

# We Call them "Goods." We Call them "Ours."



We call them "goods." We call them "ours." Goods meet some needs; they do.  
This plan - et's wealth, like wa - ter, flows— As rain, it first falls down.  
Don't let us place our high - est faith in earth - ly things we'd store,  
Lord Christ, you said the King - dom's like one pearl so fab - u - lous,



But, Lord Cre - a - tor of the world, what's not first giv'n by you?  
We see it then in creeks or riv - ers, mov - ing, o - cean-bound.  
or build new barns for wealth on wealth, ig - nor - ing plans of yours.  
a mer - chant trad - ed all he owned— *Your life bought this— for us!*



Our bod - y strength, our days or years, u - nique ways we ex - cel,  
And wealth, like wa - ter, can col - lect. A pond or stream seems mine.  
The man - na you fed Is - ra - el came dai - ly, not for keeps.  
To you, we bring our hands and hearts. In each, you put so much.



i - de - as, guid - ance, gen - tle care..., from you are giv'n as well.  
But it is mere - ly mine to choose its pur - pose next in line.  
"Give us to - day our dai - ly bread," and let our trust in - crease.  
Re - ceiv - ing, giv - ing..., keep us al - ways o - pen, gen - er - ous!

Text: Constance Morgenstern  
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Tune: ALL SAINTS NEW, by Henry S. Cutler (1824-1902)