

The Earth is the Lord's

The earth is the Lord's, and all that is in it.
He established the rivers, the seas, the land.
All creatures who this earth inhabit,
Are formed from his creative hand.

The LION inspires the fear of all,
Who understand its roar is not a toothless boast,
The enemy of our souls in on the prowl,
To devour those who are lost.

But we a King in Jesus have,
The Lion of Judah, who for sin was pierced;
Triumphant over death, as strong as he is brave,
As good as he is fierce.

Look now to the LAMB! Such a sight, imagine!
Symbol both of people prone to stray,
And of Christ, for sin our sacrifice.
He is the Lamb of God, who breaks the power of sin,
And our Great Shepherd, too, to guide us on our way.

The SNAKE is cunning, slick and shrewd,
Its way across a rock a wonder;
Slithering with crafty lies the devil would delude,
And our blessings he would plunder.

But like the brazen serpent Moses raised,
So, too, incarnate Christ was lifted up, the Son of Man,
May God who loved the world so much be praised,
Whose Son fulfilled salvation's plan.

The DOVE we see in graceful flight,
The Spirit of God, the God of peace descends,
May we always in God's peace delight,
May he be all on which our hope depends.

From the tiny ANT we've much to learn,
Industrious, fainting not in work,
Unlike the sluggard whose own ruin he earns,
From laziness and duties shirked.

And from the OX we surely learn no less,
A truly useful, powerful beast.
Yes, an ox's stall's a filthy mess,
But without his labor, there's no grain, no feast.

A monarch's mighty army is his pride,
He trusts his HORSES and charioteers,
At his command across the field they ride,
To slay with arrows, swords and spears.

But God teaches not to trust in earthly force,
No matter how many hooves are shod.
Yes, for the battle prepare the horse,
But the victory belongs to God.

Now to the lowly DONKEY come,
A beast of burden, under weight of heavy load.
But Christ our burden-bearer found it not burdensome,
When into Jerusalem he rode.

Today, O God, the earth still groans,
With eager longing for glory to be revealed,
For the enemy to be overthrown,
For complete redemption to be sealed.

And with these cries we raise our voice,
The roars, the bleating, whinnies, braying;
Because we hope in you, we may rejoice,
Assured that you've prepared for us a home.
And until that day we shall keep praying,
"Come, Lord Jesus, come!"