

Hail! Mother of us all and Beautiful!

Section I. Chorus
from
Hymn to the Earth [1929]

Edward Joseph Collins, music and words

Hail! Mother of us all and beautiful!

Thou paradise of singing birds and perfumed flowers!
Thou generous provider!
All love and gratitude to thee!
Whence we came, and whither we return.

Who does not love thy white hooded mountains,
Thy rich green valleys, thy tumbling cataracts?
Who does not love thy broad, calm rivers
Sweeping down to meet the sea?
Or thy lesser streams that unite with shining water inland?
How beautiful thy limitless stretch of undulating sand and throbbing ocean!

Thou art fair to behold at dawn when the sun, thy lover, kisses thee,
But thou art fairer still by night when shadows creep across thy face,
And thou art bathed in pale, blue light.

In the cool shade of thy forests
Are springs of bubbling nectar.
While high among the leafy vaults are birds with gay plumage, with sweet voices.

Thou yieldest the precious metals
And the stored up sunlight
And nurturest the tiny seeds
That burst into golden showers of fruit and grain.

Hail, thou mother of us all and beautiful!
Thou paradise of singing birds and perfumed flowers!
Thou generous provider!