

**Because We Do Not See the One**

The parable of the vineyard

Proper 22, Year A

Because we do not see the One  
who animates all things,  
we sometimes think we own a world  
we're only fostering  
and miss the God-revealing chance  
to tend and then to share  
the time, the skill, the life, the gifts  
we find within our care.

God puts us on a patch of ground  
and sets us tending vines  
so we can learn the alchemy  
that changes grapes to wine,  
and greed to hospitality,  
and guardedness to grace,  
that makes of walled and fence-crossed lands  
one wide, inviting space.

Our ground is good, the sun is bright,  
the rain renews the land,  
and we as gracious gardeners  
enflesh God's gracious hand.  
This is the Messianic dream,  
a table richly spread  
where God, unseen, is yet perceived  
and everyone is fed.

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# Because We Do Not See the One

*Star of the County Down*, Irish Folk Song

Michael Hudson (b.1950)

arr. Albert Blackwell

The musical score is written for a four-part choir in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with line numbers 1, 2, and 3 indicating the start of each line of the three-part setting. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The accompaniment in the bass staff consists of chords and single notes.

1. Be - cause we do not see the One who a - ni - mates all  
2. God puts us on a patch of ground and sets us tend - ing  
3. Our ground is good, the sun is bright, the rain re - news the

4 things, we some-times think we own a world we're on - ly fos - ter -  
vines, so we can learn the al - che - my that chang - es grapes to  
land, and we as gra - cious gar - den - ers en - flesh God's gra - cious

8 ing and miss the God - re - veal - ing chance to tend and then to  
wine, and greed to hos - pi - tal - i - ty, and guard - ed - ness to  
hand. This is the Mes - si - an - ic dream, a ta - ble rich - ly

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share the time, the skill, the life, the gifts we find with - in our  
 grace, that makes of walled and fence - crossed lands one wide, in - vit - ing  
 spread where God, un - seen, is yet per - ceived and eve - ry - one is

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1. care. space. 2. fed.

care. space. fed.