

O God, you assigned might-y rivers their course,
And fathomless lakes You have put into place.
The waves oft are pounding with terrible force,
But even in fury, your oceans envelop the globe in a warm embrace.

O God, You have anchored the vast firmament,
The eddying breezes and shimmering heat.
You conjure up storms of cyclonic intent.
Yet with their chaotic ire, You cleanse the air, so again it is pure and sweet.

O God, You commanded the soil to give birth,
To nurture the beasts and the races of men.
Hot lava may spring from the bowels of the earth,
But with its destructive flow, You do renew the land so it may give again.

O God, You have moulded the sun's flaming spires
And carved from the moon's stone its waterless seas.
A gesture from You and a bright star expires.
Yet out of the clouds of dust, you recreate all the heavenly spheres with ease.

O God, Your Creation is wondrous indeed,
And yet for us, You have more blessings in store.
For when to Destruction and Death we concede,
O God, You breathe Life and Hope into the world and the Cycle begins once more.