

“For the Beauty of the Earth”

“For the beauty of the earth,”
In hymns did our forebears sing,
Sharing blessings known from birth,
Making heavens gladly ring.
REFRAIN.

As we strive our lives to fill,
Dumb yet to earth’s gentle care,
We take aim at thriving still,
Looking past earth’s beauty rare.
REFRAIN.

Laughing children in delight,
Warbling sparrows out of reach,
Rustling trees and breezes slight—
Welcome gifts, in all and each.
REFRAIN.

What can match a sunset bright,
On a sandy crag or beach,
With rich hues and depth of sight,
Well past feeble human reach?
REFRAIN.

What pervades the air in sound —
And in fury — are forces
That disturb now and confound
God’s good earth and resources.
REFRAIN.

Each day we have a new chance,
Choosing what to follow now,
How our planet to enhance,
With good deeds the earth endow.
REFRAIN.

In wide yield and broad terrain,
The earth has laid bare its all,
Not here just for human gain,
Oft beset by greed and gall.
REFRAIN.

If we still can live with grace —
As our forebears lived their days,
We can leave bold paths to trace,
Offering true hymns of praise.
REFRAIN.

REFRAIN:

Love of all and earth we raise, Let us live in grateful praise.

Erik Gustafson

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