

We Cannot Own the Sunlit Sky



1. We can - not own the sun - lit sky, The
2. When bod - ies shiv - er in the night And,
3. God calls hu - man - i - ty to join As



moon, the wild - flow'rs grow - ing, For we are part of
wea - ry, wait for morn - ing, When chil - dren have no
part - ners in cre - at - ing A fu - ture free from



all that is With - in life's riv - er flow - ing.
bread but tears, And war - horns sound their warn - ing,
want or fear, Life's good - ness cel - e - brat - ing.



With o - pen hands re - ceive and share The
God calls hu - man - i - ty to wake, To
That new world beck - ons from a - far, In -



gifts of God's cre - a - tion, That all may have a -
join in com - mon la - bor, That all may have a -
vites our shared en - deav - or, That all may have a -



bun - dant life In ev - 'ry earth - ly na - tion.
bun - dant life In one - ness with their neigh - bor.
bun - dant life And peace en - dure for - ev - er.

Text: Ruth Duck, b.1947, © 1992, GIA Publications, Inc.

Tune: HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING, 8 7 8 7 D; Robert Lowry, 1826-1899; harm. by Robert J. Batastini, b.1942

God, Who Stretched the Spangled Heavens 349

G D C G D7 G

1 God, who stretched the span-gled heav - ens, in - fi - nite in time and place,
 2 We have con- quered worlds un- dreamed of since the child- hood of our race;
 3 As each far ho - ri - zon beck - ons, may it chal- lenge us a - new,

G D C G D7 G

flung the suns in burn- ing ra- diance through the si - lent fields of space,
 known the ec - sta - sy of wing - ing through un - chart - ed realms of space;
 chil - dren of cre - a - tive pur - pose, serv - ing oth - ers, hon' r - ing you.

G D Em G D7 G Bm Cmaj7 G D7

we, your chil - dren, in your like - ness, share in - ven - tive pow'rs with you.
 probed the se - crets of the at - om, yield - ing un - im - ag - ined power,
 May our dreams prove rich with prom - ise, each en - deav - or well be - gun.

G D C G C D7 G

Great Cre - a - tor, still cre - at - ing, show us what we yet may do.
 fac - ing us with life's de - struc - tion or our most tri - um - phant hour.
 Great Cre - a - tor, give us guid - ance till our goals and yours are one.

Words: Catherine Cameron, 1927-

Music: William Moore; *Columbian Harmony*, 1825; harm. Rosalee Elser, 1925-2007

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8.7.8.7.D.

HOLY MANNA

For alternate arrangement see 100