



The Glory of Creation

I watch the moon arising, and then the purple dawn
I see the glistening dewdrops upon the verdant lawn
I then behold the stars above, in radiance ever bright
I see the glaring sunshine, which brilliantly gives light.

I stand and watch a bubbling stream as it tumbles o'er the rocks
Or watch it's silken shimmer, when standing at the locks
And stand beside the ocean, while listening to the tide
How great is God's creation, across the whole worldwide.

To walk throughout a forest, and smell the musky air
To stand beside an ancient tree, reach up and look so fair
To hear the song of singing birds within the branches high
It gets so deep, mysterious, one scarce can see the sky.

And then into a meadow, on a summer afternoon
Or stand beside a swampland and hear the calling loon
Or gaze with utter wonder at mountains standing tall
Or watch the mighty eagle, in it's majestic fall.

To gaze upon a winter scene, with snow upon the ground
It's nature's insulation, for it hushes every sound
The crackling of the ice, when trod beneath our feet
Or sit beside an open fire, how comforting the heat.

To lie all snugly in my bed, and hear the wind outside
Or listen to the hissing of the returning tide
And listen to the raindrops as they hit the windowpane
Or take a slow meander, down an Irish country lane.

To lean upon a wooden gate, and watch the cattle go
How munching, chewing of the cud, and wander oh so slow
And then to see the newborn lambs, all skipping in the air
How beautiful it really is, how gloriously fair.

These all are very wonderful, how glorious they are
From the tiniest little microbe, to the mighty blazing star
And then I look beyond the sky, and see thou Lord above
My heart it bows in worship, for expressions of Thy love.

But then I see a greater sight, and hear a greater sound,
For standing at Mount Calvary, that precious sacred ground
I see the Blessed Lamb of God upon the altar laid
And for my guiltiness and sins, His precious blood was shed.

I hear His deep forsaken cry, far reaching to the sky
My God, My God, what grief filled words, with deep emotion cry
Thou hast forsaken, stricken me, upon the accursed tree
Oh blessed Lord I take my place, contritely, worship Thee.

... Rowan Jennings
18th Nov. 2001