

IN THE FRESH, LIGHT BREEZE OF SPRINGTIME

“He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being.” John 1:2,3a (& Romans 8:22)

In the fresh, light breeze of springtime,
brilliant colors of the fall,
in our fabricated culture,
nature’s gifts are best of all.
In the long, warm days of summer,
in the winter’s icy blast,
through the changing of the seasons
God’s unchanging love will last.

Woodland path and brooks of water,
flowers turning to the light,
darting birds in mountain passes --
earth provides rich sound and sight.
But we tame with tool and tractor,
take dominion and subdue.
We have rendered earth more fragile,
causing harm through what we do.

On this planet filled with beauty,
chosen out of cosmic space,
we abuse God’s work and wonder.
Can we save this special place?
Let creation teach us humans
to protect and not destroy,
trusting that the God who made us
still creates with pristine joy.

Christ, your presence at creation,
when the angels sang for joy,
makes the beauty that surrounds us
much too sacred to destroy.
Through your cross you brought redemption,
bring the same to nature’s plight;
help us save these simple glories,
for our children’s great delight.

*Words: R. Frederick Crider, Jr. ©2007 All rights resvd. John 1:1-9 HOLY MANNA
Music: William Moore, 1825 87.87 D*

(cf. tune to “God Who Stretched The Spangled Heavens” p. 150 UMH)

