

“Creation Seems to Groan”

A Hymn of Praise & Confession for Palm Sunday

Words by Rebecca Littlejohn ©2024 – Tune: Terra Beata (“This Is My Father’s World”)

Blessed is the One who comes
bearing the Name Divine!
Our praise we bring, Hosannas ring;
the bells of heaven chime.
Save us, O Lord, we cry,
for times are hard and thin.
Loom large our fears, fast fall our tears;
Please keep us from all sin.

Creation seems to groan;
The rocks and stones cry out.
The storm clouds grow, rivers overflow;
The fields are brown with drought.
We’ve taken far too much;
exploited for our gain
the earth you made, the world you bade
us steward in Christ’s name.

Be with us, Lord, we pray,
not as a conquering king;
as Teacher, Friend, Hope until the end,
the Blessed One we sing.
Show us a better way
to live in harmony,
with all of life, with no more strife;
where all are safe and free.