

# All Creatures of Our God and King

*Unison*

1 All crea-tures of our God and King, lift up your voice  
 2 O broth-er wind with clouds and rain, you nur-ture gifts  
 3 O broth-er fire, so warm and bright, chase off the shad-  
 4 All who for love of God for-give, all who in pain

*Harmony*

with sil-ver gleam, sing prais-es! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 your Lord to hear. Sing prais-es! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 ings on our way, sing prais-es! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 the midst of tears, sing prais-es! Al-le-lu-ia!

*Harmony*

and with us sing, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 of fruit and grain. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 ows of the night. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!  
 or sor-row grieve, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

*Unison*

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

*Unison*

O broth-er sun with gold-en beam, O sis-ter moon  
 O sis-ter wa-ter, flow-ing clear, make mu-sic for  
 Dear moth-er earth, who day by day un-folds such bless-  
 Christ bears your bur-dens and your fears; so, e-ven in

Sometimes called "The Canticle of the Sun," this cosmic roll call allows human beings to give voice to all creation. One of the earliest religious poems in the Italian language, it is made even more expansive by this broad, repetitive melody with interspersed "Alleluias."

TEXT: Francis of Assisi, 1225; trans. composite  
 MUSIC: *Geistliche Kirchengesäng*, 1623, alt.; harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

LASST UNS ERFREUEN  
 LM with alleluias  
 (this tune in a higher key, 327)

# Hymn of Promise



1 In the bulb there is a flow - er; in the seed, an ap - ple tree;  
 2 There's a song in ev - ery si - lence, seek - ing word and mel - o - dy;  
 3 In our end is our be - gin - ning; in our time, in - fin - i - ty;



in co - coons, a hid - den prom - ise: but - ter - flies will soon be free!  
 there's a dawn in ev - ery dark - ness, bring - ing hope to you and me.  
 in our doubt there is be - liev - ing; in our life, e - ter - ni - ty.



In the cold and snow of win - ter there's a spring that waits to be,  
 From the past will come the fu - ture; what it holds, a mys - ter - y,  
 In our death, a res - ur - rec - tion; at the last, a vic - to - ry,



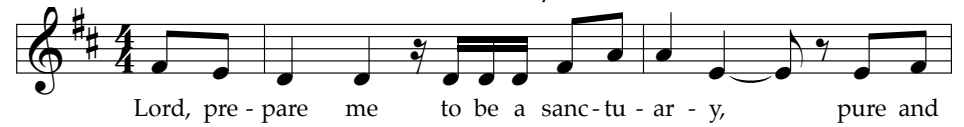
un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.

The writing of this hymn was spurred by a line from the poet T. S. Eliot: "In my end is my beginning."  
 Shortly after this piece was completed, the author/composer's husband was diagnosed with what proved to be a terminal malignancy, and the original anthem version of this hymn was sung at his funeral.

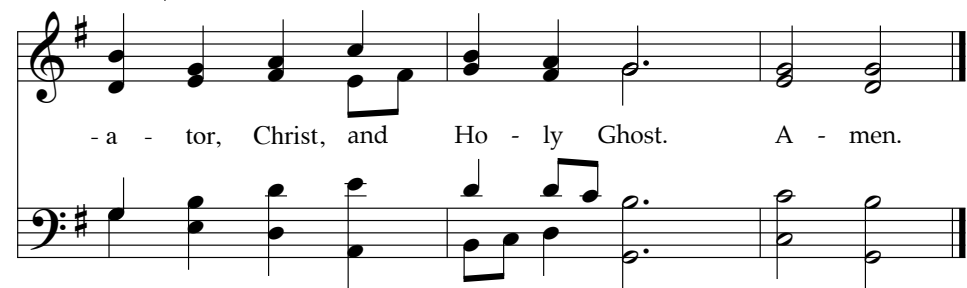
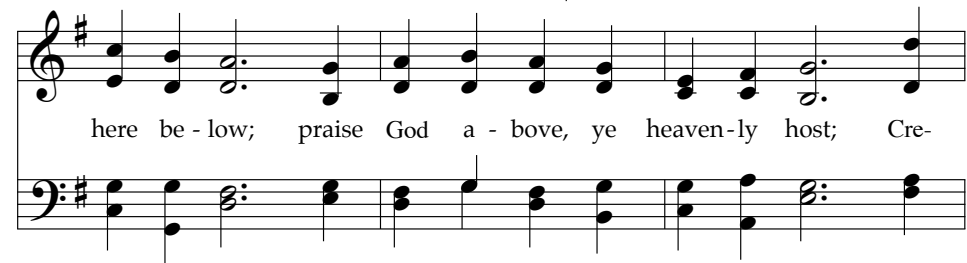
TEXT and MUSIC: Natalie Sleeth, 1986  
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PROMISE  
 8.7.8.7.D

# Sanctuary



# Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow



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