

# **THE EARTH IS OURS**

**by**

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**(Written October 21, 1983 for the first performance of "Missa Gaia" by Paul  
Winter  
at Symphony Hall, Boston, Massachusetts.)**

In an outer arm  
    of the galaxy,  
Safe from harm, -  
    save for you and me,  
A gem-like sphere  
    of blue and white  
Shines bright and clear  
    in space-black night,  
Spins 'round the sun  
    that gave it birth, -  
"The Marbled One" -  
    our home, - the Earth.

From ground and granite  
    It takes its name  
This water planet  
    with heart of flame,  
    its soul ablaze.

We raise our voice  
    in song of praise  
As we rejoice  
    In our land of dreams  
With lakes and seas  
    and hills and streams  
With rocks and trees  
    and grass and flowers  
And clean fresh air,  
The Earth is ours, -  
    But just to share.

With wolf and whale  
And hunting fox  
And garden snail  
And geese in flocks  
With moray eels  
and dragon flies  
And baby seals  
With soft wet eyes  
With birds and bees  
and stalking cat  
Algae and fleas  
and water rat  
With nesting hen  
and busy ant  
And canyon wren  
and elephant  
With eagle, frog  
and nursing sow  
Gorilla, dog,  
giraffe and cow  
With lion, loon,  
and sharks and minks  
The masked raccoon  
the snake, the lynx  
With bulls and bears  
with hound and hare,  
The Earth is THEIRS  
as well, to share.

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Along with leaf  
And bud and plants  
We are but brief  
Inhabitants  
Dependent all  
On Earth - our mother -  
And, great and small,  
On one another.

From single cell  
to humankind  
We must use well  
all that we find,  
For Earth is still  
a finite source.

We have the will  
to set the course  
To share, each day,  
with all our kin  
That "fullness" for "they  
that dwell therein."  
And heed the call  
of love and peace  
As if we'd all  
co-signed a lease  
For sun and shower  
and food and air,  
The Earth IS ours,  
But just to share.