All your works echo the silent music of your praise. In the beginning your Word summoned light, and creation dawned. Ages passed unseen, waters gathered on the face of the earth, and life appeared. When the earth had ripened in abundance, you created humankind in your image. You gave us breath and speech, that we might find a voice to sing your praise. And now, with all creation, we join in the song of the universe: [Sanctus]