

Bass

Where the Earth Is Our Belonging

tune: BEACH SPRING 8.7.8.7 D

music: B. F. White, 1844 ("Sacred Harp") adapted

words: Petr Kuzmic with assistance from ChatGPT

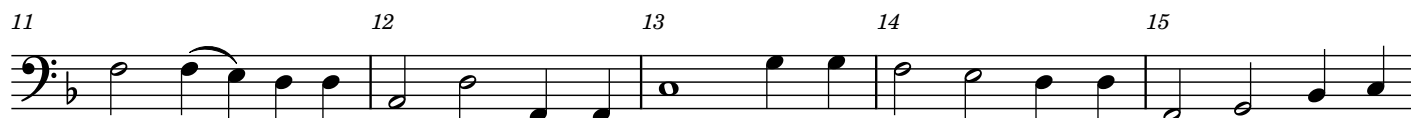
♩ = 120



Where the earth is our be-long-ing, Not by hea-vens's hand be stowed, We shall
 Stars and ri vers sing a sto-ry, Ol-der far than writ-ten word, Tel-ling
 Let us build a house of wel-come, Hands and voi-ces joined as one; Let each



walk with one a-no-ther On this shared and sac-red road. Not a-lone in fear or
 us that life is flee-ting, Yet in eve-ry breath is stirred. From the dust of time we
 child and el-der flou-rish In the warmth of hope be-gun. Though no savi-or lights our



long-ging, Not by guilt or shame con-fined Love shall be our com-mon pro-mise, Truth the
 blos-som, With a will to shape and tend; May our days be filled with mea-ning, May our
 path-way, Still we shine by what we give; In the face of all that pas-ses, Let us



com - pass of the mind.
 care - reach with - the out end.
 choose the way we live.