O God, you own a thousand hills,
and all their cattle grazing.
Would we, then, grasp for one hill more,
our selfish greed full blazing?
Our bigger barns are full of grain,
one left behind for gleaning.
We gather to ourselves so much,
our giving has no meaning.

Should someone ask of us our coat,
you call on us to give it.
You ask us give our shirt, as well,
if he who asks will take it.
You call on us to share our wealth,
not hoard and call it profit;
consuming all within our reach
and thinking we deserve it.

The empty hands of want and need
we cannot see for grasping.
How deeply baptized is our greed,
how shallow is our giving.
You gave to us your only son.
You give to us salvation.
Yet, we would claim these as our own,
and claim as ours, creation.

Help us to give as you have giv’n,
just daily bread consuming.
Your rain brings water to our thirst;
brings grain and fruit to blooming.
Forgive all love and grace misspent,
forgive our resource wasting.
Give to our worldly appetites,
your simple meal for tasting.
O God, You Own a Thousand Hills

TERRY W. YORK

© 2003 The Center for Christian Ethics
at Baylor University, Waco, TX

O God, you own a thousand hills, and
Should someone ask of us our coat, you
Help us to give as you have given, just

all their cattle grazing. Would we, then, grasp for
call on us to give it. You ask us give our
cannot see for grasping. How deeply baptized

daily bread consuming. Your rain brings water

one hill more, our selfish greed full blazing?

Tune: WAIMEA

8.7.8.7.D.
Our bigger barns are full of grain, none
You call on us to share our wealth, not
You gave to us your only son. You
Forgive all love and grace mis-spent, for-

left behind for glean-ing. We gather to our-
hoard and call it profit; consuming all with-
give to us sal-vation. Yet, we would claim these
give our re-source wast-ing. Give to our world-ly

selves so much, our giv-ing has no mean-ing,
in our reach and think-ing we de-serve it.
as our own, and claim as ours, cre-a-tion.
ap-pe-tites, your sim-ple meal for tast-ing.