Deuteronomy 6:1-9

"Now this is the commandment, and these are the statutes and judgments which the Lord your God has commanded to teach you, that you may observe them in the land which you are crossing over to possess, that you may fear the Lord your God, to keep all His statutes and His commandments which I command you, you and your son and your grandson, all the days of your life, and that your days may be prolonged.

Therefore hear, O Israel, and be careful to observe it, that it may be well with you, and that you may multiply greatly as the Lord God of your fathers has promised you—'a land flowing with milk and honey.'

"Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the Lord is one!

You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your strength.

"And these words which I command you today shall be in your heart.

You shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk of them when you sit in your house, when you walk by the way, when you lie down, and when you rise up. You shall bind them as a sign on your hand, and they shall be as frontlets between your eyes. You shall write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates.

I Sing th' Almighty Pow'r of GOD,
That made the Mountains rise,
That spread the flowing Seas abroad,
And built the lofty Skies.

I sing the Wisdom that ordain'd
The Sun to rule the Day;
The Moon shines full at his Command,
And all the Stars obey.

I sing the Goodness of the LORD,
That fill'd the Earth with Food;
He form'd the Creatures with his Word,
And then pronounc'd them Good.

LORD, how thy Wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine Eye!
If I survey the Ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the Sky!

There's not a Plant or Flow'r below,
But makes thy Glories known;
And Clouds arise and Tempests blow,
By Order from thy Throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy Care;
There's not a Place where we can flee,
But GOD is present there.

In Heav'n he shines with Beams of Love,
With Wrath in Hell beneath!
'Tis on his Earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his Air I breathe.

His Hand is my perpetual Guard;
He keeps me with his Eye:
Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh?

This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world:
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas–
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world:
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world:
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world:
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the Ruler yet.
This is my Father's world:
Why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King: let the heavens ring!
God reigns; let earth be glad!

The Creation

And God stepped out on space,
And He looked around and said:
I'm lonely—
I'll make me a world.

And far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled, And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said: That's good!

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His hands
Until He made the sun;
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
And God said: That's good!

Then God himself stepped down—
And the sun was on His right hand,
And the moon was on His left;
The stars were clustered about His head,
And the earth was under His feet.
And God walked, and where He trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up.

Father, Father Abraham,
Today look on us from above;
On us, the offspring of thy faith,
The children of thy Christ-like love.

For that which we have humbly wrought,
Give us today thy kindly smile;
Wherein we've failed or fallen short,
Bear with us, Father, yet awhile.

Father, Father Abraham,
Today we lift our hearts to thee,
Filled with the thought of what great price
Was paid, that we might ransomed be.

Today we consecrate ourselves
Anew in hand and heart and brain,
To send this judgment down the years:
The ransom was not paid in vain.

I hear the stars still singing
To the beautiful, silent night,
As they speed with noiseless winging
Their ever westward flight.
I hear the waves still falling
On the stretch of lonely shore,
But the sound of a sweet voice calling
I shall hear, alas! no more.