



When you send your Spi - rit, they are cre - a - ted:



you re - new the face of the earth.

Lord, how manifold are all your works!
In your wisdom you have made them all;
earth is filled with all your living creatures.

There is the sea, so vast, so spacious,
teeming with life beyond all measuring,
living creatures great and small.
There go the ships, there the creatures of the deep,
they whom you have made to frolic there.

You feed your creatures in due season,
they look to you for all they gather in,
good things from your open hand.
You hide your face: they are troubled and dismayed;
you withdraw your breath: they turn to dust.

May the glory of the Lord endure;
may his works for ever give him joy,
he whose glance can shake the earth's foundations.

I will sing to God while I have life:
throughout all my days I'll sing his praise.
May my song be joyful, may it please him.