

# All That the Earth Can Yield

Text: Orson Scott Card

Music: Alma Broadbent

Joyfully  $\text{♩} = 50-64$

1. All that the earth can yield,      All that seeds can hold,      Sheep with - in the  
2. All that I think I own,      All with - in my hand,      House and plot of  
3. All of the dreams of youth,      Mem - o - ries of age,      Life at eve - ry  
4. All of the trust I've earned,      All the tears I've shed,      Hun - gry souls I've

fold;      Fruit of a heav - y field      Or fall - en from tree and vine:  
land;      All that I've reaped and sown      And all that the world calls mine:  
stage;      All that I know of truth      And all that is sweet and fine:  
fed;      All of the love I've learned, —      Lord: what is tru - ly mine,

1, 2, 3.      4.  
They are al-read - y thine.      It is al - read - y thine.  
They are al-read - y thine.  
It is al-read - y thine.      It is al - read - y — thine.