled with God's beauty, with no room for our petty hopes and illusions.
Breathing the living air, every movement of limbs is a pure pleasure.
We enter this place with our whole flesh, our souls transparent as crystal.

6 F# C# F# D#m7 B F# A#m B#m7b5 G#m/C# F#

Liv-ing a-bounds, rich in design, born of a cru-ci-ble deep in time.

Hymn for the Earth - 2

Narrator:

As I wander through the solemn woods in silence, I hear an inner voice cry out, "fear not."

All suffering here is just grist-mill flour.

Man has such trouble gaining food for life, but here it is given in abundance and all are fed.

Why do we sleep in paltry chambers when there is the spacious magnificence of the starry sky,
the fragrance of fir groves?

Here water gathered from all the mountains makes music that could draw angels from the heavens
to listen.

11

F# C# F# D#m7 B F# A#m B#m7b5 G#m/C# F#

Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.

The musical score is for a hymn in D major (indicated by four sharps in the key signature). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'Earth is our home, our leg-a-cy, lov-ers and guard-i-ans may we be.' The score ends with a double bar line.

[The readings are inspired by, and adapted from, selections from John Muir's My First Summer in the Sierra (1911): chapter 4 (first reading), chapter 5 (second reading), and chapters 6 and 7 (third reading).]